Annex
Marriage

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Lady Jane Grey.

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THE

MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR;

OR

INSTRUCTIVE HINTS

TO

THOSE WHO ARE, AND THOSE WHO ARE LIKE TO BE MARRIED.

GATHERED FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST CLASSIC AUTHORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN, WHO HAVE DISCUSSED WITH A GAY OR GRAVE PEN, THE MERITS OF

CELIBACY, COURTSHIP,

AND

MATRIMONY.

Hail wedded love ! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.—
—Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!

MILTON.

NEW HAVEN:

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PREFACE.

THE Work of which this volume is a republication, with additions and alterations, was compiled about thirty years since, and is now out of print. The Table of Contents is its best and briefest preface. The celebrity of the authors, whose writings, as is seen, have contributed to the compilation, was then, and still remains, an unquestionable commendation to public favor. If there have since arisen any whose names would amount to a *better* endorsement of its merits, the editor has to confess himself ignorant of them: though he has, as he fancies, added strength to the list by selections from the writings of such approved modern authors as were pertinent. The claim which such authority makes to the attention of the reader, and the promise which such a subject gives, of affording entertainment and instruction, are fit to be insisted on. "Amusement and instruction truly estimable," says the original Compiler, "present themselves from the pages of a Cicero, a Pliny, a Plutarch among the ancients; of an Addison, a Steele, a Johnson, a Hawkesworth, a Fordyce an Aikin, and others, among the moderns, eminent in the walks of literature and of life." The promise comes down to us without abatement. Thirty years additional age upon these treasures has proved, only, that like good wine they improve the longer they are preserved.

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Pains have been taken in the present compilations to counteract by selections from modern pens, such reflections on the character of the female sex, and such allusions to the state of society as are local, and which the improvements of time and the elevation of mental culture have rendered incorrect and unjust. Flanked therefore by such respectable and tried authority, the editor confidently echoes the hope of the original compiler, that he may both "contribute to the improvement and felicity" of the married, and lead such as are eking out their pilgrimage in single blessedness, in the most sure and profitable way of doubling it.

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THE

MATRIMONIAL PRECEPTOR.

No. I.

COMPARATIVE ESTIMATE OF THE TWO SEXES CONSIDERED, OR THE FEMALE SEX VINDICATED.

> Under his forming hands a creature grew,
> Manlike, but different sex: so lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
> And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
> Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before. MILTON.

IT seems evident, that there are certain moral boundaries, which nature has drawn between the two sexes; and that neither of them can pass over the limits of the other, without equally deviating from the beauty and decorum of their respective characters. Boadicea in armor, is, to me at least, as extravagant a sight, as Achilles in petticoats.

In determining, therefore, the comparative merit of the two sexes, it is no derogation from female excellency, that it differs in kind from that which distinguishes the male part of our species. And if it generally shall be found, (what, upon an impartial inquiry, I believe, will most certainly be found) that women fill up their appointed circle of action with greater regularity and dignity than men; the claim of preference cannot justly be decided in our favor. In the prudential and eco-

nomical parts of life, I think it undeniable that they rise far above us. And if true fortitude of mind is best discovered by a cheerful resignation to the measures of Providence, we shall not find reason, perhaps, to claim that most singular of the human virtues as our peculiar privilege. There are numbers of the other sex, who, from the natural delicacy of their constitution, pass through one continued scene of suffering, from their cradles to their graves, with a firmness of resolution, that would deserve so many statues to be erected to their memories, if heroism were not estimated more by the splendor than the merit of actions.

But whatever real difference there may be between the moral or intellectual powers of the male and female mind; nature does not seem to have marked the distinction so strongly as our vanity is willing to imagine: and after all, perhaps, education will be found to constitute the principal superiority. It must be acknowledged, at least, that in this article, we have every advantage over the softer sex, that art and industry can possibly secure to us. The most animating examples of Greece and Rome are set before us, as early as we are capable of any observation; and the noblest compositions of the ancients are given into our hands, almost as soon as we have strength to hold them: whilst the employments of the other sex, at the same period of life, are generally the reverse of every thing that can open and enlarge their minds, or fill them with just and rational notions. The truth of it is, female education is so much worse than none; as it is better to leave the mind to its natural and uninstructed suggestions, than to lead it into false pursuits, and contract its views, by turning them upon the lowest and most trifling objects.

We seem, indeed, by the manner in which we suffer the youth of that sex to be trained, to consider women agreeably to the opinion of certain Mahometan doctors, and treat them as if we believed they have no souls: why else are they

Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troul the tongue, and roll the eye? MILTON.

This strange neglect of cultivating the female mind can hardly be allowed as good policy, when it is considered how much the interest of society is concerned in the rectitude of their understandings. That season of every man's life, which is most susceptible of the strongest impressions, is necessarily under female direction; as there are few instances, perhaps, in which that sex is not one of the secret springs, which regulates the most important movements of private or public transactions. What Cato observed of his countrywomen, is in one respect true of every nation under the sun—'The Romans,' said he, 'govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans.'

If it be true, then, (as true beyond all peradventure it is) that female influence is thus extensive; nothing, certainly, can be of greater importance, than to give it a proper tendency, by the assistance of a well-directed education. Far am I from recommending any attempts to render women learned, yet surely it is necessary they should be raised above ignorance. Such a general tincture of the most useful sciences, as may serve to free the mind from vulgar prejudices, and give it a relish for the rational exercise of its powers, might very justly enter into the plan of female education. That sex might be taught to turn the course of their reflections into a proper channel, without any danger of rendering them too elevated for the feminine duties of life. In a word, *I would have them considered as designed by Providence for use as well as shew, and trained up not only as women, but as rational creatures.*

MELMOTH.

THE views entertained half a century ago of the duty and destiny of woman, by those panegyrists even

who assayed to be the most generous, were mistaken and prescribed. Softened as they are by the courteous saving-clauses demanded of a tender gallantry, the limits then assigned to the elevation of the female character, are humiliating and derogatory. There is a ready and abundant assent to that pre-eminence in the social attributes of the heart which nature has fitly established in them; and abundant encouragement to the all-engrossing "study of household good," as the "*ne plus ultra*" of feminine perfection. It is, however, stopping far short of the dignity which the female mind is capable of attaining, to exalt thus those lively graces and ready promptings of the heart, that are but the beautiful characteristics of sex. These attributes by which the Author of being has stamped a bold yet blending variety in the sexes, endearing and inestimable as they are, are but a feeble boast compared with mental and moral perfections that result from the culture of the head and heart. From their affinity to the physical texture of our frames, "mysteriously and wonderfully wrought," they must at least be humbled to the grade of virtues made of necessity. The encomium then, in its length and breadth, is but the rightful homage always yielded to feminine charms—the dutiful recognition of

> "Those thousand decencies which daily flow
> From all their words and actions."

Surely there is a degree of worth, which the mind of woman was destined to reach, of an order high above these "thousand daily decencies." A later day of improvement enables us, without the aid of a compassionating gallantry, to bear testimony to her elevated intellectual and moral dignity.—An elevation attained without impairing at all her characteristic "softness,"—that "sweet attractive grace," to preserve which it was thought fit to eschew learning as a contagion—while its influence on the social interchanges of life has been to deepen the affections of the heart, ennoble its sympa-

thies and enlarge its charities. Partial as the standard of education among females still is, a later age has seen the above aspiration of the liberal and classical Melmoth more than answered. It is found that the culture of mind carries with it its own cure for all the imagined ills of rendering women learned; that the severity of sober wisdom may hallow as well as pervert the virtues of the heart. If the daughters of Eve, therefore, have in times past shown themselves most prone to the "evil" of the "tree of knowledge," it is the privilege of a modern encomiast to say, that it is beginning to be entrusted to them with full assurance that they will use it for the "good." If the prejudices of other times doomed the youth of females to be worn away in the study of those "despatchful looks" and "submissive charms," which made up the idea of "household good," than which

"to know no more
Was woman's happiest knowledge and her praise,"

the enlightened liberality of the present age is educating her to a communion of tastes, sentiment and sympathies with the other sex.—A union as much more exalted and abiding, as the sentiment of love is above passion, or intellectual pleasures more lasting than personal charms.

The boast may not be wholly confined to modern times. There are examples on record, and eminent examples, of the sex breaking over the boundaries of custom and prejudice, and attaining feats of mind that should long since have dislodged reproach; and proved that what has seemed a distinction in intellectual power has been more a difference of privilege. The memoirs of a Lady Jane Gray, a Lady Russell, a Mrs. Trimmer, a Mrs. Carter, and others, present instances of great strength of understanding, united to feminine virtue, and sanctified, withal, by piety, which form not only a vindication of the dignity of the sex, but not of the proud boasts of their country. History brings down to

us facts concerning the former of these—if we remember that she was immolated to a cold and pitiless ambition at the tender age of eighteen, in all her youth and beauty and innocence—which place her well nigh without a parallel in either sex.

Lady Jane Gray, says her biographer, very early in life gave astonishing proofs of the greatness of her mind. Though there was very little difference in age between her and King Edward the Sixth, who was thought almost a miracle, yet in learning she was not only equal to him, but his superior. Her person was extremely pleasing, but the beauties of her mind were still more engaging. She had great abilities and great virtues; and as Bishop Burnell says of her, "She was the wonder and delight of all who knew her." Female accomplishments were not improbably the first part of her education. Her genius appeared in the performances of her needle, and in the beautiful characters in which she wrote. She played admirably on various instruments of music, and accompanied them with a voice exquisitly sweet in itself, and assisted by all the graces which art could bestow.

Her father, the Marquis of Dorset, had himself a tincture of letters, and was a patron of learned men. He had two chaplains, Harding and Aylmer, both eminent for their literature, whom he employed as tutors to his daughters. Under these instructors she made a most extraordinary proficiency. She spoke and wrote her own language with peculiar accuracy, and it is said, that the French, Italian, Latin, and especially the Greek tongues, were as natural to her as her own; for she not only understood them perfectly, but wrote them with the utmost freedom; and this, not in the opinion of superficial judges, but of Mr. Ascham, and Dr. Aylmer; men who, in point of veracity, were as much above suspicion, as in respect to abilities they were incapable of being deceived. She was also versed in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and all this when she was in a manner a child in age.* Roger Ascham, tutor to

*Burder.

the lady Elizabeth, gives in a letter the following account of one of the visits which it was his pleasure to make her.

"Before I went into Germany," says he, "I came to Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady Jane Gray, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and dutchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phœdo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she should lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me: I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.'" Her heart is full of this passion for literature, and the elegant arts, and of tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was no wise agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present; peladed the preferable title of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous not to say so criminal, and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born.

A rare specimen of moral fortitude and tried piety is presented in her conduct immediately preceeding her own and her husband's execution. She is said to have confronted with great presence of mind and ability the Romish priests sent to her prison by the bigoted Mary, harrassing her last hours with their disputation: and wrote at the same time a letter to her sister in the Greek language, accompanying a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, exhorting her to a like steady perseverance. She had the firmness, on the day of her execution to decline an interview solicited by her husband, whom she tenderly loved, informing him by message, that the ten-

derness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and too much unbend their minds from the constancy which their approaching end required of them; their separation, she said would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene, where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointments and misfortunes could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.*

With what ready accord, and in what full measure has posterity responded to the trust placed in them by this pure and gentle victim, in one of the sentences which she is said to have left written upon her tablebook in Latin, Greek and English—"If my faults deserve punishment, my youth at least, and my imprudence are worthy of excuse. God and posterity will shew me favor."

There is reason and pleasure in the belief that she is now verifying in Heaven the truth of another, prompted at seeing her husband's dead body borne back from execution—"If his slain body shall give testimony against me before man, his most blessed soul shall render eternal proof of my innocence in the presence of God."

*Hume.

No. II.

ON THE NATURE AND END OF MARRIAGE, AND THE MEANS BY WHICH THAT END IS TO BE OBTAINED.

"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."

It may be asserted to the honor of marriage, that it has few adversaries among men either distinguished for their abilities, or eminent for their virtue. Those who have assumed the province of attacking it, of overturning the constitution of the world, of encountering the authority of the wisest legislators, from whom it has received the highest sanction of human wisdom; and subverting the maxims of the most flourishing States, in which it has been dignified with honors, and promoted with immunities; those who have undertaken the task of contending with reason and experience, with earth and Heaven, are men who seem generally not selected by nature for great attempts, or difficult undertakings. They are, for the most part, such as owe not their determinations to their arguments, but their arguments to their determinations; disputants heated, not with zeal for the right, but with the rage of licentiousness and impatience of restraint. And perhaps to the sober, the understanding, and the pious, it may be sufficient to remark, that marriage and religion have the same enemies.

That an institution designed only for the promotion of happiness, and for the relief of the disappointments, anxieties, and distresses to which we are subject in our present state, does not always produce the effects for which it was appointed; that it sometimes condenses the gloom which it was intended to dispel, and increases the weight, which was expected to be made lighter by it; must, however unwillingly, be yet acknowledged.

It is to be considered, to what causes effects so unexpected and unpleasing, so contrary to the end of the institution, and so unlikely to arise from it, are to be attributed; it is necessary to inquire, whether those who are thus unhappy, are to impute their misery to any other cause, than their own folly, and to the neglect of those duties, which prudence and religion equally require.

That nothing but vice or folly obstructs the happiness of a married life, may be made evident by examining,

First, The Nature and End of Marriage.

Secondly, The Means by which that End is to be attained.

First, The Nature and End of Marriage.

The vow of marriage may be considered as a vow of perpetual and indissoluble friendship; friendship which no change of fortune, nor any alteration of external circumstances can be allowed to interrupt or weaken. After the commencement of this state, there remain no longer any separate interests; the two individuals become united, and are therefore to enjoy the same felicity, and suffer the same misfortunes; to have the same friends and the same enemies, the same success and the same disappointments.

It has long been observed, that friendship is to be confined to one, or that, to use the words of the axiom, *He that hath friends, hath no friend.* That ardor of kindness, that unbounded confidence, that unsuspecting security, which friendship requires, cannot be extended beyond a single object. A divided affection may be termed benevolence, but can hardly rise to friendship; for the narrow limits of the human mind allow it not intensely to contemplate more than one idea.

It is remarked, that *Friendship amongst equals is the most lasting;* and perhaps there are few causes to which more unhappy marriages are to be ascribed, than a disproportion between the original condition of the

two persons. Difference of condition makes difference of education; and difference of education produces differences of habits, sentiments, and inclinations. Thence arise contrary views, and opposite schemes, of which the frequent, though not necessary consequences are, debates, disgust, alienation, and settled hatred.

Strict friendship is *to have the same desires and aversions*. Whoever is to choose a friend, is to consider first the resemblance, or the dissimilitude of tempers. How necessary this caution is to be urged as preparatory to marriage, the misery of those who neglect it sufficiently evinces. To enumerate all the varieties of disposition, to which it may on this occasion be convenient to attend, would be a tedious task; but it is at least proper to enforce on this head one precept, which was never yet broken without fatal consequences: *Let the religion of the man and woman be the same.* How can he be happy, who sees the person most dear to him in a state of dangerous error, and ignorant of those sacred truths, which are necessary to the approbation of God, and to future felicity? If they previously stipulate for the free enjoyment of their own opinion; the education of children will soon make it necessary to determine, which of the two opinions shall be transmitted to their posterity; and how can either consent to train up in error and delusion, those from whom they expect the highest satisfactions, and the only comforts of declining life?

On account of this conformity of notions it is, that equality of condition is chiefly eligible; for as friendship, so marriage either finds or makes an equality. No disadvantage of birth or fortune ought to impede the exaltation of virtue and of wisdom; for with marriage begins union, and union obliterates all distinctions. It may indeed become the person who received the benefit, to remember it, that gratitude may heighten affection; but the person who conferred it ought to forget it, because, if it was deserved, it cannot be mentioned without injustice, nor if undeserved,

without imprudence. All reproaches of this kind must be either retractions of a good action, or proclamations of our own weakness.

Friends, says the proverbial observation, *have every thing in common.* This is likewise implied in the marriage-covenant. Matrimony admits of no separate possessions, nor incommunicable interests. This rule, like all others, has been often broken by low views and sordid stipulations; but, like all other precepts, founded on reason and truth, it has received a new confirmation from almost every breach of it; and those parents, whose age had no better effect upon their understandings, than to fill them with avarice and stratagem, have brought misery and ruin on their children, by the means which they weakly imagined conducive to their happiness.

There is yet another precept equally relating to friendship and to marriage; a precept which, in either case, can never be too strongly inculcated, or too scrupulously observed: *Contract friendship only with the good.* Virtue is the first quality to be considered in the choice of a friend, and yet more in a fixed and irrevocable choice. This maxim surely requires no comment, nor any vindication; it is equally clear and certain, obvious to the superficial, and incontestible by the most accurate examiner. To dwell upon it is therefore superfluous; for, though often neglected, it never was denied. Every man will, without hesitation, confess, that it is absurd to trust a known deceiver, or voluntarily to depend for quiet and happiness upon insolence, cruelty, and oppression. Thus, marriage appears to differ from friendship chiefly in the degree of its efficacy, and the authority of its institution. It was appointed by God himself, as necessary to happiness, even in a state of innocence; and the relation produced by it was declared more powerful than that of birth. *Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife.* But as notwithstanding its conformity to human nature, it sometimes fails to produce the effects intended, it is necessary to inquire,

Secondly, By what Means the End of Marriage is to be attained.

As it appears by examining the natural system of the universe, that the greatest and the smallest bodies are invested with the same properties, and moved by the same laws; so a survey of the moral world will inform us, that greater or less societies are to be made happy by the same means; and that however relations may be varied, or circumstances changed, virtue, and virtue alone, is the parent of felicity. We can only, in whatever state we may be placed, secure ourselves from disquiet and from misery, by a resolute attention to truth and reason. Without this, it is in vain that a man chooses a friend, or cleaves to a wife. If passion be suffered to prevail over right, and the duties of our state are broken through, or neglected, for the sake of gratifying our anger, our pride, or our revenge, the union of hearts will quickly be dissolved, and kindness will give way to resentment and aversion.

The duties, by the practice of which a married life is to be made happy, are the same with those of friendship, but exalted to higher perfection. Love must be more ardent, and confidence without limits. It is therefore necessary on each part to deserve that confidence by the most unshaken fidelity, and to preserve their love unextinguished by continual acts of tenderness; not only to detest all real, but seeming offences; and to avoid suspicion and guilt, with almost equal solicitude.

But since the frailty of our nature is such, that we cannot hope from each other an unvaried rectitude of conduct, or an uninterrupted course of wisdom or virtue; as folly will sometimes intrude upon an unguarded hour; and temptations, by frequent attacks, will sometimes prevail; one of the chief acts of love is, readily to forgive errors, and overlook defects. Neglect is to be reclaimed by kindness, and perverseness softened by compliance. Sudden starts of passion are patiently to be borne, and the calm moments of recol-

lection silently expected. For if one offence be made a plea for another; if anger be to be opposed with anger, and reproach retorted for reproach, either the contest must be continued for ever, or one must at last be obliged by violence to do what might have been at first done, not only more gracefully, but with more advantage.

Religion, which subdues every baneful appetite and passion, and inspires the most sincere affection towards the friend of our bosom, is then the basis of happiness, and the operating power which makes every good institution valid and efficacious. And he who shall attempt to attain happiness by the means which God has ordained, shall surely find the highest degree of satisfaction that our present state allows; if, in his choice, he pays the first regard to virtue, and regulates his conduct by the precepts of religion.

No. III.

PERSONAL BEAUTY PRODUCED BY MORAL SENTIMENT.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor. Virgil.

Now know I what is Love.

Though the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I now claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured: "the art of being *pretty*."

But though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt; it is, therefore, to be wished at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon *sentiment* and *manners*, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: and if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must, surely, approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I shall, however, principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less com-

plicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, color and proportion: and it will appear that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

The finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency: so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a particular object: but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or the disposition of features, or the color of the skin: he tells you that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any feature but diffused over all; he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with *sentiment*, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kind-

ness vary with their objects: it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, *affectation:* it will produce the grin, the simper, the stare, the languish the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart, cannot be assumed without labor, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them, must, therefore soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish; and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

The artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by which it is expressed, being al-

most perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtil, or a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features, which make a more favorable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment equally endanger the possessor: "It is," to use an eastern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:" if it excites desire, it at once controls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness, than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the most sordid infidelity, and the breach of the strongest obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the factitious beauty has laid by her smiles; when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a

tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

Let it therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of virtue; and that those who wish to be *lovely*, must learn early to be *good*.

No. IV.

THE LADIES DIRECTED IN THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.—GOOD NATURE DESCRIBED.

Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula: nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die. HOR.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bonds unites;
Unbroken by complaints or strife,
And binding each to each for life. FRANCIS.

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are some parts of it which I hope will not be wholly useless to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addressed upon a subject, which to both is of equal importance.

It has been universally allowed, and with great reason, that between persons who marry there should be some degree of equality, with respect to age and condition. Those who violate a known truth, deserve the infelicity they incur: I shall, therefore, only labor to preserve innocence by detecting error.

With some ladies it is a maxim, that "the best husband is a reformed *Rake*;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which such a husband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an incontestible proof, that with the true character of a rake the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, who would rake about the town, and take up his lodging at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a pretty story, that was fool enough to believe him; and had a right to many a child that did not call him father: but that in some of these

frolics he thought no harm, and for others he had sufficiently suffered." But let the adventurer be believed, these are words of dreadful import, and should always be thus understood:

"To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to associate with the vilest and most abandoned of human beings; it is to become familiar with blasphemy and lewdness, and frequently to sport with the most deplorable misery: to tell pretty stories to credulous girls, is to deceive the simplicity of innocence by cunning and falsehood: to be the father of a nameless progeny, is to desert those, whose tears only can implore the protection, to which of all others they have the strongest and the tenderest claim; it is more than to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute without instinct. To think no harm in some of these frolics, is to have worn out all sensibility of the difference between right and wrong; and to have suffered for others, is to have a body contaminated with diseases, which in some degree are certainly transmitted to posterity."

It is to be hoped that the mere exhibition of this picture will be sufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happiness by marrying the original; and from discouraging virtue, by making vice necessary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which though not equally fatal and absurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the rake is excluded, it will be generally supposed, that superior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. "A man of fine sense" is, indeed, a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been advised to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to bestow "that refined, exalted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of a rational being." But I think it probable, that this advice, however specious, has been often given for no other reason, than because, to give it, flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own

character and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies universally affect to approve, and probably for a similar reason; since every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high estimation, is to demonstrate that she possesses it.

As he that would persuade, should be scrupulously careful not to offend, I will not insinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted understanding cannot be discerned; and who have not, therefore, a capacity for half the pleasure which it can bestow. And yet I think there is another excellence which is much more essential to conjugal felicity, *Good Nature.*

I know that Good Nature has, like Socrates, been ridiculed in the habit of folly; and that folly has been dignified by the name of good nature. But by good nature, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every request, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expense of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expense of his estate. Persons of this disposition have seldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true good nature, there is neither the acrimony of spleen, nor the sullenness of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither easy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender sensibility, a participation of the pains and pleasures of others; and is therefore a forcible and constant motive, to communicate happiness and alleviate misery.

As human nature is, from whatever cause, in a state of great imperfection, it is surely to be desired, that a person whom it is most our interest to please, should not see more of this imperfection than we do ourselves.

I shall perhaps be told, that "a man of sense can never use a woman ill." The latter part of this proposition is a phrase of very extensive and various signification: whether a man of sense "can use a woman ill,"

I will not inquire; but I shall endeavor to shew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Persons of keen penetration and great delicacy of sentiment, as they must necessarily be more frequently offended than others, so, as a punishment for the offence, they can inflict more exquisite pain, because they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him, whom good nature does not restrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus punished.

If this punishment is suffered with silence, confusion, and tears, it is possible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorse of a murderer, is too late: the dread of incurring the same anguish by a like fault, will substitute for the smile of cheerfulness, that sunshine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, solicitude, and anxiety: the offence will notwithstanding be again repeated; the punishment, the distress, and the remorse, will again return; because error is involuntary, and anger is not restrained. If the reproach is retorted, and, whether it was deserved, becomes the subject of debate, the consequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to shew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than sounds by the deaf, the husband will be insulted for causeless and capricious displeasure, and the wife for folly, perverseness, and obstinacy. In these circumstances, what will become of "the refined, the exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is worthy of reasonable beings, and which elevated genius only can bestow?"

That this conduct is by a man of sense known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it must also be granted, that the discernment of wrong is not always a propensity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce salutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

Good nature, therefore, if intellectual excellence cannot atone for the want of it, must be admitted as the highest personal merit. If, without it, wisdom is not

kind; without it, folly must be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "The quality most essential to conjugal felicity, is *Good Nature.*" And surely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a husband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleasure without feeling it themselves, it is easy to perceive, which sensation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I should give some general rules, by which the ladies may discover the disposition of those, by whom they are addressed: but it is extremely difficult, to detect malevolence amidst the assiduities of courtship, and to distinguish the man under that almost inscrutable disguise the lover. Good nature, however, is not indicated by the fulsome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almost anticipates the jest, or the constant echo of every sentiment; neither is it safe to trust the appearance of profuse liberality, or busy officiousness. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behavior to his immediate dependents, and whether they approach him with a slavish timidity, or with the cheerful reverence of voluntary servitude. Is he ever merry at the expense of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his mistress? Does he mention the absent with candor, and behave to those who are present with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to these circumstances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark: good nature is not of less importance to ourselves than to others. The morose and petulent first feel the anguish that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are constantly again forced back upon their source. Sweetness of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence; and therefore, to recommend it to those who have it not, may be deemed rather an insult than ad-

vice. But let that which in happier natures is instinct, in these be reason; let them pursue the same conduct, impelled by a noble motive. As the sourness of the crab enhances the value of the graft, so that which on its parent plant is good nature, will on a less kindly stock be improved into virtue. No action by which others receive pleasure or pain, is indifferent: the sacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would that others should do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word shall be brought into judgment."

No. V.

DIRECTIONS TO LADIES FOR THEIR CONDUCT TO A HUSBAND.

——————Aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! HOR.

How often shall th' unpractis'd youth
Of alter'd gods and injur'd truth,
With tears, alas! complain!
How soon behold with wondering eyes
The black'ning winds tempestuous rise,
And scrowl along the main?
While by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind. FRANCIS.

THE ladies, to whom I lately addressed some thoughts upon the choice of a husband, I shall now consider as married: and as I am very far from thinking, that they may now sit down in negligent security, and remit at once their assiduity and circumspection, I shall warn them of some opinions of which this conduct is the consequence, detect some errors by which the general intention of good nature may be disappointed, and endeavor to put them upon their guard against some propensities by which it may be overborne.

It is now necessary to remind them, that the passion which is supposed to animate the lover, the passion which is represented by flames and darts, which swells the bosom with perpetual rapture, and neither changes

ts object nor loses its ardor, exists only in poetry and romance. The real passion which wit and folly have thus concurred to disguise, is subject to disgust and satiety, is excited by novelty, and frequently extinguished by possession.

But there is an esteem which is meliorated by love, and a love that is elevated by esteem; a kind of mixed affection peculiar to mankind, as beings compounded of instinct and reason, or, in other words, of body and mind. This is that species of affection, upon which the supreme or peculiar happiness of marriage depends, and which can scarce be preserved without a constant attention and perpetual efforts.

As love without esteem, is volatile and capricious; esteem without love, is languid and cold. I am afraid that many men, whose wives have possessed their esteem, have yet lavished their fortune and their fondness upon a mistress; and that the love of others, however ardent, has been quickly alienated, because it was not dignified and supported by esteem.

Though good nature does indeed participate in the pains and the pleasures of others, and may therefore be considered as a constant and forcible motive to communicate happiness and alleviate misery; yet it is at best but the imperfect excellence of imperfect beings, whose immediate gratifications are often selfish, and such a folly or vice render incompatible with the true happiness of the individual, and of each other.

As there is not, perhaps, upon earth, any couple, whose natural dispositions and relish of life are so perfectly similar, as that their wills constantly coincide; so it must sometimes happen, that the immediate pleasure of indulging opposite inclinations, will be greater than a participation of that pleasure, which would arise to the other, if this indulgence should be forborne: but as to forbear this indulgence can never fail to conciliate esteem, it should always be considered as a means of happiness, and rather as an advantage than a loss; especially if it be true, that the indulgence itself in these circumstances, never gives the pleasure that it promises.

Mrs. *Charlotte Sprightly*, the wife of a young merchant, was dressing for an assembly a few nights ago, when her husband came in. "My dear Charlotte," says he, "I am sorry that you are going out to-night; for my cousin George is just arrived from the East Indies; I have invited him to sup; and as he has never seen you, I promised him your company." "Nay, dear Harry," replied the lady, "do not ask me to stay at home to-night; you know I am fond of dancing; and now my fancy is set upon going, I am sure you will not disappoint me." Mr. Sprightly, who was truly good-natured, would not urge her to stay; for to stay with apparent reluctance, would not have gratified his wish. She perceived that he was secretly displeased; however, away she went. But as she had not less good nature than her husband, she suffered so much pain by reflecting on the pain she had given him, that she often wished herself at home. Thus she offended the delicacy of his affection, by preferring a dance to the quiet of his mind; and forfeited part of the esteem which was due to that very good nature, by which she lost the enjoyment of the night.

In this instance, the pain inflicted upon the husband was accidental to the private gratification proposed by the wife. But there is a passion very different both from malice and rage, to the gratification of which, the pain of another is sometimes essentially necessary. This passion, which though its effects are often directly opposite to good nature, is yet perhaps predominant in every breast, and indulged at whatever risque, is vanity.

To a gratification of vanity, at the expense of reciprocal esteem, the wife is certainly under much stronger temptation than the husband: and I warn the ladies against it, not only with more zeal, but with greater hope of success; because those only who have superior natural abilities, or have received uncommon advantages from education, have it in their power.

Successfully to rally a wife, confers no honor upon a husband; the attempt is regarded rather as an insult

than a contest; it is exulting in a masculine strength to which she makes no pretensions, and brandishing weapons which she is not supposed to have skill to wield.

For the same reasons, to confute or to ridicule a husband with an apparent superiority of knowledge or of wit, affords all the parade of triumph to a wife; it is to be strong where weakness is no reproach, and to conquer when it would not have been dishonorable to fly. But these circumstances, which increase the force of the temptation, will be found to afford proportionate motives to resist it; whatever adds to the glory of the victor, adds equally to the dishonor of the vanquished; and that which can exalt a wife only by degrading a husband, will appear upon the whole not to be worth the acquisition, even though it could be made without changing fondness for resentment, or provoking jealousy by an implication of contempt. If the ladies do not perceive the force of this argument, I earnestly request that they would for once trust implicitly to my judgment; a request, which, however extraordinary, is not unreasonable; because in this instance the very vanity which hides truth from them, must necessarily discover it to me.

But if good nature is sufficiently vigorous to secure the esteem of reason, it may yet be too negligent to gratify the delicacy of love: it must, therefore, not only be steady, but watchful and assiduous; beauty must suffer no diminution by inelegance, but every charm must contribute to keep the heart which it contributed to win; whatever would have been concealed as a defect from the lover, must with yet greater diligence be concealed from the husband. The most intimate and tender familiarity, cannot surely be supposed to exclude decorum; and there is a delicacy in every mind which is disgusted at the breach of it, though every mind is not sufficiently attentive to avoid giving an offence which it has often received.

I shall conclude this paper, as I did my last on the same subject, with a general remark. As they who

possess less than they expected, cannot be happy; to expatiate in chimerical prospects of felicity, is to insure the anguish of disappointment, and to lose the power of enjoying whatever may be possessed. Let not youth, therefore, imagine, that with all the advantages of nature and education, marriage will be a constant reciprocation of delight, over which externals will have little influence, and which time will rather change than destroy. There is no perpetual source of delight but Hope: so imperfect is the utmost temporal happiness, that to possess it all, is to lose it. We enjoy that which is before us; but when nothing more is possible, all that is attained is insipid. Such is the condition of this life: but let us not, therefore, think it of no value; for to be placed in this life, is to be a candidate for a *better*.

No. VI.

OF LOVE. CHARACTERS OF VARIOUS LOVERS.

Scorn me not, Chloe; me, whose faith well try'd,
Long years approve, and honest passions guide:
My spotless soul no foul affections move,
But chaste simplicity, and modest love:
Nor I, like shallow fops, from fair to fair
Roving at random, faithless passion swear.
But thou alone shalt be my constant care. OVID.

ALMOST every man is, or has been, or at least thinks that he is or has been, a Lover. I have lately taken a survey of the numerous tribe of *Enamoratos;* and, after having observed the various shapes they wear, think I may safely pronounce, that though all profess to have been in love, there are very few who are really capable of it.

It is a maxim of Rochefoucalt, that 'many men would never have been in love, if they had never heard of love.' The justice of this remark is equal to its shrewdness. The ridiculous prate of a family has frequently great influence on young minds, who learn to love, as they do every thing else, by imitation. Young creatures, almost mere children, have been consumed with this second-hand flame.

The vast heap of volumes, filled with love, and sufficient in number to make a library, are great inflamers, and seldom fail to produce that kind of passion described by Rochefoucalt. The young student reads of the emotions of love, till he imagines that he feels them throbbing and fluttering in his little breast; as valetudinarians study the history of a disease, till they fancy themselves affected with every symptom of it. For this reason I am always sorry to see any of this trash in the hands of young people; and I am obliged to consider many romances and novels as no better than bawds or arrant pimps.

Platonism, which dotes on the mind alone of its mistress, and would fain see her naked soul divested of its material incumbrances, is in these days very scarce; and there is another class, infinitely more numerous, whom we may justly distinguish by the title of Epicureans. The principles of this sect are diametrically opposite to those of the Platonics. They think no more of the soul of their mistress than a Mussulman, but they are in raptures with her person. A lover of this sort is in perpetual ecstacies: his passion is so violent, that he even scorches you with his flame; and he runs over the perfections of his mistress in the same style that a jockey praises his horse: 'Such limbs! such eyes! such a neck and breast! such—oh, she's a rare piece!' Their ideas go no farther than mere external accomplishments; and as their wounds may be said to be only skin-deep, we cannot allow their breasts to be smitten with love, though perhaps they may rankle with a much grosser passion. Yet it must be owned, that nothing is more common, than for gentlemen of this cast to be involved in what is called a love-match.

Other gentlemen, of a gay disposition and warm constitution, who go in the catalogue for lovers, are adorers of almost every woman they see. The flame of love is as easily kindled in them, as the sparks are struck out of a flint; and it also expires as soon. A lover of this sort dances one day with a lady at a ball, and loses his heart to her in a minuet; the next, another carries it off in the Mall; and the next day perhaps he goes out of town, and lodges it in the possession of all the country beauties successively, till at last he brings it back to town with him, and presents it to the first woman he meets. This class is very numerous; but ought by no means to hold a place among the tribe of true lovers, since a gentleman, who is thus in love with every body, may fairly be said not to be in love at all.

Love is universally allowed to be whimsical; and, if whim be the essence of love, none can be accounted truer lovers than those who admire their mistress for

some particular charm, which enchains them, though it would singly never captivate any body else. Some gentlemen have been won by a pair of fine arms; others have been held fast by an even white set of teeth; and I know a very good scholar, who was ensnared by a set of golden tresses, because it was the taste of the ancients, and the true classical hair. Those ladies, whose lovers are such piece-meal admirers, are in perpetual danger of losing them. A rash or a pimple may abate their affection. All those, the object of whose adoration is merely a pretty face, or a fine person, are in the power of the like accidents; and the small pox has occasioned many a poor lady the loss of her beauty and her lover at the same time.

But, after all these spurious *Enamoratos*, there are some few whose passion is sincere and well founded. True genuine love is always built upon esteem: not that I would mean that a man can reason and argue himself into love; but that a constant intercourse with an amiable woman will lead him into a contemplation of her excellent qualities, which will insensibly win his heart, before he is himself aware of it, and beget those hopes and fears which are the natural attendants on a true passion.

Love has been described ten thousand times: but that I may be sure that the little picture I would draw of it is taken from nature, I will conclude this paper with the story of honest Will Easy and his amiable wife.

Will Easy and Miss ——— became very early acquainted; and, from being familiarly intimate with the whole family, Will might almost be said to live there. Will and the lady were both universally allowed to have sense, and their frequent conversations together gave them undoubted proofs of the goodness of each other's disposition. They delighted in the company, and admired the perfections of each other, and gave a thousand little indications of a growing passion, not unobserved by others, even whilst it was yet unknown and

unsuspected by themselves. However, after some time, Will, by mutual agreement, demanded the lady of her father in marriage. But, alas! 'the course of true love never yet run smooth:' the ill-judged ambition of a parent induced the father, out of mere love to his daughter, to refuse her hand to the only man in the world with whom she could live happily, because he imagined, that he might, as the phrase is, do *better* for her. But love, grounded on just principles, is not easily shaken; and, as it appeared that their mutual passion had taken too deep root ever to be extirpated, the father at last, reluctantly, half consented to their union. They enjoy a genteel competency; and Will, by his integrity and abilities, is an honor to a learned profession, and a blessing to his wife; whose greatest praise is, that her virtues deserve such a husband. She is pleased with having left 'dress to dutchesses;' he considers her happiness as his main interest; and their example every day gives fresh conviction to the father, that where two persons of strong sense and good hearts, conceive a reciprocal affection for each other, their passion is genuine and lasting, and their union is perhaps the truest state of happiness under the sun.

No. VII.

ON MATCH-MAKING. OF MATCH-MAKERS BY PROFESSION. ACCOUNT OF A DROLL ACCIDENT OCCASIONED BY THE MISTAKE OF A MATCH-MAKER.

> Officious couplers wantonly engage
> Virtue with Vice, brisk Youth with frozen age;
> Behold them groan beneath the iron yoke,
> Hail the dear mischief, and enjoy the joke.
>
> HORACE TRANSL.

THOUGH I shall not as yet vouchsafe to let the reader so far into my secrets, as to inform him, whether I am married or single, it may not be amiss to acquaint him, that, supposing I still remain a bachelor, it has not been the fault of my friends or relations. On the contrary, as soon as I was what they call settled in the world, they were so assiduous in looking out a wife for me, that nothing was required on my part but immediately to fall in love with the lady they had pitched upon: and could I have complied with their several choices, I should have been married at the same time to a tall and a short, a plump and a slender, a young and an old woman; one with a great deal of money, and another with none at all: each of whom was severally recommended by them as the properest person in the world for me.

I know not how it happens, but it is notorious, that most people take a pleasure in making matches; either thinking matrimony to be a state of bliss, into which they would charitably call all their friends and acquaintances; or perhaps struggling in the toils, they are desirous of drawing others into the net that ensnared them. Many matches have been brought about between two persons, absolute strangers to each other, through this kind mediation of friends, who are always ready to take upon them the office of an honorable go-between.

As we cannot insure happiness to our friends, at the same time that we help them to husbands and wives, one would imagine, that few would care to run the hazard of bestowing misery, where they meant a kindness. I know a good-natured lady, who has officiously brought upon herself the ill-will and the curses of many of her dearest and most intimate friends on that very account. She has a sister, for whom she has provided a most excellent husband, who has shewn his affection for her by spending her whole fortune upon his mistresses: another near relation, having by her means snatched up a rich widow, the bridegroom was arrested for her debts within a week after marriage: and it cost her a whole twelvemonth to bring two doting lovers of her acquaintance together, who parted before the honey-moon was expired.

But if our friends will thus condescend to be match-makers from a spirit of benevolence, and for our own advantage only; there are others, who have taken up the profession from less disinterested motives; who bring beauty and fortune to market, and traffic in all the accomplishments that can make the married state happy. I have known many droll accidents happen from the mistakes of these mercenary persons; and remember one in particular, which I shall here set down for the entertainment of my readers.

A careful old gentleman came to town in order to marry his son, and was recommended by one of these couplers to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and gold-buttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mother. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended upon it, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her: in short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her, that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her; concluding, that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old

lady thanked him for the honor he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure, as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. 'Why, Madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir,' said the old lady very gravely.—'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'*Not so much, Sir.*'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it was only seventeen thousand.'—'No, Sir.'—'Or sixteen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.—'Not so much, Sir.' Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman, rubbing his forehead,—'Well, Madam, we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand? How much more is it than twelve thousand?'—'Less, Sir,'—'More than ten thousand?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'Not so much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the funds, consider, Madam, interest is very low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Why, then, Madam, perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pound.'—'*Nothing like it, Sir.*' At these words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool; and the fellow who recommended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

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No. VIII.

THE CHARACTER OF A JEALOUS WIFE.

Rage in her eyes, distraction in her mien,
Her breast indignant swells with jealous spleen.
HORACE.

SIR,—We are told, that in Spain it is the custom for husbands never to let their wives go abroad without a watchful old woman to attend them; and in Turkey it is the fashion to lock up their mistresses under the guard of a trusty eunuch: but I never knew that in any country the men were put under the same restrictions. Alas! Sir, my wife is to me a very Duenna: she is as careful of me, as the Keisler Aga, or chief Eunuch, is of the Grand Seignior's favorite Sultana: and whether she believes that I am in love with every woman, or that every woman is in love with me, she will never trust me out of her sight; but sticks as close to me, as if she really was, without a figure, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I am never suffered to stir abroad without her, lest I should go astray; and at home she follows me up and down the house, like a child in leading strings: nay, if I do but step out of the room on any ordinary occasion, she is so afraid I should give her the slip, that she always screams after me, 'My dear, you are not going out;' though, for better security, she generally locks up my hat and cane, together with her own gloves and cloak, that one may not stir out without the other.

I cannot flatter myself that I am handsomer or better made than other men; nor has she, in my eyes at least, fewer charms than other women; and yet she is so very doubtful of my constancy, that I cannot speak, or even pay the compliment of my hat to any young lady, though in public, without giving new alarms to

her jealousy. Such an one, she is sure from her flaunting airs, is a kept madam; another is no better than she should be; and she saw another tip me the wink, or give me a nod, as a mark of some private assignation between us. A nun, Sir, might as soon force her way into a convent of monks, as any young woman get admittance into our house: she has therefore affronted all her acquaintances of her own sex, that are not, or might not have been, the grandmothers of many generations; and is at home to nobody but maiden ladies in the bloom of threescore, and beauties of the early part of this century.

She trusted me one evening out of doors to share an entertainment abroad with some male friends; but we had scarcely dispatched the first course, before word was brought that my boy was come with a lanthorn to light me home. I sent him back, with orders to call in an hour; when presently after the maid was dispatched, with notice that my dear was gone to bed very ill, and wanted me directly. I was preparing to obey the summons; when, to our great surprise, the sick lady herself bolted into the room, complained of my cruel heart, and fell into a fit from which she did not recover, till the coach had set us down at our own house.

Whilst my wife is thus cautious, that I should not be led astray even by my own sex when abroad, she takes particular care that I may not stumble on temptation at home. It was some time after our marriage, before she could find maids for her purpose. One was too pert an hussy; another went too fine; another was an impudent forward young baggage. At present our household is made up of a set of beautiful monsters. My lady's own waiting woman has a most inviting hump back, and is so charmingly paralytic, that she shakes all over like a Chinese figure; the house-maid squints most delightfully with one solitary eye, which weeps continually for the loss of its fellow; and the cook, beside a most captivating red face and protuber-

ant waist, has a most graceful hobble in her gait, occasioned by one leg being shorter than the other.

I need not tell you, that I must never write a letter, but my wife must see the contents, before it is done up; and that I never dare to open one, till she has broken the seal, or read it till she has first run it over. Every rap at the door from the post-man makes her tremble; and I have known her to burst with spleen at seeing a superscription, written in a fair Italian hand, though perhaps it only comes from my aunt in the country.

About a month ago she found a mysterious paper in my coat pocket, which awakened all her mistrust. This suspicious manuscript was drawn up in hieroglyphics; which, as she could not interpret, she immediately concluded to be a billet-doux from some nasty creature, whom I secretly maintained in a corner of the town; and that we corresponded together in cypher. This terrible paper, Sir, was in truth no other than a bill from my blacksmith in the country, who, never having learnt to write, expressed his meaning by characters of his own invention. Thus, if he had mended a spade, he charged it to my account, by drawing, as well as he could, the figure of a spade, and adding at a little distance six perpendicular lines, to signify six pence; or, if he had repaired a plough, he sketched out that also in the same kind of rough draught, and annexed to it four curve lines, to denote four shillings. This matter I explained to my wife as fully as possibly, but very little to her satisfaction. It is absolutely impossible to quiet her suspicions: she is perpetually reproaching me with my private trull, nay upbraids me on this account before strangers; and it was but last week, that she put me to inconceivable confusion before a whole room of company, by telling them that I was in love with a blacksmith.

Jealousy, Sir, it is said, is a sign of love. It may be so: but it is a species of love, which is attended with all the malevolent properties of hate: nay, I will venture to say, that many a wife hates her husband most

heartily, without causing him half that uneasiness, which my loving consort's suspicious temper creates to me. Her jealous whims disturb me the more, because I am naturally of an even mind and calm disposition: and one of the chief blessings I promised myself in matrimony was, to enjoy the sweets of domestic tranquility. I loved my wife passionately; but I must own, that these perpetual attacks upon my peace make me regard her with less and less tenderness every day; and, though there is not a woman in the world that I would prefer to my wife, yet I am apt to think, that such violent suspicions, without a cause, have often created real matter for jealousy.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

No. IX.

ON EXCESSIVE NEATNESS IN A WIFE.—LETTER FROM A HUSBAND COMPLAINING OF THIS EVIL.

> The house so neat, so nice within,
> 'Tis pity we should enter in.
>
> TERENCE TRANSL.

SIR,—

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate disposition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the Neatest Body in her house they ever knew.

It must be confessed, that a due regard to neatness and cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations as our persons: yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference between having an house that is always dirty, and an house that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my home once in the week: but my wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpet; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, whilst one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean; for, during these nice operations, every apartment is stowed with soap, brick-dust, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dish-clouts.

You may suppose that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors.

For this reason, all that come to our house (beside the ceremony of scraping at the door) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several less mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family. I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid-servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house barefooted, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

This extraordinary solicitude in my wife for the cleanliness of her rooms, and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I must drink out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; whilst all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied; and I live with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, china, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity, and almost as great an hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them; the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them; and feet without being permitted to walk. Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for cleanliness keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and, whilst we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it still a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous

cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt sconces. Having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcilable for a month; and I had scarcely brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately run against the footman, who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and pease-pudding on the parlor floor. This superabundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for whilst I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependence, came to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but, though he had rode above fifty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey-carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this, to be sure, could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado that my wife would even suffer him to go and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with bare walls; because the Chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle; but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened, that he had brought a favorite pointer with him, who at his first coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog, having found means to escape, had crept slyly up stairs, and had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask sofa. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up

afterwards; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words between them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he never would darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill-treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favor.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

PETER PLAINALL.

No. X.

JEALOUSY DESCRIBED.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia: injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum.——— TER. EUN.

All these inconveniences are incident to love; reproaches, jealousies, quarrels, reconcilements, war, and then peace.

THE marquis of Halifax, in his "advice to a daughter," has instructed a wife how to behave herself towards a false, an intemperate, a choleric, a sullen, a covetous, or a silly husband, but has not spoken one word of a jealous husband.

Jealousy is that pain which a man feels from the apprehension that he is not equally beloved by the person whom he entirely loves. Now, because our inward passions and inclinations can never make themselves visible, it is impossible for a jealous man to be thoroughly cured of his suspicions. His thoughts hang at best in a state of doubtfulness and uncertainty; and are never capable of receiving any satisfaction on the advantageous side; so that his inquiries are most successful when they discover nothing: his pleasure arises from his disappointments, and his life is spent in pursuit of a secret that destroys his happiness if he chance to find it.

An ardent love is always a strong ingredient in this passion; for the same affection which stirs up the jealous man's desires, and gives the party beloved so beautiful a figure in his imagination, makes him believe she kindles the same passion in others, and appears as amiable to all beholders. And as jealousy thus arises from an extraordinary love, it is of so delicate a nature, that it scorns to take up with any thing less than an equal return of love. Not the warmest expressions of affection, the softest and most tender hypocrisy, are able to

give any satisfaction, where we are not persuaded that the affection is real, and the satisfaction mutual: for the jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves; he would be the only pleasure of her senses, the employment of her thoughts: and is angry at every thing she admires, or takes delight in, besides himself.

PHÆDRIA's request to his mistress, upon his leaving her for three days, is inimitably beautiful and natural.

Cum milite isto præsens, absens ut si es:
Dies noctesque me ames; me desideres;
Me somnies; me expectes; de me cogites;
Me speres; me te oblectes; mecum tota sis:
Meus fac sis postremo animus quando ego sum tuus.
TER. Eun. Act I.

"When you are in company with that soldier, behave as if you were absent: but continue to love me by day and by night: want me; dream of me; expect me; think of me; wish for me; delight in me; be wholly with me; in short, be my very soul, as I am yours."

The jealous man's disease is of so malignant a nature, that it converts all it takes into its own nourishment. A cool behavior sets him on the rack, and is interpreted as an instance of aversion or indifference; a fond one raises his suspicions, and looks too much like dissimulation and artifice. If the person he loves be cheerful, her thoughts must be employed on another; and if sad, she is certainly thinking on himself. In short, there is no word or gesture so insignificant but it gives him new hints, feeds his suspicions, and furnishes him with fresh matters of discovery: so that if we consider the effects of this passion, one would rather think it proceeded from an inveterate hatred than an excessive love; for certainly none can meet with more disquietude and uneasiness than a suspected wife, if we except the jealous husband.

But the great unhappiness of this passion is, that it naturally tends to alienate the affection which it is so solicitous to engross; and that for these two reasons, be-

cause it lays too great a constraint on the words and actions of the suspected person, and at the same time shews you have no honorable opinion of her; both of which are strong motives to aversion.

Nor is this the worst effect of jealousy; for it often draws after it a more fatal train of consequences, and makes the person you suspect, guilty of the very crimes you are so much afraid of. It is very natural for such, who are treated ill and upbraided falsely, to find out an intimate friend that will hear their complaints, condole their sufferings, and endeavor to sooth and assuage their secret resentments. Besides, jealousy puts a woman often in mind of an ill thing that she would not otherwise perhaps have thought of, and fills her imagination with such an unlucky idea, as in time grows familiar, excites desire, and loses all the shame and horror which might at first attend it. Nor is it a wonder if she who suffers wrongfully in a man's opinion of her, and has therefore nothing to forfeit in his esteem, resolves to give him reason for his suspicions, and to enjoy the pleasure of the crime, since she must undergo the ignominy. Such probably were the considerations that dirccted the wise man in his advice to a husband: "Be not jealous over the wife of thy bosom; and teach her not an evil lesson against thyself."—Eccles.

And here, among the other torments which this passion produces, we may usually observe that none are greater mourners than jealous men, when the person who provoked their jealousy is taken from them. Then it is that their love breaks out furiously, and throws off all the mixtures of suspicion which choaked and smothered it before. The beautiful parts of the character rise uppermost in the jealous husband's memory, and upbraid him with the ill usage of so divine a creature as was once in his possession; whilst all the little imperfections, that were before so uneasy to him, wear off from his remembrance and shew themselves no more.

We may see by what has been said, that jealousy takes the deepest root in men of amorous dispositions,

and of these we may find three kinds who are most overrun with it.

The first are those who are conscious to themselves of an infirmity, whether it be weakness, old age, deformity, ignorance, or the like. These men are so well acquainted with the unamiable part of themselves, that they have not the confidence to think they are really beloved; and are so distrustful of their own merits, that all fondness towards them puts them out of countenance, and looks like a jest upon their persons. They grow suspicious on their first looking in a glass, and are stung with jealousy at the sight of a wrinkle. A handsome fellow immediately alarms them, and every thing that looks young or gay turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to this passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humor, but are still deriving every action from some plot and contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined a thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new senses and significations to words and actions, and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward shows and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that I believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things than these great refiners upon incidents, who are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices, and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked in-

trigue, that they still suspect an under plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behavior of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings, and are too well acquainted with the chace, to be flung off by any false steps or doubles; besides, their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favorable opinion of some women; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to shew by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults indeed are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt; besides, she has this for her encouragement, that her endeavors will be always pleasing, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her, in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love in jealousy, as is well worth the separating.

No. XI.

JEALOUSY HOW TO BE ALLAYED.

Credula res amor est. OVID. MET.

The man who loves is easy of belief. ANON.

HAVING in my last paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to those ladies who desire to live well with a jealous husband, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed, is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire any thing in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to draw a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the person, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in another stirs up his jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by Horace in his ode to Lydia.

Quum tu Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas Brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certa sede manet: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

When TELEPHUS his youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,

With endless rapture you recite,
And in the pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the color flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In rising sighs and falling tears,
That shew too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away ADDISON.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another; but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not only your dislike of another, but of himself. In short, he is so desirous of engrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds by your censures on others, that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must not be too much pleased with a jest, or transported with any thing that is gay and diverting. If his beauty be none of the best, you must be a professed admirer of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next place, you must be sure to be free and open in your conversation with him, and to let in light upon your actions to unravel all your designs, and discover every secret, however trifling or indifferent. A jealous husband has a particular aversion to winks and whispers, and if he does not see to the bottom of every thing, will be sure to go beyond it in his fears and suspicions. He will always expect to be your chief confident, and where he finds himself kept out of a secret, will believe there is more in it than there should be. And here it is of great concern, that you preserve the

character of your sincerity uniform and of a piece; for if he once finds a false gloss put upon any single action, he quickly suspects all the rest; his working imagination immediately takes a false hint, and runs off with it into several remote consequences, till he has proved very ingenious in working out his own misery.

If both these methods fail, the best way will be, to let him see you are much cast down and afflicted for the ill opinion he entertains of you, and the disquietudes he himself suffers for your sake. There are many who take a kind of barbarous pleasure in the jealousy of those who love them, that insult over an aching heart, and triumph in the charms which are able to excite so much uneasiness.

Ardeat ipsa licet, tormentis goudet amantis. Juv.

Tho' equal pains her peace of mind destroy,
A lover's torments give her spiteful joy.

But these often carry the humor so far, till their affected coldness and indifference quite kills all the fondness of a lover, and are then sure to meet in their turn with all the contempt and scorn that is due to so insolent a behavior. On the contrary, it is very probable, a melancholy dejected carriage, the usual effect of injured innocence, may soften the jealous husband into pity, make him sensible of the wrong he does you, and work out of his mind all those fears and suspicions that make you both unhappy. At least it will have this good effect, that he will keep his jealousy to himself, and repine in private; either because he is sensible it is a weakness, and will therefore hide it from your knowledge, or because he will be apt to fear some ill effect it may produce, in cooling your love towards him, or diverting it to another.

There is still another secret that can never fail, if you can once get it believed, and which is often practised by women of greater cunning than virtue: this is to change sides for a while with the jealous man, and to

turn his own passion upon himself; to take some occasion of growing jealous of him, and to follow the example he himself hath set you. This counterfeited jealousy will bring him a great deal of pleasure, if he thinks it real; for he knows experimentally how much love goes along with this passion, and will, besides, feel something like the satisfaction of revenge, in seeing you undergo all his tortures. But this, indeed, is an artifice so difficult, and at the same time so disingenuous, that it ought never to be put in practice, but by such as have skill enough to cover the deceit, and innocence to render it excusable.

I shall conclude this essay with the story of Herod and Mariamne, as I have collected it out of Josephus; which may serve almost as an example to whatever can be said on this subject.

Mariamne had all the charms that beauty, birth, wit, and youth could give a woman, and Herod all the love that such charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous disposition. In the midst of all this his fondness for Mariamne, he put her brother to death, as he did her father not many years after. The barbarity of the action was represented to Mark Antony, who immediately summoned Herod into Egypt, to answer to the crime that was there laid to his charge. Herod attributed the summons to Antony's desire of Mariamne, whom, therefore, before his departure, he gave into the custody of his uncle Joseph, with private orders to put her to death, if any such violence was offered to himself. This Joseph was much delighted with Mariamne's conversation, and endeavored with all his art and rhetoric, to set out the excess of Herod's passion for her; but when he found her still cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain instance of her lord's affection, the private orders he had left behind him; which plainly shewed according to Joseph's interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous instance of wild unreasonable passion quite put out for a time those little remains of affection

she had for her lord. Her thoughts were so wholly taken up with the cruelty of his orders, that she could not consider the kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her imagination, rather under the frightful idea of a murderer than a lover. Herod was at length acquitted and dismissed by Mark Antony, when his soul was all in flames for his Mariamne; but before their meeting, he was not a little alarmed at the report he had heard of his uncle's familiarity with her in his absence. This, therefore, was the first discourse he entertained her with, in which she found it no easy matter to quiet his suspicions. But at last he appeared so well satisfied of her innocence, that from reproaches and wranglings he fell to tears and embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their reconciliation, and Herod poured out his whole soul to her in the warmest protestations of love and constancy; when amidst all his sighs and languishings she asked him, whether the private orders he left with his uncle Joseph, were an instance of such an inflamed affection. The jealous king was immediately roused at so unexpected a question, and concluded his uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he would have discovored such a secret. In short, he put his uncle to death, and very difficultly prevailed on himself to spare Mariamne.

After this he was forced on a second journey into Egypt, when he committed his lady to the care of Sohemus, with the same private orders he had before given his uncle, if any mischief befel himself. In the mean time, Mariamne so won upon Sohemus by her presents and obliging conversation, that she drew all the secret from him, with which Herod had entrusted him; so that after his return, when he flew to her with all the transports of joy and love, she received him coldly with sighs and tears, and all the marks of indifference and aversion. This reception so stirred up his indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own hands, had not he feared he himself should have became the greater suffer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent

return of love upon him: Mariamne was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavored to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal caresses and endearments; but she declined his embraces, and answered all his fondness with bitter invectives for the death of her father and her brother. This behavior so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel, there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing to her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who, in the extremity of his tortures, confessed, that his mistress' aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicion and sentence that Joseph had suffered before him on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here, but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and by his authority with the judges, had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected; he retired from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoned himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits; and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.

No. XII.

CAUTIONS CONCERNING MARRIAGE: STORY OF EUGENIO.

By titles dazzled, or by wealth misled,
Minds ill-agreeing shame the nuptial bed;
The fair obnoxious to a sire's command,
When forc'd without her heart to yield her hand,
Beholds the guilty priest with weeping eyes,
Like Iphigenia drest for sacrifice.

Or grant a pair by mutual vows combin'd
And Cupid's torch with that of Hymen joined;
Desire that blindly courts the married state,
Is far unable to support the weight;
The fabric tott'ring on its scanty base,
Sinks on the ruins of a beauteous face.
Or beauty, tho' it lasts, in time may cloy,
Or that capricious foe to mortal joy,
That nameless something may its taste destroy.

But where the judgment is allow'd its part,
And the clear head directs the beating heart,
The god of love attends the matchless pair,
For choice and merit fix the rover there.

JEFFREYS.

THE many misfortunes arising to interrupt the joys and destroy the peace of conjugal felicity, generally proceed from our not duly weighing beforehand in what the comforts and conveniences of matrimony consist. In order to secure, as far as human prudence is capable, happiness in a wedded state, it is first to be mutually considered, whether the mind of the party we are about to engage with in this important affair, is formed on the principles of virtue; without which the duties of conjugal affection and friendship can never long subsist.

2dly, That riches are not to be looked upon as the only incitement to such an engagement; because, when wealth is merely the motive, lasting felicity is not to be expected.

3dly, That the charms of a good face, without the beauties of that better part, the mind, should not bewitch us so far, as to entail misery and disquietudes as long as life endures; which is too frequently the case, when appetite is sated.

4thly, It should be the mutual resolution of those, who are about to enter into that state, or are already engaged in it, to confine themselves, according to their station in life, to such sort of pleasures only which their circumstances will admit of, and which are consistent with the duty of reasonable and virtuous beings. A contrary behavior will be attended with dreadful consequences, whereas the conduct above-mentioned will lead us to real happiness. The following story may serve to illustrate the truth of what is here advanced.

Eugenio was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education addicted to gaiety and expense; which he supported by the assistance of good sense and a plentiful fortune, without injuring his reputation or estate. Having no family of his own, he made a visit to a friend, with a design of passing the summer with him in the country. *Sophronia* happened to be there at the same time, by the invitation of the lady of the house, with whom she had always been educated. Her person was nothing remarkable, but a sweet disposition and a good natural understanding made her conversation agreeable. Upon his first arrival, Eugenio was too well bred not to shew a particular civility to one so much respected by the family; and Sophronia knew how to return it by a suitable behavior. They had not been long acquainted, before the sprightliness of his conversation, and the amiable innocence of hers, begot a mutual desire of rendering themselves agreeable to each other. Eugenio's education had been too ingenuous to harbor a wish that was dishonorable; and Sophronia willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be so much for her advantage. She knew he possessed no ill qualities, and thought he would easily be weaned from his love of show and expense,

by a more settled way of life. But his desire to live splendidly got the better of his passion: he would not throw himself away upon one who had but three thousand pounds for her portion; so determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondness by the diversions of the town.

Theana came up about the same time, to spend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whose death she was lately come into the possession of above fifteen thousand pounds. She was determined never to marry a man, who could not support her in the magnificence that such a fortune might expect; and for that reason only had refused *Euphorbus*, a young gentleman bred up to a profession, in which his natural abilities, joined to a steady application, promised him the greatest success. They had long been acquainted, and so perfectly agreeable to each other, that Euphorbus had just reason to hope that he should prevail over her desire of grandeur, which was her only foible. But that passion was predominant: she was afraid it should be said she had acted imprudently, and that she should not be able to withstand the reflections of the world, for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when she might have had half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and six.

Upon her coming to London, Eugenio made his addresses to her among the rest; and as his fortune enabled him to make a suitable settlement, preliminaries were soon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thousands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and gilded car proclaimed them the happiest couple of the season. But they soon found that happiness did not consist in show. Little contrarieties of temper were the causes of continual differences; which, in less than two years, rose to such a height, that they were, in a manner, parted. To avoid the uneasiness of home, Eugenio publicly indulged himself in his

amours; and Theana was only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers as religiously devoted to quadrille. He was regardless of the education of his sons, because he was not sure they were his own; she instructed her daughters in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make some inquiry after the other two. The next winter after her disappointment, Sophronia came to London with her female friend. Euphorbus accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance, that acquaintance increased gradually into a mutual esteem; which, as it was not founded on interest, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reason to believe would continue. With this prospect they married. The smallness of their fortune was compensated by tenderness and economy. The desire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profession; and she was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune, she to their virtue. In the decline of life they retired to a country-house and estate, which his profession and her economy had enabled them to buy of Eugenio, whose extravagance and ill management had obliged him to sell part of his estate, as soon as a booby son was old enough to be bribed to cut off the entail: there, in the words of Agamemnon,

> They know a passion still more deeply charming
> Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
> By long experience mellow'd into friendship.

Thus are Euphorbus and Sophronia, by a marriage founded on good sense, possessed of happiness, riches, and reputation, which Eugenio and Theana have lost by the contrary means.

No. XIII.

THE CAUSES OF DISAGREEMENT IN MARRIAGE.

> This is the chief felicity of life,
> That concord smile on the connubial bed;
> But now 'tis hatred all ———

MANY writers seem to have admitted, as an incontested principle, that "marriage is generally unhappy:" but I know not whether it becomes a man who professes to think for himself, and forms his opinions from his own observations, to follow the crowd implicitly, and receive maxims without recalling them to new examination, especially when they comprise so great a complication, and include such variety of circumstances. As I have an equal right with others to give my opinion of the objects about me, and a better title to determine concerning that state which I have tried, than many who talk of it without experience, I am unwilling to be restrained by mere authority from advancing, what, I believe, an accurate view of the world will confirm, that marriage is not commonly unhappy, otherwise than as life is unhappy; and that most of those who complain of connubial miseries, have as much satisfaction as their nature would have admitted, or their conduct procured, in any other condition.

It is, indeed, common to hear both sexes repine at their condition, relate the happiness of their earlier years, blame the folly and rashness of their own choice, and warn those whom they see coming into the world against the same precipitance and infatuation. But it is to be remembered, that the days which they so much wish to call back, are the days not only of celibacy, but of youth, the days of novelty and improvement, of ardor and of hope, of health and vigor of body, of gaiety and lightness of heart. It is not easy to unite life

with any circumstances in which youth will not be delightful; and I am afraid that whether married or unmarried, we shall find the vesture of terrestrial existence more heavy and cumbrous, the longer it is worn.

That both censure themselves for the indiscretion of their choice, is not a sufficient proof that they have chosen ill, since we see the same discontent at every other part of life which we cannot change. Converse with almost any man, grown old in a profession, and you will find him regretting that he did not enter into some way of life, to which he too late finds his genius better adapted, or in which he discovers that wealth and honor are more easily attained. The merchant, says Horace, envies the soldier, and the soldier recounts the felicity of the merchant; the lawyer, when his clients harass him, calls out for the quiet of the countryman; and the countryman, when business calls him to town, exclaims that there is no happiness but in public life. Every man recounts the miseries of his own station, and always thinks those of any other less, because he has not felt them. Thus the married praise the ease and freedom of a single life, and the single fly to marriage from the weariness of solitude. From all our observations we may collect with certainty, that misery is the lot of man, but cannot discover in what particular state it will find most alleviations; or whether all external appendages are not, as we use them well or ill, the causes either of pain or pleasure.

Whoever feels great pain, naturally hopes for ease from change of posture; he changes it, and finds himself equally tormented: and of the same kind are the expedients by which we endeavor to obviate or elude those uneasinesses to which mortality will always be subject. It is, however, not likely that the marriage state is eminently miserable, since we see such numbers, whom the death of their partners has set free from it, entering it again.

Wives and husbands are, indeed, too frequently complaining of each other; and there would be reason for

imagining that in numerous instances there was perverseness or oppression beyond human sufferance, did we not know how readily some minds burst out into reproaches and lamentations, and how naturally every animal revenges his pain upon those who happen to be near, without any nice examination of its cause. We are always willing to fancy ourselves within a little of happiness, and when, with repeated efforts, we cannot reach it, persuade ourselves that it is intercepted by an ill-paired mate, since, if we could find any other obstacle, it would be our own fault that it was not removed.

Anatomists have often remarked, that though our diseases are sufficiently numerous and severe, yet when we inquire into the structure of the body, the tenderness of some parts, the minuteness of others, and the immense multiplicity of animal motions that must concur to the healthful and vigorous exercise of all our powers, there appears reason to wonder rather that we are preserved so long, than that we perish so soon, and that our frame subsists for a single day or hour without disorder, rather than that it should be broken or obstructed by violence of accidents, or length of time.

The same reflection rises in my mind, when I observe the manner in which marriage is sometimes contracted. When I see the avaricious and crafty taking companions to their tables and their beds, without any inquiry but after farms and money; or the giddy and thoughtless uniting for life to those whom they have only seen by the light of tapers at a ball; when parents make contracts for their children, without inquiring after their consent; when some marry for heirs to disappoint their brothers, and others throw themselves into the arms of those whom they do not love, because they found themselves rejected where they were more solicitous to please; when some marry because their servants cheat them, some because they squander their own money, some because their houses are pestered with company, some because they will live like other people, and some only because they are sick of themselves, I

am not so much inclined to wonder that marriage is sometimes unhappy, as that it appears generally so little loaded with calamity; and cannot but conclude, that society has something in itself eminently agreeable to human nature, when I find its pleasures so great, that even the ill choice of a companion can hardly overbalance them.

By the ancient custom of the Muscovites, the men and women never saw each other, till they were united beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this method many unsuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associated that were very little qualified to give pleasure to each other. Yet, perhaps, among a people so little delicate, where the paucity of objects, and the uniformity of life gave no opportunity for imagination to interpose its objections, there was not so much danger of capricious dislike; and whilst they felt neither cold nor hunger, they might live quietly together, without any thought of the defects of one another.

Among us, whom knowledge has made nice and affluence wanton, there are, indeed, more cautions requisite to secure tranquility; and yet if we observe the manner in which those converse, who have singled out each other for marriage, we shall, perhaps, think that the Russians lost little by their restraint. For the whole endeavor of both parties, during the time of courtship, is to hinder themselves from being known, and to disguise their natural temper and real desires, in hypocritical imitation, studied compliance, and continued affectation. From the time that their love is avowed, neither sees the other, but in a mask, and the cheat is managed often on both sides with so much art, and discovered afterwards with so much abruptness, that each has reason to think there has been some transformation on the wedding-night, and that by a strange imposture one has been courted, and another married.

All, therefore, who come with matrimonial complaints, concerning their behavior in the time of courtship, are

to be informed, that they are neither to wonder nor repine, that a contract begun with fraud, has ended in disappointment.

No. XIV.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON, ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Hail wedded love! ———
Perpetual fountain of domestic bliss. MILTON.

A RECENT and valuable collection of letters from a father to his son, on various topics relative to literature, and the conduct of life, offers to my readers a judicious and excellent letter *on the Choice of a Wife.*

DEAR SON,

There is no species of advice, which seems to come with more peculiar propriety from parents to children, than that which respects the marriage state; for it is a matter in which the first must have acquired some experience, and the last cannot. At the same time, it is found to be that, in which advice produces the least effect. For this, various causes may be assigned; of which, no doubt, the principal is, that passion commonly takes this affair under its management, and excludes reason from her share of the deliberation. I am inclined to think, however, that the neglect with which admonitions on this head are treated, is not unfrequently owing to the manner in which they are given, which is often too general, too formal, and with too little accommodation to the feelings of young persons. If, in descanting a little on this subject, I can avoid these errors, I flatter myself, you are capable of bestowing some unforced attention to what an affectionate desire of promoting your happiness in so essential a point, may prompt.

The difference of opinion between sons and fathers, in the matrimonial choice, may be stated in a single position—that the former have in their minds the first month of marriage, the latter, the whole of its duration

Perhaps you will, and with justice, deny that this is the difference between us two, and will assert, that you as well as I, in thinking of this connexion, reflect on its lasting consequences. So much the better! We are then agreed as to the mode in which it is to be considered, and I have the advantage of you only in experience and more extensive observation.

I need to say little as to the share, that personal charms ought to have in fixing a choice of this kind. Whilst I readily admit, that it is desirable, that the object, on which the eyes are most frequently to dwell for a whole life, should be an agreeable one; you will probably as freely acknowledge, that more than this is of too fanciful and fugitive a nature, to come into the computation of permanent enjoyment. Perhaps in this matter I might look more narrowly for you, than you would for yourself, and require a suitableness of years and vigor of constitution, which might continue this advantage to a period that you do not yet contemplate. But dropping this part of the subject, let us proceed to consider the two main points, on which the happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must depend—her qualifications as a *companion*, and as a *helper*.

Were you engaged to make a voyage round the world, on the condition of sharing a cabin with an unknown messmate, how solicitous would you be, to discover his character and disposition before you set sail! If, on inquiry, he should prove to be a person of good sense and cultivated manners, and especially of a temper inclined to please and be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself! But if, in addition to this, his tastes, studies and opinions, should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. You could not doubt, that the circumstance which brought you together, would lay the foundation of an intimate and delightful friendship. On the other hand, if he were represented by those who thoroughly knew him, as weak, ignorant, obstinate, and quarrelsome, of

manners and dispositions totally opposite to your own, you would probably rather give up your project, than submit to live so many months confined with such an associate.

Apply this comparison to the domestic companion of the voyage of life—the intimate of all hours—the partaker of all fortunes—the sharer in pain and pleasure—the mother and instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be of to you, what are the qualities of the heart and understanding of one who stands in this relation; and of the comparative insignificance of external charms and ornamental accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable, that all you would wish in these particulars can be obtained, it is of importance to ascertain, which qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now tastes, manners, and opinions, being things not original, but acquired, cannot be of so much consequence as the fundamental properties of good sense, and good temper.

Possessed of these, a wife, who loves her husband, will fashion herself in the others according to what she perceives to be his inclination; and if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comfort. But sense and temper can never be dispensed with in the companion for life: they form the basis on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be raised. As both are absolutely essential, it is needless to inquire which is so in the highest degree. Fortunately they are oftener met with together than separate; for the just and reasonable estimation of things which true good sense inspires, almost necessarily produces that equanimity and moderation of spirit, in which good temper properly consists. There is, indeed, a kind of thoughtless good nature, which is not unfrequently coupled with weakness of understanding; but having no power of self-direction, its operations are capricious, and no reliance can be placed on it in promoting solid felicity. When,

however, this easy humor appears with the attractions of youth and beauty, there is some danger lest even men of sense should overlook the defects of a shallow capacity, especially if they have entertained the too common notion, that women are no better than playthings, designed rather for the amusement of their lords and masters, than for the more serious purposes of life. But no man ever married a fool without severely repenting it; for though the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of dalliance and gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, and especially of parental control, she will give a perpetual heart-ache to a considerate partner.

On the other hand, there are to be met with instances of considerable powers of the understanding, combined with waywardness of temper, sufficient to destroy all the comfort of life. Malignity is sometimes joined with wit, haughtiness and caprice with talents, sourness and suspicion with sagacity, and cold reserve with judgment. But all these being in themselves unamiable qualities, it is less necessary to guard against the possessors of them. They generally render even beauty unattractive; and no charm but that of fortune is able to overcome the repugnance they excite. How much more fatal than even folly they are to all domestic felicity, you have probably already seen enough of the matrimonial state to judge.

Many of the qualities which fit a woman for a companion, also adapt her for the office of a *helper;* but many additional ones are requisite. The original purpose for which this sex was created, is said, you know, to have been, providing man with a *help-mate;* yet it is, perhaps, that notion of a wife which least occupies the imagination in the season of courtship. Be assured, however, that as an office for life, its importance stands extremely high to one, whose situation does not place him above the want of such aid; and fitness for it should make a leading consideration in his choice. Romantic ideas of domestic felicity, will infallibly in

time give way to that true state of things which will shew that a large part of it must arise from well ordered affairs, and an accumulation of petty comforts and conveniences. A clean and quiet fire-side, regular and agreeable meals, decent apparel, a house managed with order and economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in time of sickness—all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was designed to afford us; and without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to bestow delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as *professional* to the woman who intends to become a wife; and to select one for that station who is destitute of them, or disinclined to exercise them, however otherwise accomplished, is as absurd, as it would be to choose for your lawyer, or physician, a man who excelled in every thing rather than in law, or physic.

Let me remark, too, that knowledge and good will are not the only requisites for the office of a helper. It demands a certain energy both of body and mind, which is less frequently met with among the females of the present age than might be wished. How much soever infirm and delicate health may interest the feelings, it is certainly an undesirable attendant on a connexion for life. Nothing can be more contrary to the qualification of a help-mate, than a condition which constantly requires that assistance which it never can impart. It is, I am sure, the farthest thing from my intention, to harden your heart against impressions of pity, or slacken those services of affectionate kindness, by which you may soften the calamitous lot of the most amiable and deserving of the species. But a matrimonial choice is a choice for your own benefit, by which you are to obtain additional sources of happiness; and it would be mere folly, in their stead voluntarily to take upon you new incumbrances and distresses. Akin to an unnerved frame of body, is that shrinking timidity of mind, and excessive nicety of feeling, which is too much en-

couraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reasonable bounds in modern education, can scarcely be doubted by one, who considers what exertions of fortitude and self-command are continually required in the course of female duty. One who views society closely, in its interior as well as exterior, will know that occasions of alarm, suffering and disgust, come much more frequently in the way of women than of men. To them belong all offices about the weak, the sick, and the dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home, and face the worst. All this takes place in cultivated society, and in classes of life raised above the common level. In the savage state, and in the lower conditions, women are compelled to undergo even the most laborious, as well as the most disagreeable tasks. If nature, then, has made them so weak in temper and constitution as many suppose, she has not suitable means to ends with the foresight we generally discover in her plans.

I confess myself decidedly of the opinion of those, who would rather form the two sexes to a resemblance of character, than contrast them. Virtue, wisdom, presence of mind, patience, vigor, capacity, application, are not *sexual* qualities; they belong to mankind—to all who have duties to perform and evils to endure. It is surely a most degrading idea of the female sex, that they must owe their influence to trick and finesse, to counterfeit or real weakness. They are too essential to our happiness to need such arts; too much of the pleasure and the business of the world depends upon them, to give reason for apprehension, that we shall cease to join partnership with them. Let them aim at excelling in the qualities peculiarly adapted to the parts they have to act, and they may be excused from affected languor and coquetry. We shall not think them less amiable for being our best helpers.

Having thus endeavored to give you just ideas of the principal requisites in a wife, especially in a wife for one in your condition, I have done all that lies within the compass of an adviser. From the influence of passion I cannot guard you: I can only deprecate its power. It may be more to the purpose, to dissuade you from *hasty engagements*, because in making them, a person of any resolution is not to be regarded as merely passive. Though the head has lost its rule over the heart, it may retain its command of the hand. And surely if we are to pause before any action, it should be before one, on which "all the color of remaining life" depends. Your reason must be convinced, that to form a solid judgment of so many qualities as are requisite in the conjugal union, is no affair of days and weeks, of casual visits and public exhibitions. Study your object at *home*—see her tried in her proper department. Let the progress be, liking, approving, loving, and lastly, declaring; and may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not likely to deceive!

You may think it strange, that I have not touched on a consideration, which generally takes the lead in parental estimates of matrimonial views—that of *fortune*. But I have been treating on the *woman* only, not on any thing extraneous to her. Fortune acquired with a wife, is the same thing as fortune got any other way. It has its value, and certainly no small one, in procuring the desirable comforts of life; and to rush into a state in which wants will be greatly increased without a reasonable prospect of being able to supply those wants, is an act, not merely of carelessness, but of downright folly. But with respect to the sources, whence their supply is to be sought, that is a particular inquiry to each individual; and I do not think so ill of your prudence, as to apprehend that you will not give it all the attention its importance demands. Another consideration, that of the *family connexions* formed by marriage, is of a similar kind. Its great importance

cannot be doubted; but it is an affair to be determined on by the dictates of common prudence, just as in forming those connexions after any other mode; though indeed, in no other can they be formed equally strong. One who is master of his deliberations, may be trusted to decide these points, as well as any others that occur in the practice of life. That your decisions may always shew you to be possessed of a due power of self-direction, is the earnest wish of

Your truly affectionate, &c.

No. XV.

A LETTER TO A LADY ON THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

How blest the alliance where no int'rest rules,
The bane of bliss and perquisite of fools:
Where love its full unmingled joys displays,
And reason dictates while the heart obeys!

MADAM,—You do me great honor in your application to me on this important occasion; I shall therefore talk to you with the tenderness of a father, in gratitude for your giving me the authority of one. You do not seem to make any great distinction between your two lovers as to their persons; the whole question lies upon their circumstances and behavior: If the one is less respectful because he is rich, and the other more obsequious because he is not so, they are in that point moved by the same principle, the consideration of fortune; and you must place them in each other's circumstances, before you can judge of their inclination. To avoid confusion in discussing this point, I will call the richer man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If you believe Florio with Strephon's estate would behave himself as he does now, Florio is certainly your man: but if you think Strephon, were he in Florio's condition, would be as obsequious as Florio is now, you ought for your own sake to choose Strephon; for where the men are equal, there is no doubt riches ought to be a reason for preference. After this manner, I would have you abstract them from their circumstances; for you are to take it for granted, that he who is very humble only because he is poor, is the very same man in nature with him who is haughty because he is rich.

When you have gone thus far, as to consider the figure they make towards you; you will please, Madam, next to consider the appearance you make towards

them. If they are men of discernment, they can observe the motives of your heart; and Florio can see when he is disregarded only upon account of fortune, which makes you to him a mercenary creature: and you are still the same thing to Strephon, in taking him for his wealth only: you are therefore to consider whether you had rather confer than receive an obligation.

The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is, when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties: in this case the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of human race, without beneficence to those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which special care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and too great familiarity alone: when they are within observation, they fret at each other's carriage and behavior; when alone, they revile each other's person and conduct: in company, they are in a purgatory, when only together in a hell.

The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of ad-

versity or sickness; the former we may in some measure defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very make. When you have a true notion of this sort of passion, your humor of living great will vanish out of your imagination, and you will find love has nothing to do with state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure beyond show or pomp. You are therefore to consider which of your lovers will like you best undressed, which will bear with you most when out of humor; and your way to this is to ask yourself, which you value most for his own sake; and by that judge which gives the greater instances of his valuing you for yourself only.

After you have expressed some sense of the humble approach of Florio, and a little disdain at Strephon's assurance in his address, you cry out, "What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both!" It would therefore, methinks, be a good way to determine yourself: take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no hopes your husband will ever have what you liked in his rival: but intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms; he whom you take for his personal perfections, will sooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his fortune, attain to personal perfections. If Strephon is not as accomplished and agreeable as Florio, marriage to you will never make him so: but marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon: therefore, to make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice certainties to fortune.

I am your most obedient, humble servant.

No. XVI.

ON CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

May SHE, when time has sunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cherish his white hairs;
Nor HE perceive her charms through age decay,
But think each happy sun his bridal day.
MART. EPIG. TRANSL.

LOVE is a term so very vague and indiscriminate, as it is generally applied, that it would be extremely difficult to investigate its nature from its effects, in any other case but that of marriage; as the modes, perhaps, of feeling, or at least of expressing it, vary, according to the temper, manner, or situation of each individual who either feels or feigns the passion. But conjugal affection is by no means subject to such equivocal appearances; it is tenderness heightened by passion, and strengthened by esteem; tending to promote the happiness of its object here and hereafter.

Such an elevated state of happiness as must result from the affection I have described, when mutual, must surely be the acme of human felicity. But, as the point of perfection is that of declension also, it will require much pains, (but they are pleasing ones,) to make the ever-turning wheel of sublunary bliss keep steady to the summit it has reached, or, at least, to prevent its rolling down the rugged precipice, where jealousy, disgust and grief have marked the horrid road.

The disappointments of human life must ever be proportioned to the extravagance of our expectations. Too great an ardor to be blessed, is frequently the source of misery. A life of transport is not the lot of mortals. Whilst we accept we should chastise our joys, "lest whilst we clasp we kill them."

That concord of souls which constitutes the happiness of marriage, like a full concert, requires all *the*

parts obliged to fill their several stations in perfect time and place; for though the heart may lead the band, and set out in perfect harmony, one jarring note destroys the rapturous strain, and turns the whole to discord. For this reason I consider a parity of understanding and temper as necessary towards forming a happy marriage.

But grant these circumstances all conjoin and make the union perfect, my fair readers should remember that satiety succeeds to rapture, as sure as night to day. Be it your province, then, to keep your husband's heart from sinking into the incurable disease of tasteless apathy. Do not rely too much upon your personal charms, however great, to preserve the conquest they may have gained. The kindness of your attention to the bent of his genius and inclinations will awaken his regard; and gratitude will strengthen his affection, imperceptibly even to himself.

Our first Parent justifies his fondness for Eve, to Raphael, upon this principle:

> "Neither her outside formed so fair, &c.
> So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
> Those thousand decencies, that daily flow
> From all her words and actions mixed with love,
> And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
> Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
> Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
> More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear."

To secure the affections of a husband already prepossessed in their favor, let the ladies but exert the same talents, with the same desire of pleasing, which they showed before marriage, and I venture to pronounce, that they will succeed.

Every man ought to be the principal object of attention in his family; of course he should feel himself happier at home than in any other place. It is, doubtless, the great business of a woman's life, to render home pleasing to her husband; he will then delight in her society, and not seek abroad for alien amusements.

A husband may, possibly, in his daily excursions, see many women whom he thinks handsomer than his wife; but it is generally her fault, if he meet with one whom he thinks more amiable. A desire of pleasing very rarely fails of its effect; but in a wife that desire must be managed with the nicest delicacy; it should appear rather in the result, than in the design; "not obvious, not obtrusive." These little attentions are the best supplement to our great duties, and render the commerce of life delightful. Like an elegant desert, they complete the feast, and leave not a wish unsatisfied.

We have hitherto looked only on the pleasing side of the tapestry, and seen Marriage in its most favorable light. Let us now turn the canvass, and take a view of its defects.

Let us suppose, then, (what I think the worst of all situations,) an amiable young woman possessing the tenderest affection for her husband, whilst he, from the depravity and inconstancy of his nature, has withdrawn his love from her, and perhaps bestowed it on some unworthy object, to whom he devotes his time and fortune. In such a state of wretchedness, what line shall our neglected wife pursue? The first step that I would recommend to her, is, that of entering into a serious, strict, and impartial review of her own conduct, even to the minutiæ of her dress, and the expressions of her looks, from the first of her acquaintance with her husband. If after such examination, she cannot discover any fault in her manners that might have given offence, or created disgust, let her steadily pursue the same behavior she has hitherto practised; for, if that be totally free from error, it is impossible that any alteration can give an additional efficacy to it. For to resent, or to retaliate, neither her duty, nor her religion will permit.

"To carry smiles upon the face, when discontent sits brooding at the heart," is, I confess, one of the most difficult tasks that can possibly be imposed on an ingenuous and feeling soul. But a thorough conviction that it is her province to endeavor to recal the

wanderer back, for his own happiness, as well as hers, and a certainty that there are no other means of accomplishing so desirable an end, will enable her to pursue this arduous undertaking, till either her heart shall rejoice in its success, or, from reiterated disappointments, become indifferent to the worthless object of its former esteem and attention.

Granting the last to be the case, she has a right to expect that the good opinion of the world will attend her conduct; but a higher and more certain reward awaits it; self-approbation, arising from a consciousness of having fulfilled her duty, and an assurance of having essayed the only method that was likely to insure success; for never yet was love recalled by lamentations, or upbraidings. The first may sometimes, perhaps, create pity, but oftener begets contempt; and the latter never did, nor can produce any passion but instant rage, or cool determined hate.

Recollection may furnish to my fair readers many instances, where patient sufferings have been rewarded with returning love; but I think there is scarcely one to be met with, where female violence has ever conquered male outrage; or where dissipation and coquetry, though they may have alarmed the pride, ever reclaimed the alienated affections of a husband.

True love, like true virtue, shrinks not on the first attack; it will bear many shocks before it be entirely vanquished. As it contends not for victory, but for the prize; it will not display itself in the vain arts of elocution, but in the more powerful eloquence of action; it will leave nothing undone, that can prove its sincerity; but it will not boast, even to its object, of what it has done; much less will it vaunt its merits to any other confidant, or complain to the world of the unkind return it has experienced.

There is such a variety of circumstances which may disturb the happiness of the marriage state, that it is impossible to specify them all; but as a virtuous woman will consider the loss of her husband's affection as

the greatest calamity that can befal her, her duty and prudence will, before the evil happens, upon every occasion supply rules of conduct to herself; and the reliance she will necessarily have upon the tenderness of his attachment to her, joined to the sincerity of hers to him, will support her through every difficulty, which accident, misfortune, or even imprudence, may have brought upon them. She will say, with Prior's Emma,

> "Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
> From its decline determined to recede?
> Did I but purpose to embark with thee,
> On the smooth surface of a summer sea,
> Whilst gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
> And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sails;
> But would forsake the bark and make the shore,
> When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
> No, Henry, no! one sacred oath has tied
> Our loves, one destiny our lives shall guide,
> Nor wild, nor deep, our common way divide."

This is the natural language of conjugal affection, this is the fulfilling of the marriage vow, where self is lost in a still dearer object, where tenderness is heightened by distress, and attachment cemented even by the tears of sorrow. Such an union of souls may brave the power of Time; and I trust, that death itself shall not be able to destroy it.

No. XVII.

ON TEMPER.

Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
This binds in ties more easy and more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long. POPE.

It has been justly remarked, that a parity of temper is one of the principal requisites in matrimonial happiness; and yet it is possible, that too great a similarity of disposition, may in some cases render both parties wretched. For instance, if two persons of a gay and careless turn of mind should happen to be united, both will think themselves entitled to pursue their joint or separate amusements, without being encumbered with any attention to domestic economy, till even the necessary means for their support may be irretrievably lavished away.

Again, should two persons of a saturnine complexion be joined in the indissoluble bond of marriage, the natural gloominess of their dispositions will be increased by each other's converse; melancholy will become habitual, and care be heightened by despondency.

"Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless;
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

"Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen;
Sampson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between."

From these examples it is obvious, that a similitude

of dispositions alone, though a strong incentive to affection, will not always insure matrimonial felicity. And yet I am perfectly convinced, that wherever there is any material difference of sentiments, or manners, there never was, nor will be, a happy marriage. We naturally admire those we love, and as naturally imitate what we admire. The similarity that arises from conformity, and a desire to please, has a superior charm to that which is merely complexional. To adopt the sentiments of a person is the most delicate proof of approbation and esteem; and perhaps the compliment is valued by our self-love, in proportion to the sacrifice which has been made of an opposite way of thinking.

That conformity of manners, as far as religion and reason will permit, is one of the indispensable duties of a wife, will not, I believe, be denied by any one. But there are ladies who have an art of letting their *condescension* appear too strongly in the act, as if submitting to the impositions of a tyrant, rather than cheerfully fulfilling the obligation they had entered into at the altar —*to love, honor, and obey.*

The same words or actions, expressed or performed in a gracious or ungracious manner, may produce effects as different as love and hate. I would therefore, recommend it to the candidates for happiness in the marriage state, to *sacrifice to the Graces*, in their conjugal demeanor, as sincerely as they do at their toilets; for good breeding is as necessary to the preservation of domestic harmony, as it can possibly be to the general intercourse and commerce of life.

Solomon, in his description of a virtuous woman, has furnished us with the finest idea that ever was given of a wife's address to her husband. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." And surely there exists not a being under the form of a man, who could reject such an address with scorn or insolence. Ladies should, however, take particular care to *time* their conversation with their husbands, and neither idly obtrude upon their serious hours

of business, or retirement, nor hastily mistake that reserve or gloom, which may arise from difficulties in their affairs abroad, for ill temper and disgust at home.

It is the duty of a wife, not only to regulate her own temper towards her husband, but also to pay such an attention to his, as may prevent it from ever appearing in a disagreeable light. By studiously observing the proper seasons for the different subjects, on which she may have occasion to address him, she may, imperceptibly to him, and almost to herself, obtain the power of guiding his concurrence, or denial.

A sensible and virtuous woman, pursuing such a line of conduct for the mutual advantage of her husband and family, without any selfish views, of which only little minds are capable, comes nearest to the idea that mortals are taught to conceive of a guardian angel, who, unseen, directs our doubtful choice to what is best, and leads our erring steps into the paths of happiness and peace.

I have hitherto considered this great article of temper only in one point of view, merely as it relates to the colloquial intercourse between a wedded pair. I come now to shew that its influence is universally extensive; and that it is one of the main springs which guides or deranges the human machine, through every station and situation of life. An unmarried woman is very rarely said to be ill tempered; and yet there are such prodigies in nature as *young* vixens, who, however they may conceal their ill humor from their lovers and general acquaintances, will surely betray it to their parents, inmates, and servants. "A little lump leaveneth the whole," and a peevish maiden will infallibly make a cross wife; for when once a sourness of disposition becomes habitual, there is no alkáline in nature sufficiently powerful to correct the heart burnings and bitterness of a dissatisfied temper. A person so affected, like one infected with the plague, necessarily spreads the contagion of discontent around her. Her parents lament the badness of her disposition; her other relations and con-

nections are sensible of aversion, instead of affection, towards her: and her servants regret that the irksomeness of servitude is aggravated by receiving their subsistence from a tyrant, whom they can neither please, respect, nor love.

As gravity, which is sometimes but another name for dulness, has been frequently mistaken for wisdom, so is cheerfulness often accepted for good humor. But that species of cheerfulness which we meet with in society, that laughs in the eye, and lights up the countenance, generally proceeds rather from an ebullition of the spirits, than a designed and consistent exertion of our powers to please; and is more frequently the result of a lively than a placid disposition. As it flows from an accidental cause, its effects must necessarily be precarious; it is therefore, subject to causeless and sudden dejection, to which habitual good humor is by no means liable.

Distinct as these two qualities are, they have yet one property common to both, and at the same time different from what can be imputed to any other happy endowment; which is, that they are most meritorious where they are least natural. An ideot may be constitutionally good humored, and a villain be cheerful, from a glow of health or a flow of spirits; but that species of good humor which is the result of sense, virtue, and gratitude to Providence, will be uniform in its appearance, and consistent in its manners: it will not, like an April day, lower and shine in the same moment; nor like the flaming heats of July, will the brightness of the meridian sun foretel the approaching thunder; but clear, calm, and undisturbed, shall it shine on even to its latest hour.

Such a blessed state of mind must necessarily communicate the happiness it feels to all around it. "Like the smooth stream, it reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colors; whilst the turbulent and ruffled spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communi-

cates to them all that disordered motion, which arises solely from its own agitation."*

This beautiful simile has a double claim to female attention; for rage, jealousy, or any other ungentle passion, deform the fairest face almost as much as they degrade the mind, and can "unsex the loveliest of the lovely kind, e'en from the top to toe."

But there is a higher and stronger motive than I have yet mentioned for "possessing our souls in gentleness," if we presume to call ourselves Christians. Shall the disciple of a suffering Savior dare to resent with furious outrage the real, or imaginary injuries she may receive? Or can she kneel before the throne of mercy, and supplicate the God of peace and good-will to man, for pardon or protection, whilst her heart is agitated with a spirit of malice or revenge towards a fellow-creature, frail as her wretched self? This were an insult upon piety, a mockery of devotion!

We are assured that God rejects the proud, and that an humble and a contrite heart is precious in his sight. Shall we then cast away the heart-felt transport of thinking ourselves under the guidance and protection of an Almighty Providence, to sacrifice to Moloch? and give away the birth-right of the redeemed, for the sad privilege of torturing ourselves? For Providence has wisely ordained, that all the malevolent passions of the human breast should prey upon their possessors. Peace never dwelt with envy, rage, or hate.

As marriage, among Christians, is of divine institution, all married persons should consider a proper conduct towards each other, as the fulfilling of a religious duty. To promote harmony, peace, order, and happiness in their families, is the mutual and undoubted obligation both of man and wife. This rule once established and reduced to practice, even libertines will own that marriage is the happiest state on earth; but when the fiends of discord, rage, confusion, and misery, usurp the

* Dr. Blair.

place of those dear household gods, their very opposites, we must agree with Dr. Tillotson, and own, that such a state is but "a lesser hell, in passage to a greater."

Be it your care then, my gentle and much interested readers, to reverse this sad idea, and by the mildness of your manners, and the sweetness of your tempers, render the marriage state a lesser heaven, in passage to the greater.

No. XVIII.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE IMPROPRIETY OF MARRYING A WOMAN WHERE WE KNOW HER AFFECTIONS ARE ENGAGED BY ANOTHER: WITH AN AFFECTING CASE OF MATRIMONIAL INFELICITY RESULTING FROM THIS CAUSE.

In the variety of courses which the generality of mankind pursue for the attainment of happines, it is not a little surprising, that so many of them should be inattentive in one of the most material points that can possibly insure it. The point I mean is, that union of the sexes, which, properly concluded, is the foundation of felicity to individuals, and of security to the public. Nature has given every parent the power of directing the inclinations of their children, but allows of no unreasonable authority to force them; and such as have a sensible concern for the happiness of their offspring should be particularly cæreful, that a reciprocal passion existed between the parties, before they consented to an inviolable union. The ill-directed tenderness of parental affection has often been productive of the most unhappy consequences; and many a father has made his children miserable for life, by an erroneous solicitude for their welfare, and by making a provision for their happiness which was not in the least essential, and for which they had not, in all probability, any manner of occasion. I am led naturally to this subject by a paper now lying before me, the contents of which I here present the reader.

Sir,

I am the most miserable of men; and notwithstanding it might be more prudent to conceal the cause of my affliction, I find an inclination to disclose it in this public manner too strongly to be resisted. I am a young fellow of five and twenty, neither deformed in

my person, nor, I hope unhappy in my temper: my fortune is easy, my education liberal; and, I suppose, I am as well calculated to pass in a crowd as the generality of my acquaintance.

About twelve months ago, I fell passionately in love with a young lady, whose beauty and merit entitled her to a rank more exalted than I could raise her to, though she was much my inferior in point of fortune. She was at that time courted by a young gentleman in the law: and matters had actually gone so far, that a day was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials. All this I was very well informed of: yet, impetuously hurried by the violence of my passion, I disclosed it to the father. He was a man of the world—my circumstances were much better than his intended son-in-law's; and he paid a less attention to the happiness, than he showed for the advancement of his daughter. Why should I take up your time, Sir? Maria's match with her former lover was immediately broken off: and the unhappy young lady, who never presumed to disobey her fathers commands, was torn from the man of her heart, and married to one she could never love.

I was in hope, Sir, that a little time, and a tender behavior on my side, as a man never loved more fondly than myself, would have utterly erased Mr. Bridgegrove from the bosom of my wife, and placed me in his stead. But had I not been besotted with my love, I might have easily known, that a laudable impression upon the mind of a sensible woman is never to be eradicated: no, it is utterly impossible. When a young raw girl indeed, entertains something like a regard for a man, without knowing the reason of her esteem, it is nothing but a struggle of desire; or, more properly speaking, the wheyiness of inclination, which, in a little time, she laughs at herself, and, as she grows in understanding, easily skims off. But, where a woman of sense has placed her affections on a man of merit, the passion is never to be erased; the more she ponders on his worth, the more reason she has to love him; and she can nev-

er cease to think of his perfections, till she is wholly divested of thought.

Unhappily for me, this was the case. Mr. Bridgegrove possessed the whole heart of Maria, and, in reality, deserved it: he is, perhaps, the most amiable of men, and, poor fellow, loves her to distraction.

I have been now married ten months, and have, I flatter myself, expressed every act of tenderness proper for the lover or the husband, to no purpose. My wife behaves with the utmost complaisance, is uncommonly solicitous to please; but this conduct is the effect of her good sense, and not the consequence of her love. The little endearing intercourses between husband and wife are suffered, not enjoyed; if I complain of her coldness, she assumes an air more gay, and affects to be pleased, though I see the starting tear just bursting from her eye, and know the grief that rankles at her heart. Nay, the more I caress, the more miserable she is made; and I see her generously lamenting that she cannot place her heart upon the man who possesses her hand, and is not utterly unworthy of her esteem. O! Sir, he must have no delicacy, no feeling, that can bear a circumstance like this unmoved. How am I frequently torn to madness with reflection, even when I have her fastened to my bosom, to think that her whole soul is at that very moment running on another man. In her sleep she frequently throws one of her fine arms round my neck, and pronounces the name of Bridgegrove in a manner that distracts me.

Our little boy, (for she is lately brought to bed) instead of a blessing, is another source of anxiety to us both. I overheard her, yesterday morning, weeping over the child, and crying—'My sweet boy, poor Bridgegrove should have been your father.'—Can any situation be so afflicting as mine?—I have made the most amiable of women for ever wretched, and torn a worthy young fellow from the mistress of his heart. I have brought all my sorrows on myself, with the distressful consideration of having no right to complain. I de-

serve to be miserable. The man who would meanly hope to be happy in marriage, by sacrificing the inclination of the woman he loves, and ungenerously loses every regard to her wishes, whilst he endeavors to gratify his own, has no pretension to felicity. Had I never obtained the possession of Maria, I should not have been half so wretched as I am now: time, and another object, would, perhaps, have enabled me to bear her loss: but now, master of her person, to find another in the possession of her heart, and to know, that there is one whom she holds considerably dearer than myself, are considerations absolutely insupportable. I cannot dwell any longer on the subject: I shall therefore conclude with an advice to my own sex, never to marry a woman whose heart they know is engaged, nor to take a pitiful advantage of a father's authority in opposition to her inclination. If she be a good woman, she can never forget her first choice, and if she be bad, will inevitably bring shame and scandal on the second.

I am, Sir, &c.

No. XIX.

STRICTURES ON THE ABSURDITY OF THOSE LADIES, WHO THROUGH A FONDNESS FOR ADMIRATION, ADMIT THE VISITS OF A MAN, WHO OPENLY MANIFESTS A DESIGN UPON THEIR PEACE AND REPUTATION.

THE subsequent letter from a female correspondent strongly marks her good sense and virtue, exhibits a just estimation of female dignity, and merits the particular attention of the young and inexperienced among my fair readers. Conviction and reformation may possibly follow its perusal among some of my own sex, who are guilty of addressing the vanity of women, to gain a compliance with their infamous wishes.

"SIR,

"Great an opposition as there seems between vanity and meanness, yet, if we take but ever so cursory a view of the world, we shall find them to be pretty general companions, and scarcely meet a single instance, in which there can be discovered any shadow of exception. Among my own sex, particularly, Sir, vanity is the parent of so many meannesses, that I am actually surprised, when we endeavor to give ourselves the most consequence, that we never perceive how we forfeit all the dignity we just before possessed; and in the ridiculous attempt of arrogating our own importance, leave ourselves, in short, without any real importance at all.

"This is never more the case, Sir, than when we listen to the solicitations of your sex; and for the sake of a despicable compliment to our teeth or complexion, overlook the unpardonable affront which it generally conveys, and take no notice of the very poor opinion it insinuates, both for the purity of our hearts, and the goodness of our understandings. We suffer the most illiberal addresses to be paid us, if they are but soften-

ed with the words, Angel and Goddess; and admit a designing villain as often as he pleases into our presence, though we know our ruin and disgrace are the only objects of his pursuit, if he but praises the color of our hair, and tells us that we are possessed of finer eyes than the rest of our acquaintances. In short, Sir, we are willing a man should think there is a probability of our launching into infamy and prostitution, for the sake of hearing our persons commended; and perfectly reconciled, whilst he treats us on a footing with the handsomest women he may know, to his thinking, that in time he shall number us with the very worst.

"A woman, Sir, whenever she is told of her beauty with a grave face, should first of all consider the purpose for which she may be addressed in this manner, and reflect upon the motive which may actuate the person who professes himself so sensible of her perfections. Nothing is more dangerous than to suffer continued repetitions of this style; it gradually becomes more and more pleasing to the ear; and there is, besides, too natural promptitude in the female mind to think favorably of those who seem to think passionately of us. A language of this nature, therefore, should be highly alarming to our ears; for many a woman, who thought herself impregnable, has, in a length of time, grown so enamoured of her own praise, that she could not possibly exist without the person who administered it, and has at last surrendered at discretion; when, had she first of all capitulated on terms, she might have insisted on the very best.

"Let us only reduce the general tendency of modern addresses into plain English, and ask the most indiscreet of the sex, if they can, in their conscience, discover them to be a jot better than this—'Madam, I look upon you as a fool, and one whom I have a strong inclination to make a strumpet; for which reason I intend to talk continually of your charms, and, by sacrificing in that manner to your vanity, I have no doubt but, in a few days, I shall bring you to an utter disre-

gard of morality and virtue, to an absolute contempt of all the laudable sentiments which you have been imbibing so many years, and a total indifference for your own reputation, and the honor of your sex. As I think your wickedness equal to your folly, I beg, when I mention the word *Beauty*, that you will prefer the gratification of the man, who is your greatest enemy, to the peace of those who are your unalterable friends; nor hesitate a moment to break the heart of a parent that tenderly loves you; to please an infamous scoundrel who labors for your everlasting disgrace. In short, Madam, I expect, in return for a paltry compliment to your person, that you scruple not to endure continual shame in this world, nor shrink at hazarding your eternal happiness in the next; but run at once to plunge a dagger into the breast of your father, and hurl an impious defiance at the very throne of your God.'

"I had myself, Sir, lately two or three lovers, who kindly said very pretty things to my person; and, would you believe it, that one of them was a married man?—This gentleman came one day with all the easy impudence in life, and, with as much composure as if he had been really performing a meritorious action, threw himself at my feet, and swore he could not live unless I pitied him. Had I a dagger, I believe I should have stuck it in the villain's heart; however, assuming all the anger that I possibly could, in a face not naturally the most placid, I mentioned some thoughts of paying a visit to his wife, which effectually banished him from my presence, without doing the smallest injury to his health, or disturbing in the least the usual serenity of his temper.

"A gentleman of family and fortune next told me, that I was the most angelic piece of flesh and blood he had ever beheld; and solicited, in good earnest, that I would bless him with my favorable opinion; but I had no sooner talked of some of the privileges which a Wife would naturally expect, than the truly honorable

lover sneaked instantly off, excusing himself on account of a treaty then in agitation with Miss Betty Squander.

"What you men think of us, I know not; nor indeed can I conceive what we women in general conceive of ourselves; but of this I am absolutely certain, that whilst we continue so intolerably vain, we must be liable to an infinity of meanness; and that the surest way for any woman to be undone, and to lose all chance of obtaining a virtuous, worthy companion in the nuptial state, is to think there is nobody comparable to herself."

No. XX.

ON THE DANGEROUS INATTENTION WHICH LADIES SOMETIMES TESTIFY TO THE MORALS OF THEIR LOVERS.

Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso. HOR.

With heedless feet on fires you go,
That hid in treacherous ashes glow.

THERE is a sentiment in Mr. Coleman's comedy of the Jealous Wife, with which I am not a little pleased, as it is no less an indication of a benevolent heart than a sound understanding. *Harriet* reproaching young *Oakly* on account of his extraordinary attachment to the bottle; the lover, sensibly struck with the justice of the reproof, exclaims, that "were all ladies alike attentive to the morals of their admirers, a libertine would be an uncommon character."

If we take but ever so slight a view of the sexes, we shall find the behavior of the one to depend so entirely upon the opinion of the other, that was either to set about a reformation, the amendment of both would be easily effected; and those virtues would be immediately cultivated through the prevalence of fashion, which neither the force of conviction, the dread of temporary misfortune, nor the terrors of everlasting misery, are now sufficient to steal upon our practice, even whilst they engage our veneration.

As the ladies in general are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than the men, it often surprises me, that they do not endeavor to look those vices out of countenance among our sex, which are so frequently fatal to their own tranquility. A man, through the establishment of custom, considers it as infamous to marry a prostitute, to connect himself with a drunkard, or to pay his addresses to a woman, whose lips are con-

tinually fraught with indecency or execration. Though accustomed himself to the midnight excesses of the stew, yet, when he fixes for life, he inquires into the character of his mistress, and prosecutes his suit in proportion as she is eminent for her virtues. Whereas the lady, though bred up all her life in the strictest delicacy, often expresses no repugnance whatsoever to venture with the most public betrayer of innocence, the most open enemy of mankind, and the most daring defier of his God.

What however, is most extraordinary on these occasions, is the facility with which a father usually contracts his daughter to a libertine; as if, because custom did not involve her in the infamy of his character, his habitual propensity to vice must not necessarily endanger her happiness. For my own part, I am shocked when I see a parent less regardful of a daughter's felicity than attentive to the welfare of a son. Is there a father, who would persuade his son into a marriage with a prostitute professed? I hope not. Why, then, is his daughter so relentlessly sacrificed to a libertine? Is there not as much danger for the one to be miserable with her husband, as the other to be wretched with his wife? and since the natural claim to parental indulgence is equal between each, must it not be highly inequitable to treat the first with such an excess of partiality?

I am insensibly led into this subject from a perusal of some sermons, addressed to young women. In one of the Author's discourses, where female virtue is the object of consideration, he gives so admirable a lesson to the sex, on account of this unhappy approbation with which the very best women so frequently honor a profligate lover, that I cannot but transcribe it for the benefit of my amiable readers.

"How common is it to see young ladies, who pass for women of reputation, admitting into their company in public places, and that with visible tokens of civility and pleasure, men, notorious for herding with creatures of

infamous name! What a defiance to the laws of piety, prudence, character, decorum! what an insult, in effect, to every man and woman of virtue in the world! what a palpable encouragement to vice and dishonor! what a desperate pulling down, in appearance, and with their own hands, of the only partition that divides them from the most profligate of their sex! Between the bold, and the abandoned woman there may still remain, notwithstanding such behavior, a distinction in the world's eye; but we scruple not to declare, that religion, purity, delicacy, make none.

"To return from this digression, if it be one, we will allow it possible to put cases wherein no particular rules of discovery, no determinate modes of judgment, will enable a young woman, by her own unassisted skill, to discern the dangers that lie in her way. But can a young woman be justly excused, or can she fairly excuse herself, if, where all is at stake, she calls not in the joint aid of wise suspicion, friendly counsel, and grave experience, together with prayers for God's protection more than ordinarily fervent?

"But, methinks I hear some of you ask, with an air of earnest curiosity—'Do not reformed rakes, then, make the best of husbands?'—I am sorry for the question; I am doubly sorry, whenever it is started by a virtuous woman. I will not wound the ear of modesty by drawing minutely the character of a rake; but give me leave to answer your inquiry, by asking a question or two in my turn.

"In the first place, we will suppose a man of this character actually reformed, so far as to treat the woman he marries with every mark of tenderness, esteem, fidelity; and that he gives up forever his old companions, at least as to any chosen intimacy, or preference of their company to hers. We grant it possible; we rejoice when it happens. It is certainly the best atonement that can be made for his former conduct. But now let me ask you, or rather let me desire you to ask your own hearts, without any regard to the opinions of

the world, which is the most desirable on the score of sentiment, on the score of that respect which you owe to yourselves, to your friends, to your sex, to order, rectitude, and honor; the pure unexhausted affection of a man, who has not by intemperance and debauchery corrupted his principles, impaired his constitution, enslaved himself to appetite, submitted to share with the vilest and meanest of mankind the mercenary embraces of harlots, contributed to embolden guilt, to harden vice, to render the retreat from a life of scandal and misery more hopeless; who never laid snares for beauty, never betrayed the innocence that trusted him, never abandoned any fond creature to want and despair, never hurt the reputation of a woman, never disturbed the peace of families, or defied the laws of his country, or set at naught the prohibition of his God;—which, I say, is most desirable, the affection of such a man, or that of him, who has probably done all this, who has certainly done a great part of it, and who has nothing now to offer you, but the shattered remains of his health, and of his heart? How any of you may feel on this subject, I cannot say. But if, judging as a man, I believed, what I have often heard, that the generality of women would prefer the latter, I know not any thing that could sink them so low in my esteem.

"That he who has been formerly a rake may after all prove a tolerable good husband, as the world goes, I have said already that I do not dispute. But I would ask, in the next place, is this commonly to be expected? Is there no danger, that such a man will be tempted, by the power of long habits, to return to his old ways; or that the insatiable love of variety, which he has indulged so freely, will some time or other lead him astray from the finest woman in the world? Will not the very idea of restraint, which he could never brook whilst single, make him only the more impatient of it when married? Will he have the better opinion of his wife's virtue, that he has chiefly conversed with women who had none, and with men among whom it was a favorite

system, that the sex are all alike? But it is a painful topic. Let the women who are so connected, make the best of their condition; and let us go on to something else."

No. XXI.

THOUGHTS UPON A WEDDING.—THE MARRIAGE OF AN AMIABLE NEPHEW.

> Marriage is a sacred tie—
> It ought not to be sported with.
> MIDDLETON'S PHENIX.

I CONTEMPLATE, with the mixed emotions of pleasure and awe, the period of wedding. The moment approaches, in which two rational beings are to have their union cemented by ties, indissoluble except by the stroke of death.

A pure friendship, a sincere affection are necessary preparatives for the endearing relation. The reciprocal gift of the hand is indicative of a mutual exchange of kindred souls, impelled to each other by virtuous love. If the love be not virtuous; if mere personal beauty, worldly emolument, or the grosser passions, excite to enter upon the connubial state, its bliss will be transient, and vanity will be inscribed on the future prospects of life.

I have long cherished an exalted idea of the purity of the female mind, where it has been polished and refined by a suitable education. I believe, that the disposition of the softer sex towards their lovers is generally pure and chaste. I am persuaded, that a virtuous woman offers a degree of violence to the delicacy of her own feelings, by consenting to be the property, even of the most meritorious husband. It must, then, be ungenerous to wound her modesty by any indecencies of speech upon the occasion of her marriage. An innocent hilarity may justly prevail among the company assembled at its celebration. Every friendly bosom must beat with joy, at the idea of the enlargement of human happiness. But *double entendres* and every

species of loose language, should be invariably excluded, as offering an affront and a stain to one of the most sacred institutions of society.

The subsequent history of the nuptials of a young gentleman of sentiment, and an amiable lady, as contained in that ingenious periodical work, the Babler, offers itself as a very instructive commentary on our subject; and I hope that it will have a salutary effect on the mind of every reader.

"My favorite nephew Harry had for some time conceived a passion for Miss Cornelia Marchmont, whom I esteem as the abstract of every mental perfection, and every personal accomplishment. He came to me not long since, with an air of the greatest transport, and informed me that Miss Marchmont had blessed him with the acknowledgment of a reciprocal esteem, and that I was the person whom she had pitched upon, to open a negotiation between the two fathers.

"As I do not know any young lady existing who possesses a greater share of my esteem than Miss Marchmont, nor even saw a person so immediately calculated to make my nephew happy, I shook him cordially by the hand, wished him joy from the bottom of my heart, and instantly set out to my sister, his mother. Luckily, on my entrance, I found Mr. Marchmont, Cornelia's father, chatting with her at the parlor fire; and as he and I have been intimately acquainted for many years, I opened the business of my errand without any ceremony, and this the more especially, because I knew neither could have any reasonable objection to the match. Every thing turned out as I expected; both were rejoiced at the affection between the young people; and there being no mighty matters to retard the celebration of the nuptials, I thought it best to make short work of the affair, and accordingly fixed the wedding at an early day. The proposition being approved by the parents of each, I retired to make Harry happy with the intelligence; and in pursuance of the agreement, I saw him blessed with one of the worthiest as well as sweetest girls in the universe.

"As I look upon a wedding to be one of the most important calls which either of the sexes have in their whole lives, for the exertion of an extraordinary delicacy, I was not a little attentive to the behavior of my two favorites; and it gave me great pleasure to observe upon the whole, that Harry's behavior was manly, tender, and respectful, without deviating into that fulsome disagreeable fondness, of which even men of the best sense are often guilty, when they have just obtained the woman of their heart. As to Cornelia, I never saw a young creature in her situation, conduct herself with more propriety: to all the dignity of conscious virtue, she joined all the ineffable sweetness of an engaging timidity; and though she seemed proud of the man, whom she had just preferred to all the world, yet she had too much sensibility not to feel some amiable terrors, at so awful an alteration in her circumstances.

"After the performance of the ceremony, at which a large company was present, Harry judiciously proposed an unremitting round of amusements, which entirely employed the attention even of the most volatile, and prevented the circulation of those indelicate ambiguities, with which occasions of this kind are frequently disgraced. So that our mirth was, as it ought to be, mingled with good sense and manners; and of course the harmony could be little liable to interruption, whilst that harmony was regulated by reason and civility.

"I have been often shocked, at the solemnization of a marriage, to see the ridiculous, I had almost said the profligate levity with which people have approached the altar of the Divine Being, and jested with one another at the instant of supplicating a blessing from his hand.

"One would imagine, that if the friends of the married couple had even no veneration of the Deity, they would at least have some little share of politeness; and be actuated by a tender concern for the feelings of the lady, if they felt no awe whatsoever, in the presence of their God. A woman of any sensibility on her wedding, must naturally be in circumstances sufficiently

embarrassed, without hearing any illiberal pleasantries from the company to enhance the difficulties of her situation. When she considers, that the happiness or misery of her life, depends upon the choice which she has then made, she has cause enough for terror; and when she considers the privilege which is shortly to be claimed by the object of that choice; when she considers, that the delicate reserve in which she has all her life been brought up, is in an instant to be sacrificed to him; I say, when all these things are considered, nothing can be more insolent, or indeed more cruel, than to aggravate her distress by the practice of any improper jocularities.

"People, I am sensible, are strangely attached to old customs; but every custom should be abolished, which is in the least repugnant to reason and civility; on which account I flatter myself the reader will give a proper attention to this subject, and correct the error of which I have here been speaking, as far as he is able in the circuit of his acquaintance."

No. XXII.

ON THE IMPORTANCE AND EXCELLENCE OF MAINTAINING AN INVIOLABLE AFFECTION IN THE MARRIED LIFE.

Domus et placens uxor. HOR.

Thy house and pleasing wife.

IT is much to be regretted, that so few married persons have their mutual attachment strengthened, by the lapse of time and the intercourse of years. Such instances, however, would not be rare, if those who sustain this intimate relation aimed, through life, to please, and to cherish and display the gentle virtues which adorn humanity. Beauty, youth, or riches, unaccompanied with these virtues, have not the power of preventing those indecent sallies of the mind, which, at certain unguarded seasons, too successfully display themselves, to the extinction of the finer feelings of love and friendship.

The husband and the wife must endeavor to appear mutually amiable, with the same sedulity which they manifest to gain the esteem of others. Their situation requires mutual condescensions, and a temper which shall rise superior to every passion or sentiment, hostile to conjugal union. They should esteem themselves as friends embarked, in one common indissoluble interest, on a sea liable to tempests; through which, however, their fragile bark, by mutual unremitted attentions, may be safely conducted to the port of peace. Such voyagers will assiduously divide and mitigate the labors and fatigues to which adverse storms expose them, and enjoy, with innocent hilarity, and glowing gratitude to Heaven, the gentler breezes and enlivening prospects of their passage.

We venerate, we readily applaud, the hallowed affection of such mortals. We prize their company and

converse. Every benevolent bosom shares their bliss by sympathy. The language of such congenial souls is more gladdening than the softest strains of music, to those who have learnt to "rejoice with them that rejoice." For readers of this generous class I have provided a rich sentimental feast, in an epistolary address, written by the celebrated author of Fitzosborne's Letters, and directed to his *Cleora*, on the sixth anniversary of their nuptials.

"Though it was not possible for me to celebrate with you, as usual, that happy anniversary which we have so many reasons to commemorate; yet I could not suffer so joyful a festival to pass by me without a thousand tender reflections. I took pleasure in tracing back that stream to its rise, which has colored all my succeeding days with happiness; as my Cleora, perhaps, was at that very instant running over in her own mind those many moments of calm satisfaction, which she has derived from the same source.

"My heart was so entirely possessed with the sentiments which this occasion suggested, that I found myself raised into a sort of poetical enthusiasm; and I could not forbear expressing in verse, what I have often said in prose of the dear author of my most valuable enjoyments. I had a view, in the composition, to the harpsicord. I was in your favorite grove, which we have so often traversed together, that I indulged myself in the following rhapsody.—

ODE FOR MUSIC.

AIR I.

"Thrice has the circling earth, swift-pacing run,
And thrice again, around the sun,
Since first the white-rob'd priest with sacred band,
Sweet union! join'd us hand in hand.

CHORUS

"All heaven, and every friendly power
Approv'd the vow, and bless'd the hour.

RECITATIVE.

"What tho' in silence sacred Hymen trod,
Nor lyre proclaim'd, nor garland crown'd the god:
What tho' nor feast nor revel dance was there,
(Vain pomp of joy the happy well may spare!)
Yet love unfeign'd, and conscious honor led
The spotless virgin to the bridal bed.

AIR II.

"Blest with sense, with temper blest,
Wisdom o'er thy lips presides;
Virtue guards thy generous breast,
Kindness all thy actions guides.

AIR III.

"Ev'ry home-felt bliss is mine,
Ev'ry matron grace is thine;
Chaste deportment, artless mien,
Converse sweet, and heart serene.

"Sinks my soul with gloomy pain?
See, she smiles!—'tis joy again:
Swells a passion in my breast?
Hark, she speaks! and all is rest.

"Oft as clouds my paths o'erspread,
(Doubtful where my steps should tread,)
She, with judgment's steady ray,
Marks and smooths the better way.

CHORUS.

"Chief among ten thousand she,
Worthy, sacred Hymen! thee.

"Whilst such are the sentiments which I entertain of my Cleora, can I find myself obliged to be thus distant from her, without the highest regret? The truth, believe me, is, though both the company and the scene wherein I am engaged are extremely agreeable, yet I find a vacancy in my happiness, which none but you can fill up. Surely those who have recommended these little separations as necessary to revive the langor of

the married state, have ill understood its most refined gratifications: *there is no satiety in the mutual exchange of tender offices.*

"There seems to have been a time, when a happiness of this kind was considered as the highest glory, as well as the supreme bliss of human life. I remember, when I was in Italy, to have seen several conjugal inscriptions upon the sepulchral monuments of ancient Rome, which, instead of running out into a pompous panegyric upon the virtues of the deceased, mentioned singly, as the most significant of encomiums, how many years the parties had lived together in full and uninterrupted harmony. The Romans, indeed, in this, as in many other instances, afford the most remarkable examples; and it is an observation of one of their writers, that, notwithstanding divorces might very easily be obtained among them, their republic had subsisted many centuries before there was a single instance of that privilege ever having been exerted.

"Thus you see, my Cleora, however unfashionable I may appear in the present generation, I might have been kept in countenance in a former, and by those, too, who had as much true gallantry and good sense as one usually meets with in this. But affections which are founded in truth and nature, stand not in need of precedent to support them; and I esteem it my honor no less than my happiness, that I am, &c."

To this epistle of the amiable Melmoth, I shall subjoin a short account, taken from the Scots Magazine of 1768, of an attachment uncommonly tender, between the Bishop of Lucon in France, who flourished about the middle of the present century, and a Madame de Rouvraie. Though the laws of the Romish church forbad their marriage, yet the history of their affection may be viewed as congenial with the leading sentiments of this Number; and as presenting a bright pattern of pure, constant love, to persons who find no impediment to the most intimate relation.

"The bishopric of Lucon is near Rochfort, and one of those, which, being distant from the metropolis, may

be called a rich one, as, in proportion to the revenue, all provision is so amazingly cheap. I take the liberty to mention this as my reason why his Lordship was able to do such munificent acts in his life-time.

"From his taking the gown he had a sincere affection for Madame de Rouvraie, who was of a very noble family, but one among the almost innumerable instances in France, of his high blood, without the means to support it.

"The Abbe Didoyard, though with no income at first, but what his genius and abilities, joined to uncommon industry, could produce, ever supported her as a gentlewoman. He taught music, to sing, to paint in crayons and water-colors, beside giving lectures in the different sciences; and all to replenish the purse of Madame de Rouvraie.

"He now obtained an advancement in the church; she of course advanced with him: but he took care always to board her in such pious and regular families, that envy itself (and that quickest of all, the envy of her own sex) never could fix a stain on his or her character.

"By the various great offers which she often refused, it is visible she preferred the Abbe, and his celestial qualities, to all earthly ones; and she would give it for a reason why she did not engage in that state, that there was but one Didoyard in the world, and he was married to CHRIST. "Find me a second not so engaged," said she, "and I will enter into matrimony with him immediately."

His merits being now promulgated, he was made a chanoine of the cathedral church of Anjers, capital of the province of Anjou; thence dean of Nantz, whence he was removed to the bishopric of Lucon. Grown now independent, and having early declared that he was an enemy to translations, he set himself down quietly on this provision; and Madame de Rouvraie appeared with that rank and lustre her merits so well deserved.

"He built an elegant seat for her within a league of his palace, and fixed it in the middle of a spacious park. No gardens were more elegant than those of Mont-Carnel (for that was the name of the seat;) and her grottos, her cascades, her fountains were the topic of every conversation.

"His visits were always in open day, attended by chaplains and other safe evidence; nor would he ever be alone with her, though in broad sun-shine. By such means he quenched every spark of malice, the moment it was struck with a view to light up the flame of persecution. But their chief pleasure consisted in mutual letters, many of which were published in Paris.

"Though these lovers were not separated like Eloisa and Abelard, yet may some part of their distresses be imagined the same. He *could* not marry; she *would* not, in spite of all his solicitations; having often declared to her in the tenderest hours, that he could equally love and provide for her children, as if they were his own; saying, "that was the end she was ordained for, and hoped (when he was jocular) she would not depart without her errand."

"A few months before the unfortunate expedition to Rochfort, the Bishop died, and many of the English officers, then prisoners, were witnesses of the universal grief which spread all over that country, for the loss of the most pious Christian, sincere friend, good pastor, and fine gentleman that ever France, or any other country has produced.

"In his cabinet was found this letter, which is offered as a sample of their uncommonly affectionate ones.

"To Madame de Rouvraie.

"NOT TO BE OPENED TILL AFTER MY DEATH.

"I beg, Madame de Rouvraie, that in regard of the tender friendship, which has subsisted so many years between us, even in the hour of my death, that you will grant me my last desires. You will find ——— actions in this cabinet; and, be they more or less, when

I die, the use for which I design them, is, (my debts first paid) that you, Madame de Rouvraie, will accept of all the poor remainder, as a proof, though a small one, of the last affection of my heart. At the same time I request you not to grieve immoderately at the loss of the sincerest friend that ever existed; and yet not worthy of a friend like you.

"No one knows of this bequest; and I beg it may ever remain concealed.

Yours, in the very hour of death,
as he was through life,
THE BISHOP OF LUCON."

As he had built her such an elegant retreat in the neighborhood, he showed his tender respect for her, by desiring to be buried at a convent some hundred miles from Lucon, where he had originally been a member; lest, being deposited under the eyes of Madame de Rouvraie, it might awaken those feelings, which by his last letter, he seems to wish that she would feel no longer.

Yet such is the nature of grief, that there is an avarice in hoarding it; for in one of her private apartments she had the effigy of her dear departed lord in wax; dressed as he was wont to be in life; and being like the layman at a painters, the arms and legs were made to move; so that she could fix it in any attitude, which she daily did, and retired from company at set hours, still to live with the bishop of Lucon, though dead to all the world but his affectionate Madame de Rouvraie.

No. XXIII.

WOMEN CAUTIONED AGAINST FLATTERY.

Our thoughtless sex is caught by outward form,
And empty noise, and loves itself in man. DRYDEN.

AMONG all those passions, to which the frailty and weakness of man subject him, there is not any that extends such a boundless and despotic empire over the whole species as that of Love. The meek, the mild, and the humble are strangers to envy, anger, and ambition; but neither the malicious, the choleric, or the proud can say, their hearts have been always free from the power of love. This has subdued the exalted minds of the most aspiring tyrants, and has melted the most sanguine complexion into an effeminate softness. An undaunted hero has been known to tremble, when he approached the fair; and the mighty Hercules let fall his club at a woman's feet. The scholar, the statesman, and the soldier have all been lovers; and the most ignorant swain has neglected both his flocks and pipe to woo Daphne or Sylvia.

But though love be a passion thus common to all, yet how widely do its votaries differ in their manner of address. The pleasing enjoyment of the admired object is what they all pursue; and yet few agree in the same methods of obtaining their ends, or accomplishing their desires. Every lover has his particular whim, and each resolves to follow his own way.

But of all the arts which have been practised by the men on the other sex, I have not observed any kind of address, which has been so generally successful as flattery. Whether it be, that, by making a woman in love with herself, you thereby engage her to love the person who makes her so; (as, who would not be fond of the cause which produces so agreeable an effect?) or

whither her partiality and self-love does the more readily induce her to believe, that all the praise given is really due to her merit; or whatever other reason may be assigned for this weakness; I shall not now inquire. This, like a subtle poison, insinuates itself almost into every female. Like a delicious cordial, it meets with an acceptance and approbation too universal; whilst sincerity and plain-dealing are treated as nauseous and disgustful physic.

It may perhaps be said, that we love the treason, and yet hate the traitor. But she must be a woman of uncommon virtues and qualifications, who can so nicely distinguish between the gift and the giver, as to refuse the one, and yet receive the other. Few of the sex think flattery a vice, and therefore they cannot be persuaded to dislike a lover for being a courtier. Though they may be conscious of some of their own imperfections, yet if their admirers be not quick sighted enough to discern them, they are willing to impute their blindness to their love, nay, though some defects be grossly visible even to the lover; yet if he will compliment his mistress with that which she really wants, I dare appeal to the whole sex, whether, in many instances, such incense or the offerer of it, be one jot nearer the losing of their favor, and whether they are not too generally delighted with both the delusion and the deceiver. But if they really believe themselves as amiable as the flatterer represents them, then in point of gratitude they conclude themselves obliged to think kindly of their benefactor. I shall conclude this paper with a story, which I know to be fact.

Miss *Witwou'd* was a young gentlewoman of good extraction, and a handsome fortune. She was exactly shaped, and very pretty. She dressed and danced genteelly, and sung sweetly. But notwithstanding these advantages, she had a predominant attachment to the reputation of a wit. She fancied that she had as much wit as she wanted, (though indeed she wanted more than ever she will have,) and this conceit made her

fond of scribbling and shewing her follies that way, as well as taking great delight in applause.

My friend *Meanwell* is a gentleman of good sense and a sound judgment; he is a professed enemy to flattery, and is of opinion, that to commend without just grounds, is to rob the meritorious of that, which only of right belongs to them. He says a compliment is a modish lie; and declares, that he would not be guilty of so much baseness as to cry up a beautiful fool for wit, not even in her own hearing, though he were sure to have his falsehood rewarded by the affection of his mistress. Unmerited applause is to him an argument of want of judgment, or of insincerity; and he resolves, that he will never attempt to establish another's reputation at the expense of his own. With these honest, useless qualities, he has made long but fruitless courtship to young Miss Witwou'd.

Ned Courtly is a new but violent pretender to the same lady. Ned is a shallow, well dressed coxcomb. He was bred genteelly, and is of a graceful and confident behavior, tempered with civility. The shallow thing can wait at a distance, look at her, and then with a smile approach her, and say—'You are divinely pretty.' He is also remarkably happy in particular discoveries; and whenever he renews a visit to his mistress, she is sure to be presented with some additional charm, which would forever have lain concealed, had not Ned most luckily have explored it. Ned quickly perceived Miss Witwou'd's weak side, and carefully watched all opportunities of making his advantage of it. Miss grows enamoured of Ned's company, and begins to despise Meanwell as an unpolished clown. She likes Ned as she likes her glass, and for the same reason, that it always shews her beauties; and she takes as much pleasure in hearing him, injudiciously as he does it, give her also the beauties of her mind, as she does to see the glass reflect those of her body. One evening, lately, Meanwell had the honor of supping with her. The cloth being taken away, she delivered him a copy

of verses, which she said had been the product of her leisure hours, and desired the opinion of so good a judge. My friend had the patience to read them twice over, found nothing extraordinary in them, and smilingly returned them with a silent bow. He was just about to speak his mind impartially, when in came *Ned Courtly*. He perused and hummed them over in a seeming rapture; looked at the lady, and then at the paper, for almost half an hour, in full admiration; and then, with a better air than ever critic spoke, he pronounced, that the author of those verses had Congreve's wit, and Waller's softness, and that there was nothing so completely perfect in all their works.

The consequence was, Meanwell was discarded, because he would be rigidly honest in trifles; and Ned made his mistress his wife, because, in spite of nature, he allowed her to be a poetess; or perhaps very justly, because he really thinks her so.

No. XXIV.

A LETTER FROM A LADY TO HER YOUNG FRIEND, ON HER MARRIAGE.

"I ADDRESS myself singly to you, my dear Gertrude, because the delicacy of your present situation demands my serious attention, and calls up all my tenderness.

"I am inexpressibly pleased, to find you have made choice of so worthy a man as Mr. Fitzgerald, and that your parents approve the object of your selection. I think you have acted like a woman of sense and prudence, and I make no doubt, but you will preserve the same propriety of conduct when a wife, as has evidently characterized you whilst single. I admire that real delicacy, which impelled you to give immediate dismission to all those pretenders, who solicited your hand without being able to influence your heart in their favor. There cannot be a more despicable passion, than that insatiable thirst for admiration, which leads a woman to encourage indiscriminately the forward advances of every coxcomb, who shall pay her the incense of flattery; and to be continually spreading her lures to attract adulation, however in her heart she may despise the person who offers it.

"I am sensible my dear Gertrude will pardon me, if, anxious for her future happiness, I venture to give her my advice and opinion for the preservation of her felicity in the married state.

"It has often been remarked, that a heart is much easier gained than kept; and, believe me, it is a very judicious observation. There requires more care, attention, and solicitude, from the wife to the husband, than from the mistress to the adoring lover. The lover being but seldom with you, sees you only in part. It is natural to suppose, you would neither appear before him in a slatternly dress, or with a pevish aspect.

Your clothes will be always put on with neatness, and your face dressed in smiles. On the contrary, the husband, being always in your company, has an opportunity of discovering every little defect or blemish in your person, manners, or disposition; and the chief study of a wife should be, to guard against every thing that might create distaste, or excite disgust.

"In the first place, let me recommend a most scrupulous regard to delicacy and neatness. Many young women foolishly imagine, as soon as they are married, they have a right to understand and laugh at an indelicate allusion. But from this fault the native purity of your mind will, I am certain, preserve you; since nothing but extreme ignorance or levity could lead any woman to listen, with apparent pleasure, to an improper tale, or ill-timed jest. There are too many men, yea, even among those who call themselves gentlemen, who will not scruple to shock a woman's ears with conversation of this kind. But the look of marked disapprobation and silent contempt, will never fail to silence them, unless they are either brutes or fools; and to such there is no fear of your being exposed.

The next thing is, neatness in your person and dress, and an equanimity of temper, to be preserved towards your husband and your servants. Nothing degrades a gentlewoman more, than her suffering her temper to be so far ruffled, as to use improper language to her dependants; nor can any thing be more disgusting to a man of sense. than to see his wife give way to sudden starts of passion.

"To every friend and relation of your husband, shew a polite attention, and marked preference. Shew him, that to be related to, or esteemed by him, is a sufficient claim upon your regard. Whatever be his errors, confine the knowledge of them to your own bosom; and endeavor, by the mildest persuasions, to lead him to the path of rectitude. Discretion must direct you as to the proper season to offer your advice and opinions; since men in general are so tenacious of their preroga-

tive, that they start from every thing, which has the least appearance of control or opposition. If he should be fond of company, dissipation, and expensive amusements, be it your study to detach his mind from those pursuits, by endeavoring to render his home delightful. Let your face be ever arrayed in smiles at his approach; form a society of those he loves and esteems most; exert your various abilities to charm and entertain him; and believe me, he who constantly meets cheerfulness and smiles at home, will seldom wish to seek abroad for pleasure.

"Above all things, never suffer any person to speak disrespectfully of him in your presence; and guard your heart from the least approach of jealousy. Should there even be occasion for suspicion, be careful not to let him see you have discovered his dishonorable conduct, and never suffer any one, more especially a *man*, to hear you complain.

"Avoid reproaches. They, in general, increase rather than alleviate the distress. If patient suffering and the mild remonstrance of an afflicted uncomplaining spirit, will not work a reformation, reproach and discontent never will.

"You must not be above attending to his interest, so far as may lead you to inspect the expenses of your family. Let your own expenses be regulated by prudence void of parsimony, and suffer not a passion for finery, and a wish to eclipse your acquaintances, prompt you to overstep your income, or deprive you of the inexpressible pleasure of relieving indigent merit.

"There is one more circumstance I must mention, although a thorough knowledge of your disposition renders it almost unnecessary; yet I have seen so many couples made inexpressibly miserable by it, that I cannot resist my inclination to warn you of so dangerous a conduct. Never permit any man, however clothed with the mask of friendship, to treat you with familiarity. There are many freedoms, which to a girl may be perfectly innocent, and yet become crimes when offered to,

or received by a married woman. A married woman should never suffer a man to entertain her in a strain of gallantry. A pressure of the hand is an affront, and an attempt at a salute (except where the nearness of a relation authorises such a liberty) is, and should be resented as an insult.

There is a decent gravity of manner that will at once excite admiration and respect, and yet exclude all improper familiarity; nor can any thing be more ridiculous, than to see the mistress of a family, perhaps the mother of four or five children, affecting a giddy flirting carriage, that would be hardly excusable in a girl of sixteen. It may, in some instances, proceed from an innocent gaiety of heart; but it hardly ever fails of degenerating into levity and imprudence; always lays a woman open to insult, of which she cannot complain, because she evidently invented it; and too often ends in the total loss of honor, happiness and reputation. Be cheerful, condescending and polite to all; but let there ever be that dignity in your manner, which may keep impertinent fools, or designing villains at a proper distance.

"Pardon the length of this epistle, and believe it proceeds from a friend who loves you. Remember me affectionately to your dear sisters. Adieu. May every blessing be your portion here and hereafter!

MENTORIA."

No. XXV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME, UPON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER.

THE news that you are mother to a daughter, my dear Gertrude, does, believe me, give as much satisfaction to my heart, as any sublunary pleasure possibly can. I cannot, therefore, resist the desire I now feel of addressing you, in regard to this dear, this precious little charge, with which it hath pleased heaven to intrust you. May it ever be impressed on your mind, that the future happiness or misery of this child depends greatly on the treatment she receives during her peurile years!

"Let not a too great fondness prompt you, by extreme indulgence, to enervate the faculties of her soul, or pervert her disposition, and thus render her totally unfit to bear the many inconveniences and crosses, she must necessarily meet with in her passage through life. On the contrary, do not, by an ill-judged severity, drive her to mean subterfuges, falsehoods and deceit, through fear of your anger. Many an amiable girl has been totally ruined by such treatment; it leads them to fear, but not love their parents; it promts them to make companions of their servants; and often ends in the perversion of their principles.

"Teach her to fear to disoblige you; but let it be through fear of losing your affection, not from the apprehension of punishment. Do not be too anxious to have your child praised for an early progress in her education; a young mind should not be loaded, it spoils the memory, and often occasions a dislike to study in more advanced life; besides, children accustomed to hear themselves commended, are apt to think themselves sufficiently wise and accomplished, before their education is well begun.

"Do not encourage in her a love of finery, or suffer

her to be told she is handsome; they will both be very pernicious to her future tranquility.

"There is one thing which parents are very apt not only to do themselves, but to suffer their servants to do the same, that is, when any little master visits at the house nearly of Miss's age, she is told that he is her little husband, and that she must hold up her head and behave like a woman, or she will never be married. Thus is the idea of love and lovers introduced into her little heart, before she is capable of understanding what the word means. This is, to me, the most foolish conduct in the world, and nothing would offend me so soon, as having such ridiculous things said to any child in whose education and future prospects I was at all concerned. Teach her the difference between right and wrong; and convince her reason, by pointing out the real way to promote her own happiness, and merit the regard and esteem of her friends.

"Do not introduce your girl too early into public circles, it will give her a taste for dissipation. In proper time let her partake, in moderation, of all the innocent amusements of the metropolis, so as to prevent the bad effects of curiosity ungratified; but at the same time accustom her to find resources within herself, which may at all times enable her to banish that monster, *Ennui*.

"Trust not the cultivation of her mental faculties, or the forming of her moral character, to any one but yourself. As she advances towards womanhood, make her your friend and companion; let the distance between mother and daughter be forgotten; and, by treating her with a degree of confidence, encourage her to make your bosom the repository of all her secrets, and be ready to apply to your better judgment to direct all her actions.

"I am certain, there would not be half the imprudencies committed by girls in general, if they were not kept at such an awful distance by their mothers; that, fearing either ridicule or reproof, they dare not intrust them with their little plans and disappointments. Re-

lying, therefore, on the advice of some one as inexperienced as themselves, or to the suggestions of their own simple hearts, they involve themselves in troubles which endanger their peace of mind, and ruin their reputation; but so it will ever be, whilst mothers forget they have ever been girls themselves, and make no allowance for the volatility of youth, and the innocent impulses of a heart unburthened by the cares of the world.

"There is yet another subject which dwells still nearer my heart, the necessity of giving your child a proper sense of the high advantages of early piety. Example, my dear friend, must accompany and enforce your rational, scriptural instructions, must teach her the true principles of the Christian Religion. Let her see you in the act of devotion; let her curiosity be awakened, and then, as you answer her questions, endeavor to lead her by degrees to love, adore and worship the Almighty Giver of all good. Convince her of her dependence on his bounty for food, raiment, and all the blessings of life. Teach her to place her whole confidence in his mercy, to receive even the smallest blessing with gratitude, and to bow under the heaviest affliction with patience and humility,

"But above all things, mind that your example does not *contradict* your precept. What confidence can a child place in the religion of its parent, when the parent lives in direct opposition to the precepts of that religion?

"Our duty is plainly marked, and so easy, that, when we do not perform it, we take more pains to court misery, than would suffice to make us truly happy. What can be more easily comprehended, even by the meanest understanding! "Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly." "Love thy Creator above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Forgive, as you hope to be forgiven." And remember, that "with the same measure you mete, the like shall be given you again."

"God preserve and bless you! May peace reign in your heart, and true piety direct your actions! May you so pass through this transitory life, as not to dread

the approach of the messenger, who shall convey you to eternal rest!

"And when, at last, Death shall your frame destroy,
Die by some sudden ecstacy of joy;
Peaceful, sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!"

No. XXVI.

ON THE TYRANNY OF HUSBANDS.—PLINY'S LETTERS TO CALPHURNIA.

——————————Let us scan
The coward insults of that tyrant man.
Self-praised, and grasping at despotic power;
He looks on slavery as the female dower;
To nature's boon ascribes what force has given,
And usurpation deems the gift of Heaven. ANON.

It has often been a solid grief to me, when I have reflected on this glorious nation, which is the scene of public happiness and liberty, that there are still crowds of private tyrants, against whom there neither is any law in being, nor can there be invented any by the wit of man. These cruel men are ill-natured husbands.

Sylvia was neither in fortune, birth or education, below the gentleman whom she has married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no exception to. But so it is, that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endearments which she uses to please him, are at best but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction, which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and imbitters all the pleasures of a social life.

An affliction of this sort is the greatest that can happen in human life; and I know but one consolation in it, (if that be a consolation) that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their

life, and, for aught they now, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceeds the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred and aversion, which attend ordinary marriages.

The humor of affecting a superior carriage, generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own: for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy, in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but without offence to so great an authority, I may venture to say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complaceney and good breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant and unsociable temper it creates rather fear than love.

Pliny, one of the greatest as well as the most learned men, was also one of the best husbands in the whole Roman empire. The following letters were written by him to his wife Calphurnia, at a time when she was at a distance from him, and are full of conjugal tenderness.

Pliny to Calphurnia.

Never was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending, but following you into Campania. As at all times, so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you make in the recovery of your strength, and how the tranquility, the amusements, and plenty of that charming country agrees with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for, even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind in-

finitely painful; but at present your sickness conspires with your absence to perplex me with a thousand disquietudes. I fear every thing that can befal you, and, as is usual with all under the same anxious apprehensions, suspect most, what I most dread. Let me conjure you then to prevent my solicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day: I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters; though all my fears will again return the moment I have perused them. Farewell.

Second Letter.

You kindly tell me, my absence very sensibly affects you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, which you frequently substitute in my place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these consolations! In return, I entertain myself with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up, as if I had but just then received them; but alas! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence; for, how amiable must her conversation be, whose letters have so many charms! Let me receive them, however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is always some mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me, as they render me the more sensible of the loss I suffer by my absence. Farewell.

Third Letter.

It is incredible how impatiently I wish for your return; such is the tenderness of my affection for you, and so unaccustomed am I to a separation? I lie awake the greatest part of the night thinking of you, and (to use a very common, but very true expression) my feet carry me of their own accord to your apartment, at those hours I used to visit you; but not finding you there, I

return with as much sorrow and disappointment as an excluded lover. The only intermission my anxiety knows, is, when I am engaged at the bar, and in the causes of my friends. Judge then how wretched must his life be, who finds no repose but in business; no consolation but in a crowd. Farewell.

No. XXVII.

MARRIAGE, BY WHOM RIDICULED.

———*Thesea pectora, juncta fide.* OVID TRIST.

Breasts that with sympathising ardor glow'd,
And holy friendship such as Theseus vow'd. ANON.

PROFANE wits, instead of correcting the vices of the age, do all they can to inflame them. Marriage has been one of the common topics of ridicule in which every stage scribbler hath found his account; for whenever there is an occasion for a clap, an impertinent jest upon matrimony is sure to raise it. A kind husband hath, in consequence, been looked upon as a clown; and a good wife as a domestic animal, unfit for the company or conversation of the beau monde. In short, separate beds, silent tables, and solitary homes, have been introduced, more particularly in the European world, by your men of wit and pleasure of the age.

As I always mean to stem the torrents of prejudice and vice, I shall take particular care to put an honest father of a family in countenance, and endeavor to remove all the evils out of that state of life, which is either the most happy or the most miserable in which a man can be placed. I have shewn in my last paper, that Pliny, who was a man of the greatest genius, as well as of the first quality of his age, did not think it below him to be a kind husband, and to treat his wife as a friend, companion, and counselor. I shall give the like instance of another, who was one of the most distinguished characters in the Roman republic, and hath written a whole book of letters to his wife. They are full of that beautiful simplicity which is altogether natural, and is the distinguishing character of the best ancient writers. The author of whom I speak is Cicero; who in the following pages I have taken out of his let-

ters, as translated by William Melmoth, Esq. shews that he did not think it inconsistent with the politeness of his manners, or the greatness of his wisdom, to stand upon record in his domestic character.

Cicero to Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.

If you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you, nor read your letters, without falling into a greater passion of tears than I am able to support; for though I am at all times indeed, completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.*

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly and forever abandoned by those gods, whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men, whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisfaction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you, under all that weight of pain and sorrow with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then be left without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition; unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return: if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible; for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But

* These letters were written during his exile by the influence of his malignant adversary, Clodius.

how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourself must consider; for as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measure that may injure her conjugal repose, or affect her in the opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him forever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

Let me conjure you to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honorable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues.

I entreat you to take all possible care of your health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! Adieu. And thou my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you most tenderly Farewell.

Second.

Imagine not, my Terentia, that I write longer letters to others than to yourself: be assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely because those I receive from them require a particular answer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loss what to write; and as there is nothing in the present dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; so I never attempt it with regard to you and my dearest daughter, that it does not cost me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief in the reflection, that I have made those completely miserable, whom I ought, and wished, to have rendered perfectly happy?

I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my

cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavoring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Bublius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta. Sad reverse indeed! That thou, the dearest object of my fond desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own discretion!

If you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account, injure your health; which alas! is already too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts; and as I know the assiduity you exert in my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue.

Third.

I received three letters from you by the hands of Aristocritus, and have wept over them till they are almost defaced with my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own personal misfortunes more severely torture my mind, than those with which you and my children are oppressed. Unhappy indeed, as you are, I am still infinitely more so; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumstance, that they are justly to be imputed to my imprupence alone. Yes, my Terentia, I blush to reflect, that I did not exert that spirit I ought, for the sake of so excellent a wife, and such amiable children. I am perfectly sensible of those good offices, which Piso exerts towards us with so uncommon a zeal. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children, the common happiness of so valuable a relation! In answer to your tender proposal of accompanying me

in my exile; I rather choose you should continue in Rome; as I am sensible it is upon you that the principal burthen of my affairs must rest. If your generous negociations should succeed, my return will prevent the necessity of that journey: if otherwise———But I need not add the rest.

Take care of your health, I conjure you; assuring yourself, that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewell, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, Farewell.

No. XXVIII.

AN ALLEGORY FOR THE USE OF THOSE LADIES, WHO HAVE LOST THE AFFECTIONS OF THEIR HUSBANDS, AND ARE WILLING TO REGAIN THEM.

—*Ut ameris, amabilis esto.* OVID.

In order to be lov'd, be lovely. ANON.

JUNO, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of Mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion for her, began to study how she could regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in ambrosia, which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odor, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favor, that she would lend her for a while those charms, with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, says the goddess, I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed. Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the Cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom, till she had accomplished her intention. This Cestus was a fine parti-colored girdle, which, as Homer tells, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four prin-

cipal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech, and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

> In this was ev'ry art and ev'ry charm
> To win the wisest and the coldest warm ;
> Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
> The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
> Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
> Silence that speaks, and eloquence of eyes. POPE

Juno after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces with the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover real thoughts, told him as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed on her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself had appeared to him till that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardor, that (without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan, according to Juno's direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads, as they sat upon the top of Mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman, who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. Take care of the person and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the Cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female, who desires to please, that they need no farther explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus ; as the chaste and prudent management of a

wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the Cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: so also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence or exasperating language.

No. XXIX.

THE ADVANTAGES OF MATRIMONY.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust,
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms:
But love, like od'rous Zephyr's grateful breath,
Repays the flower that sweetness which it borrows.
Uninjuring, uninjur'd lovers move
In their own sphere of happiness content,
By mutual truth avoiding mutual blame. DALTON.

THE imposition of honest names and words upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confusion among us, that we are apt to sit down with our errors, well enough satisfied with the methods we are fallen into, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life, none has suffered so much in this kind as love; under which revered name, a brutal desire called lust is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a matron from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon.

The figures which the ancient mythologists and poets put upon love and lust in their writings, are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with and shoots around him without design or direction; to intimate to us, that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with; but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract your concern and fondness, though the child so regarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it, as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages figured lust in the

form of a satyr; of shape part human, part bestial; to signify, that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, (as the resorts of retired virgins) to show, that lawless desire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence; and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own make, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love therefore is a child, that complains and bewails its own inability to help itself, and weeps for assistance, without an immediate reflection or knowledge of the food it wants; lust a watchful thief, which seizes its prey, and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, it never robs but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a satyr, we may settle our notion of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. ASPASIA must therefore be allowed to be the first of the beauteous order of love, whose unaffected freedom and conscious innocence give her the attendance of the graces in all her actions. That awful distance which we bear towards her in all our thoughts of her, and that cheerful familiarity with which we approach her, are certain instances of her being the true object of love. In this accomplished lady love is the constant effect, because it is never the design. Yet, though her mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behavior; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all true love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for ASPASIA naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her admirers. If therefore the giggling LEUCIPPE could but see her train of fops assembled, and ASPASIA move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is beheld even by LEU-

CIPPE's own unthinking equipage, whose passions have long ago taken leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his actions: and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer, have a simplicity of behavior, and a certain evenness of desire, which burns like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr are ever tormented by jealousies of the object of their wishes, often desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually indifferent.

AMANDA, the wife of FLORIO lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her husband's friendship, and sees it the end of all his ambition to make her life one series of pleasure and satisfaction; and Amanda's relish of the goods of life is all that makes them pleasing to Florio: they behave themselves to each other, when present, with a certain apparent benevolence, which transports above rapture; and they think of each other in absence, with a confidence unknown to the highest friendship; their satisfactions are doubled, their sorrows lessened by participation.

He does not understand either vice or virtue who will not allow, that life without the rules of morality, is a wayward, uneasy being, with snatches only of pleasure; but under the regulation of virtue, a reasonable and uniform habit of enjoyment. There is in a play of old Haywood, a speech at the end of an act, which touches this point with much spirit. He makes a married man, upon some endearing occasion, look at his spouse with an air of fondness, and fall into the following reflection on his condition.

> O marriage! happiest, easiest, safest state!
> Let debauchees and drunkards scorn thy rights,
> Who, in their nauseous draughts and lusts, profane
> Both thee, and Heaven by whom thou wert ordain'd.

How can the savage call it loss of freedom,
Thus to converse with, thus to gaze on,
A faithful, beauteous friend!
Blush not, my fair one, that thy love applauds thee,
Nor be it painful to my wedded wife,
That my full heart o'erflows in praise of thee.
Thou art by law, by interest, passion mine:
Passion and reason join in love of thee.
Thus, through a world of calumny and fraud
We pass both unreproached, both undeceiv'd;
Whilst in each other's interest and happiness
We without art all faculties employ,
And all our senses without guilt enjoy.

No. XXX.

A PICTURE OF DOMESTIC LIFE, IN WHICH THE GREATEST QUARRELS THAT HAPPEN BETWEEN MARRIED PEOPLE, ARE PROVED TO SPRING IN GENERAL FROM THE MOST TRIFLING CIRCUMSTANCES. A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO VENERABLE LOVERS.

> When souls that should agree to will the same,
> To have one common object of their wishes,
> Look different ways, regardless of each other,
> Ah! what a train of wretchedness ensues! ROWE.

THE felicity of the connubial state essentially depends upon mutual harmony and sentimental attachment. The uninterrupted flow of virtuous affection will contribute inconceivably more to the promotion of this great object, than every other consideration. The hymeneal bonds are, or ought to be, bonds of pure inviolable friendship. In proportion to the inviolability of this friendship, will be the enjoyment of those who are linked in these bonds.

Yet such is the imperfection of man, and of the relations which he sustains; such the vanity inscribed on the fairest prospects of life; that this sentiment is not invariably cherished or allowed its due force by many, who, in their general deportment, exhibit mutual esteem. Trifles will sometimes preponderate in the scale against every argument which reason suggests, and impede the happy intercourse of kindred souls. Contentions arise at an unguarded moment, upon some very slender occasion. A diversity of opinion in an affair, which in the season of calm recollection each would treat as unworthy of a serious consideration, will imprint a frown on the face, usually adorned with smiles, and force the language of discordance from the lips, that lately uttered the softest notes of love. Even in these happy climes, situated at a due distance from

the vicious polluting examples with which the *old world* abounds, and where the marriage state is generally the state of friendship and purity; a caution against the violation of its harmonious laws is too often requisite. The representation of a correspondent, here introduced, may, it is feared, be adopted, with a little variation, by too many of our countrymen and countrywomen.

Sir,

You must know, that I am married to one of the most agreeable women in the world, have an unabating passion for my wife, and every reason to imagine her sentiments are equally tender for me: there is nothing of consequence but what we continually study to oblige each other in; yet, at the same time, there are a thousand little trifles in which we are always sure to disagree, and which are not only an endless source of disquiet to ourselves, but of uneasiness to our whole family.

Last night, for instance, Sir, after supper, I acquainted Nancy that a vintner, who owed me a hundred pounds for some Lisbon, (for you must know I am a wine-merchant) had failed, and that there was little probability of expecting two and sixpence from the sale of all his effects. I furthermore informed her, that I was much to blame in the affair, and that I had trusted this man contrary to the advice of an intimate friend, who was perfectly conversant with his circumstances. My wife, instead of reprehending me for indiscretion, as the generality of her sex would have done in the same case, made use of every argument in her power to dissipate my chagrin; told me the most careful were unable now and then to avoid an error, and bid me console myself under my loss, by thanking Providence that I had not been a sufferer in double the sum. I was greatly charmed with this disposition in Mrs. Mountain, and expressed my sensibility of it in a manner with which she seemed exceedingly pleased.

After all this, would you imagine, Sir, that a most

trivial circumstance should make us part beds for that night? My favorite liquor is a glass of punch, and it happens to be my wife's too: making a little as we were alone, I unluckily squeezed the pulp of the lemon into the bowl; upon which she immediately exclaimed, with some warmth—'Lord, my dear, you have spoiled the punch!' 'No, my love,' replied I, 'the pulp gives it a fine flavor; and besides, you know I am very fond of it.' 'Ay, but,' said she, 'you are sensible I cannot abide it.' 'Then, my dear,' returned I, 'it is an easy matter to avoid putting any into your glass.' 'Lord! Mr. Mountain, I have spoken to you a thousand times about this very circumstance; I believe in my conscience, you do it on purpose to give me disgust.'

Here, Sir, we began a contest; severity produced severity, till at last I ordered a bed to be made for myself; and poor Nancy retired to her own with her eyes swimming in tears.

For the whole night neither of us (for I judge of her by myself,) had a single wink of sleep; we tumbled and tossed, canvassed the matter fifty ways in our minds, and at last concluded that we were both in the wrong. Yet, notwithstanding all this, when we met at breakfast, but an hour ago, neither of us would condescend to speak first; we affected a resentment of countenance that was utterly foreign to our hearts, and endeavored to keep up the appearance of an unremitting anger, when we both of us longed to be reconciled, and had the most passionate inclination to be pleased. Breakfast was over before we exchanged a syllable. When the servant had left the room, I prepared to go out, and had just got to the parlor-door, when poor Nancy, unable to hold it out any longer, cried, in a tone of irresistible softness, 'And will you go out without speaking a word?' Here our whole ridiculous quarrel was at an end: I turned to her with all the fondness I could possibly assume, and held her in my arms for some moments; whilst she, returning the fervor of the embrace, burst into a flood of tears.

It is inconceivable to think, Sir, how contemptible these little differences have made us in the eyes of our own servants. Whenever they see us cool towards one another, they titter and laugh, and say the poor things will soon kiss and make it up again. It was no longer ago than last week, that I overheard my rascal of a coachman tell one of his fellow servants, that his master and mistress were nothing better than an overgrown boy and girl, and that he fancied a little of his horsewhip would be of great service to both of them.

It is very odd, Sir, that people who really love one another, and are not wholly destitute of understanding, should give way to such resentment in the merest trifles, who, in the most important circumstances of life, are above feeling the smallest resentment, or entertaining the minutest disesteem. Many is the time, Sir, I have found fault with my wife for stirring the fire, when her spending fifty pounds has not given me the least uneasiness; and many a time has she fallen out with me, if, in cutting up a fowl, I happened to splash ever so small a drop of gravy on the table-cloth, though she has felt no discomposure in life, if I spoiled a rich silk, or dirtied a fine head-dress. This morning, however, we have agreed, as a mean of keeping ourselves from passions of this nature for the future, to send you the foregoing account; and if it should turn out any way serviceable to others, as I hope it will, I shall have a double reason to sign myself your most humble servant,

ROBERT MOUNTAIN.

I shall conclude this number with an apposite and instructive dialogue between a gentleman in advanced life, and a venerable widow, which broke off a match on the very day in which it had been determined. It is contained in a letter of Dr. Goldsmith's *Chinese Philosopher*.

"At dinner (the season of the nuptials between his son and the niece of his friend) every thing seemed to run on with good humor, harmony, and satisfaction.

My friend sat next his mistress, helped her plate, chimed her glass, and jogging her knees and elbow, he whispered something arch in her ear, on which she patted his cheek; never was antiquated passion so harmless and amusing as between this reverend couple.

The second course was now called for; and among a variety of other dishes, a fine turkey was placed before the widow. My friend begged his mistress to help him to a part of the turkey. The widow, pleased with an opportunity of showing her skill in carving, (an art upon which it seems she piqued herself,) began to cut it up by first taking off the leg. 'Madam,' cries my friend, 'if I might be permitted to advise, I would begin by cutting off the wing, and then the leg will come off more easily.' 'Sir,' replies the widow, 'give me leave to understand cutting up a fowl; I always begin with the leg.' 'Yes, Madam,' replies the lover; 'but if the wing be the most convenient manner, I would begin with the wing.' 'Sir,' interrupts the lady, 'when you have fowls of your own, begin with the wing, if you please; but give me leave to take off the leg; I hope I am not to be taught at this time of day.' 'Madam,' interrupts he, 'we are never too old to be instructed.' 'Old, Sir!' interrupts the other, 'who is old, Sir? When I die of age, I know of some that will quake for fear; if the leg does not come off, take the turkey to yourself.' 'Madam,' replied my friend, 'I do not care a farthing whether the leg or the wing comes off; if you are for the leg first, why, you shall have the argument, even though it be as I say.' 'As for the matter of that,' cries the widow, 'I do not care a fig whether you are for the leg off or on; and, friend for the future, keep your distance.' 'O,' replied the other, 'that is easily done, it is only removing to the other end of the table; and so, Madam, your most obedient humble servant.'"

No. XXXI.

THE NECESSITY OF PAYING A REGARD TO TRIFLES, IN ORDER TO PROCURE HAPPINESS IN THE MARRIAGE STATE.

Hæ sunt jucundi causa, cibusque mali. OVID.

Trifles sometimes will love create,
Or turn that love to keenest hate. ANON.

IT is very commonly observed, that the most smart pangs which we meet with are in the beginning of wedlock, which proceed from ignorance of each other's humor, and want of prudence to make allowances for a change from the most careful respect to the most unbounded familiarity. Hence it arises, that trifles are commonly occasions of the greatest anxiety; for contradiction being a thing wholly unusual between a new married couple, the smallest instance of it is taken for the highest injury; and it very seldom happens that the man is slow enough in assuming the character of a husband, or the woman quick enough in condescending to that of a wife. It immediately follows, that they think they have all the time of their courtship been talking in masks to each other, and therefore begin to act like disappointed people. PHILANDER finds DELIA ill-natured and impertinent, and DELIA PHILANDER surly and inconstant.

I have known a fond couple quarrel in the very honey moon, about cutting up a tart; nay, I could name two, who, after having had several children, fell out and parted beds upon the boiling of a leg of mutton. My very next neighbors have not spoken to one another these three days, because they differed in their opinions, whether the clock should stand by the window or over the chimney.

Those indeed who begin this course of life without jars at their setting out, arrive within a few months at a

pitch of benevolence and affection, of which the most perfect friendship is but a faint resemblance. As in the unfortunate marriage, the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment; so in a happy one, they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. For what does not oblige in one we love? what does not offend in those we dislike? For these reasons I take it for a rule, that in marriage, the chief business is to acquire a prepossession in favor of each other. They should consider one another's words and actions with a secret indulgence; there should be always an inward fondness pleading for each other, such as may add new beauties to every thing that is excellent, give charms to what is indifferent, and cover every thing that is defective. For want of this kind propensity, and bias of mind, the married pair often take things ill of each other, which no one else would notice in either of them.

At the same time, that I may do justice to this excellent institution, I must own there are unspeakable pleasures which are as little considered in the computation of the advantages of marriages, as others are in the usual survey that is made of its misfortunes.

Lovemore and his wife live together in the happy possession of each other's hearts, and by that mean have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their passion for each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot conceal, nor he nor any one else describe. In so consummate an affection, the very presence of the person beloved, has the effect of the most agreeable conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and at the same time the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happiest moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the esteem of all who

know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends in the just value they have for each other.

No. XXXII.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THE ART OF PLEASING, WITH CRIMINATING LETTERS BETWEEN A HUSBAND AND A WIFE.

Among the many advantages arising from cultivated sentiment, one of the first and most truly valuable, is that delicate complacency of mind, which leads us to consult the feelings of those with whom we live, by shewing a disposition to gratify them as far as in our power, and by avoiding whatever has a contrary tendency. They must indeed have attended little to what passes in the world, who do not know the importance of this disposition; who have not observed that the want of it often poisons the domestic happiness of families, whose felicity every other circumstance concurs to promote. Among the letters lately received from my correspondents, are two, which as they afford a lively picture of the bad consequences resulting from the neglect of this complacency, I shall here lay before my readers.

Sir,

My father was a merchant of some eminence, who gave me a good education, and a fortune of several thousand pounds. With these advantages, a tolerable person, and I think not an unamiable temper, I was not long arrived at womanhood, before I found myself possessed of many admirers. Among others was Mr. Gold, a gentleman of a very respectable character, who had some connections in trade with my father. To him, being a young man of a good figure, and of very open and obliging manners, I soon gave the preference; and we were accordingly married with the universal approbation of my friends.

We have now lived together above three years. I go little abroad, attend to nothing so much as the econ-

omy of our family, am as obliging as possible to all my husbands friends, and study in every particular to be a kind and dutiful wife. Mr. Gold's reputation and success in business daily increases, and he is, in the main, a kind and attentive husband; yet I find him so particular in his temper, and so often out of humor about trifles, that, in spite of all those comfortable circumstances, I am perfectly unhappy.

At one time he finds fault with the dishes at table; at another, with the choice of my maid-servants; sometimes he is displeased with the trimming of my gown, sometimes with the shape of my cloak, or the figure of my head-dress; and should I chance to give an opinion on any subject which is not perfectly to his mind, he probably looks out of humor at the time, and he is sure to chide me about it when we are by ourselves.

It is of no consequence, whether I have been right or wrong in any of these particulars. If I say a word in defense of my choice or opinion, it is sure to make matters worse, and I am only called a fool for my pains; or, if I express my wonder that he should give himself uneasiness about such trifles, he answers, sullenly, that, to be sure, every thing is a trifle, in which I choose to disoblige him.

In a word, Mr. Gold will allow me to have no mind but his: and unless I can see with his eyes, hear with his ears, and taste with his palate, (none of which I can very easily bring myself to do, as you must know all of them are somewhat particular,) I see no prospect of our situation changing for the better; and what makes our present one doubly provoking is, that but for this unfortunate weakness, Mr. Gold, who is in other respects a very worthy man, would make one of the best of husbands.

Pray tell me, Sir, what I should do in this situation; or take your own way of letting my husband see his weakness, the reformation of which would be the greatest of all earthly blessings to Yours, &c.

SUSANNAH GOLD.

I was thinking how I should answer this letter, or in what way I could be useful to my correspondent, when I received the following, addressed to me; the insertion of which is, I believe, the best reply I can make to it.

SIR,

I was bred a merchant; by my success in trade I am now in affluent circumstances, and I have reason to think, that I am so with an unblemished character.

Some years ago I married the daughter of a respectable citizen, who brought a comfortable addition to my fortune; and, as she had been virtuously educated, and seemed cheerful and good-tempered; as I was myself naturally of a domestic turn, and resolved to make a good husband, I thought we bade fair for being happy in each other.

But though I must do my spouse the justice to say, that she is discreet and prudent, attentive to the affairs of her family, a careful and fond mother to her children, and, in many respects, an affectionate and dutiful wife; yet one foible in her temper destroys the effect of all these good qualities. She is so much attached to her own opinions in every trifle, so impatient of contradiction in them, and withal so ready to dispute mine, that if I disapprove of her taste or sentiments, in any one particular, or seem dissatisfied when she disapproves of my taste or sentiments, it is the certain source of a quarrel; and, whilst we perfectly agree as to our general plan of life, and every essential circumstance of our domestic economy, this silly fancy, that I must eat, dress, think, and speak, precisely as she would have me, whilst she will not accommodate herself to me in the most trifling of these particulars, gives me perpetual uneasiness. So that, with almost every thing I could wish, a genteel income, a good reputation, promising children, and a virtuous wife, whom I sincerely esteem, I have the mortification to find myself absolutely unhappy.

I am sure, this foible of my poor wife will appear to you, Sir, in its proper light; your making it appear so

to her, may be the means of alleviating our mutual distress; for, to tell you the truth, I believe she is almost as great a sufferer as I am. I hope you will gratify me in this desire; by doing so, you may be of general service, and will particularly oblige

Your constant reader, and
Obedient humble servant,
NATHANIEL GOLD.

On comparing these two letters, it is evident, that, from the want of that complacency mentioned in the beginning of this paper, the very sensibility of temper, and strength of affection, which under its influence would have made this good couple happy, has had quite a contrary effect. The source of the disquiet they complain of, is nothing else than the want of that respect for the taste, feelings, and opinions of each other, which constitutes the disposition I have recommended above, and which, so far from being inconsistent with a reasonable desire of reforming each other in these particulars, is the most probable means of accomplishing it.

Nor is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Gold singular in this respect. Domestic quarrels generally originate from the want of this pliancy of disposition, which people seem, very absurdly, to suppose may be dispensed with in trifles. I have known a man who would have parted with half his estate to serve a friend, to whom he would not have yielded a hair's breadth in an argument. But the smaller virtues must be attended to as well as the greater; the manners as well as the duties of life. They form a sort of *Pocket-coin*, which though it does not enter into great and important transactions, is absolutely necessary for common and ordinary intercourse.

No. XXXIII.

THE HAPPINESS RESULTING FROM KIND AND MUTUAL ATTENTIONS, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF HORATIO AND EMILIA.

THE mutual complaints of Mr. and Mrs. Gold, which have been communicated in my last paper, together with some complaints of similar family distresses, which I have received from other correspondents, often remind me of the happy effects, which my friends *Horatio* and *Emilia* have experienced from an opposite temper and conduct.

Horatio, though he obtained a liberal education, lived till the age of twenty-five almost entirely in the country. The small fortune which he inherited from his father being about this time increased by his succeeding to a distant relation; he married the young and beautiful Emilia. He had become warmly attached to her, not so much on account of her beauty, as from the expression of a sweet, though lively temper, which marked her countenance.—This, when admitted to a more intimate acquaintance, in some visits which he paid to the capital, he found to be justified by her conversation and manners.

Emilia's father was addicted to pleasure and expense, and her mother, though more accomplished, of a similar disposition. In their family she had been accustomed to a life of more than ordinary gaiety.

Though Horatio felt, in all its extent, that passion which is not very favorable to a just estimation of character, yet these circumstances had not escaped his notice. He failed not to observe that Emilia had acquired a stronger attachment to the pleasures of a town life, than was either right in itself, or agreeable to that preference for domestic society, and the quiet of a country life, which he had always felt, and which he still wished to gratify.

However, instead of acquainting Emilia with his taste in these particulars, he judged it better to let her enjoy that style of life to which she had been accustomed, not doubting, from the natural good sense and sweetness of her disposition, that her own taste might be gradually corrected, and that as his should, from time to time, fall under her observation, it might contribute to the change.

He took up, therefore his residence in town; and though Emilia went into company, and frequented public places more than he could wish, yet he complied with her inclination in these instances, partook of her amusements when he was not necessarily engaged, and, when he did so, carefully avoided betraying that indifference or disgust which he often felt.

Whilst Horatio, however, gave way to the taste of Emilia, he never lost the inclination, nor neglected the means of reforming it.

Amidst the gaiety to which she had been accustomed, Emilia had early formed a taste for the elegant writers of the present age; and the same sensibility and delicacy of mind which led her to admire them, made her no less sensible of the beauties of a polished and refined conversation. It was this, which had first gained the affections of Horatio; it was to this he trusted for effecting the reformation he desired.

He was very assiduous, therefore, to cultivate and encourage this literary taste in Emilia. He frequently took occasion to turn the conversation to subjects of literature, and to dwell on the beauties, or mention the striking passages of this or that author; and would often engage Emilia in a fine poem, an affecting tragedy, or an interesting novel, when, but for that circumstance, she would have been exhausting her spirits at a ball, or wasting the night at cards.

Nor was he less studious in forming her taste for company than for books. Though he had never aimed at an extensive acquaintance, Horatio enjoyed the friendship of several persons of both sexes endued with those elegant manners, and that delicate and cultivated un-

derstanding, which renders conversation at once agreeable and instructive.

Of these friends he frequently formed parties at his house. Emilia, who had the same disposition to oblige, which she on all occasions experienced from him, was happy to indulge his inclinations in this particular; and as she was well qualified for bearing a part in their conversation, which had charms of which her mind was highly sensible, those parties gradually became more and more agreeable to her.

In this manner her books, the conversation of select companies, and the care of her children, which soon became a most endearing office to her tender and feeling heart, furnished her with a variety of domestic occupations. As these gradually led her to go less into mixed company and public amusements, she began to lose her habitual relish for them. As she easily observed how agreeable this change was to the taste of Horatio, that circumstance gave her mind more and more a domestic turn.

The same delicacy, from which he at first gave way to her taste for company and public amusements, made him avoid shewing that preference, which he entertained for a country life.

For some time he was entirely silent on the subject. Though he now and then made excursions to the country, yet it was only occasionally upon necessary business. Emilia could not but observe, that the manner in which he passed his time there, in adding to the beauties of his place, and in an easy intercourse with a few neighbors, was highly agreeable to him. Yet he never expressed an inclination of fixing his general residence in the country, or even of her accompanying him in his occasional visit at Rosedale. His visits became, however, gradually more frequent; and, as they generally continued for some weeks, those little absences gave a sort of pain to Emilia, to whom no society was now so agreeable as that of Horatio. She became, therefore, desirous of accompanying him to the country.

Their first visits were short, and at considerable intervals; but as he omitted no means of rendering them agreeable to her, she seldom left it without regret, and was often the first to propose their return. At length Emilia, who now observed, that her husband was no where so happy as in the country, and had herself come to feel the same predilection for the calm cheerfulness and innocent amusements of a country life, took occasion to acquaint him with this change in her sentiments, and to express the same inclination which, she was persuaded, he entertained, of abandoning a town life, and fixing their constant residence at Rosedale.

A proposal so agreeable to him was readily complied with; and they have ever since passed their time in that delightful retreat, occupied with the education of their children, the improvement of their place, and the society of a few friends; equally happy in themselves, and beloved by all around them. Thus has Horatio, the gentleness of whose mind is equal to the strength of his understanding, by a prudent as well as delicate complacency, gradually effected that change, which an opposite conduct might have failed to produce, and which, at the same time would probably have been the source of mutual chagrin, and rendered both him and his wife unhappy.

Nor was the reformation solely on her part. By leading him to partake in company and amusements, she became the mean of correcting the natural reserve of his manner: and as the example of his plain though animated conversation, led her to moderate the vivacity and sprightliness of hers, which sometimes approached towards levity; so her vivacity communicated an agreeable gaiety and cheerfulness to the discourse of Horatio.

If, in the above account, I have pointed out more strongly the effects of complacency in Horatio than in Emilia, it ought to be remembered, that this virtue is much more rarely seen in the one sex than in the other. A certain pride, which always requires much dis-

cipline, and often the rod of disappointment and adversity, to subdue, attends the firmness of men, and makes it, generally, much more difficult for them to acquire this complacency of temper.

If men truly possess that superiority of understanding over women, which some of them seem to suppose, surely this use of it is equally ungenerous and imprudent. They would, I imagine, shew that superiority much more effectually, in endeavoring to imitate the amiable gentleness of the female character, and to acquire from a sense of its propriety, a virtue, for which it must be allowed, that the other sex is more indebted to their original constitution.

If women, as we sometimes allege, are too apt to connect the idea of pride, and hardness of manners, with that of knowledge and ability, and, on that account, often shew a preference to more superficial accomplishments; the men who value themselves for knowledge and abilities, ought to look into their own conduct for the cause. Imitating then the behavior of Horatio, they should aim to shew, that a man's feelings need not be the less delicate for being under the direction of a sound judgment; and that he who best knows the female character, and will put the highest value on its excellence, is also the most likely to make allowance for a difference of taste, and to bear with those little weaknesses, with which he knows all human excellence to be often accompanied.

No. XXXIV.

CLEORA AND AURELIA CONTRASTED.

It has been observed, that the world is generally just in the opinions which it forms of the characters of the different persons who appear on the stage of life; that few have been held high in the estimation of the public who have not deserved it; and that instances as rarely occur of its censure misapplied, as of its applause misplaced. But though this remark, it must be allowed, is true in the general, yet experience teaches that it cannot be admitted without exceptions; and that the truly virtuous and deserving, particularly in the private walks of life, may often pass unnoticed, whilst the less worthy may become the objects of favor.

Cleora was married at an early period of life. Gaily educated, and thoughtless in disposition, she was incapable of any strong attachment. She married *Lothario*, because he was a man of the *ton*, dressed well, kept good company, and professed himself her humble admirer. He married her, because she was reckoned pretty, danced well, was a toast, and was as much in the fashion as he was. As they went together without affection, so neither of them allowed their love to be troublesome to the other. Pleasure, dissipation, show, was the taste of both. Lothario was sometimes at home, and in his wife's company; but then it was only in a crowd, and amidst a variety of guests. Abroad they sometimes met at dinner and supper parties; but as frequently their parties were not the same, and their amusements lay in different quarters.

Such a life of dissipation could not be supported without great expense. Though Lothario was possessed of a considerable land-estate, yet when he succeeded to it, it was much encumbered with debt; and that debt was now greatly increased by his own extrav-

ugance. Every year made a new bond or mortgage necessary.

Cleora knew all this; but she allowed it not to make any impression on her mind. It was too serious a subject to be suffered to intrude itself in the midst of her enjoyments. The mother of a numerous family, she is equally inattentive with Lothario, to giving them proper habits and impressions. The boys neglecting every useful branch of study, by a strange combination are both beaux and blackguards. At public places they are reckoned fashionable, whilst, at the same time, in their private amusements, they value themselves on their coarseness and intemperance. The daughters are now come to the age of women; but Cleora has no other object as to them, than to increase their fondness for public places and late hours: devoted to these herself, she makes her daughters the pretext for her own indulgences.

Thus Cleora, if she were to think, if she were to stop her course of dissipation for a moment, would see bankruptcy at hand, and her children, if not herself and husband, reduced to want; her children brought up without education, and initiated in nothing but the ways of idleness and folly. With all this, Cleora retains a good character in the world: her cheerfulness, her gaiety, make her a favorite wherever she goes. "'Tis a pity," it is sometimes said, "that her husband was not more attentive to her and her children; but it is not her fault. She is indeed to be commended for submitting with so much ease to her fate; one would never discover that she was married to Lothario." Such is the general character which Cleora bears; and if any one expresses a hint to the contrary, it is considered as the remark of a person willing to be censorious.

How shall I contrast with Cleora the conduct of *Aurelia*? She also married young, before she had learned to feel and judge for herself, and at a time when she was entirely given up to the direction and disposal of her parents. It has unfortunately been the fate of

some of the best of women, to become the wives of men in many respects their inferiors, both in understanding and in character. Amidst the chances of life, the intricacies of situation, or from the deception of minds whose very virtues betray their caution, this will sometimes happen.

Cleanthes, the husband of Aurelia, is of a character very similar to that of Cleora's husband, Lothario, and on many accounts an unfortunate match for Aurelia. But Cleanthes being reputed to be a man of fortune, possessing a good address, and *believed* to be possessed of good nature, it was the fate of Aurelia to be joined to him for life. Those habits of thoughtlessness and extravagance, however, which Cleanthes had acquired before marriage, never forsook him: he even became indifferent and negligent of Aurelia, and a fine family of children which she brought him. Intemperate in his pleasures, and inordinate in his expense, he plunged headlong into every fashionable folly, into every species of dissipation. Aurelia felt much anguish at this conduct of her husband. She endeavored, by every gentle method in her power, to reclaim him, and to gain his mind to virtue and domestic enjoyment. All her efforts proved ineffectual. Cleanthes was not yet, however, so lost as not to feel, at times, the reproaches of his conscience; but, instead of aiming to remove, he tried to avoid them. In this situation, Aurelia was like another conscience: the reflection on her quiet and gentle virtues was like a mirror that did but show him his own ugliness; and frightened at the sight, he only thought how to escape it. Thus abandoned by himself, thus having forsaken Aurelia, and every better feeling, he has gone more and more headlong into vice—intemperance has become his companion, and expense much beyond his income has attended it.

What a situation for Aurelia! With a mind fitted for every domestic enjoyment, she sees her husband a prey to folly and extravagance, ruining his fortune, and dead to every proper sentiment. One only comfort re-

mains—the pleasure she receives from her children. Her only son, who promises to be all a parent could wish, has been placed at a distant academy; and a rich uncle, who has no children of his own, has adopted him as his son. Her three daughters live with herself, and her great object is, to educate and instruct them; and in this she is well rewarded, by the appearance of their promising virtues, and the display of their opening talents.

With all these amiable parts of Aurelia's conduct, justice is not done her, in the opinion of the world. Her virtues are unknown, or pass unnoticed. It is frequently said, that "Cleanthes is a good fellow—Pity he had not a wife of a less grave disposition, more suited to his taste. If he had, he might have been less expensive, and his pleasures been more fixed at home." It was but the other evening, that, making a course of visits, I called at a house, where I found Cleora engaged in deep play, and her eldest daughter sitting by her, attending to the game. At that moment Lothario happened to come into the room. He drew a chair near some ladies at another table, and gave a nod of indifference to his daughter. "La! Sir, said Miss, "we did not look for you; we thought you were at Mr. ———." Her mother gave one look behind; asked her partner if she had not held the king; and then desired her to set up two by honors and the odd trick.

The same evening I called at the house of Cleanthes. Him I found abroad, but Aurelia was at home. I was shewn into the room where she was, seated with her three girls around her. On the table lay several books, among which were the *Spectator*, the *Man of Feeling*, and the *Theatre of Education*. She herself was busy with her needle; and her two youngest girls were occupied in the same manner, under her direction. The eldest was employed in reading. When I entered the room, one of the girls took me by the hand, and kindly welcomed me. "I thought, however," said she, with a most expressive look, "it had been papa; my

mamma expected him." A tear started into Aurelia's eye. She soon, however, resumed her cheerfulness; and I remained for a considerable time in this domestic party, receiving a pleasure, which I cannot describe, in the conversation of Aurelia, the amiableness and propriety of her conduct, her behavior to her children, and theirs to her.

When I came home, I could not help reflecting on the different characters of Aurelia and Cleora, placed in situations not dissimilar; one drawing from her very want of feeling and of duty, the suffrage of the world! the other from the very exercise of the most disinterested virtue, suffering its neglect, and incurring its censure! Yet with all her afflictions and all her sorrows, who would not rather wish to be the suffering and virtuous Aurelia, than the gay and thoughtless Cleora? The one may enjoy the dissipation of the world, and the good liking of its votaries; but the other must possess that approbation from her own mind, which infinitely surpasses all the external enjoyments, which the world is able to bestow.

No. XXXV.

A CAUTION ADDRESSED TO MARRIED PERSONS AS UNITED BY THE BRITTLE TIE OF HUMAN LIFE; FROM THE CONFESSIONS OF LUCILIUS.

Bonus est fugienda aspicere alieno in malo. PUB. SYR.

It is a good thing to learn caution by
The misfortunes of others.———

SIR,

IN the perusal of history, or of the more limited pictures which biography presents to us, there is no reader who does not take a warm interest in every thing that regards a truly deserving character; who does not feel a sensible pleasure in those instances where the benevolent purposes of such a person have been attended with success, or his virtuous actions followed by reward. This approbation paid to virtue is a tribute of the heart, which is given with ease, which is bestowed even with pleasure. But in life itself, it is unhappily found, that virtue has not the same concomitant approbation.

This contrast of opinions is never so perceptible, as when, on the death of a person who was well known to us, we compare the idea we formed of his character when alive, with that which we now entertain of him. His excellencies and defects are now more impartially estimated. On the former, the memory dwells with peculiar satisfaction, and indulges a melancholy pleasure in bestowing its tribute of approbation. On the latter we kindly throw the veil of charitable alleviation: we reflect on our own imbecility; we find apologies for another in the weakness of our own nature, and impute the error of the individual to the imperfection of the species.

But above all, should it happen that the person thus

removed by death, was one who had approved himself our friend, and whose kind affections we had repeatedly experienced; the difference we now perceive in our estimate of such a character, is apt to strike the mind with the most forcible conviction of our own unworthiness. Memory is industrious to torment us with numberless instances of merit we have overlooked, of kindness we have not returned, of services repaid with cold neglect. The injury we have done is aggravated by the reflection, that it cannot be repaired; for he whose life was perhaps embittered by our ingratitude, is now insensible to our contrition.

Ah, Sir! the man who now writes to you, bears witness himself to the misery of that feeling, which he describes. He, who now addresses you, was once blessed with the affection of the best, the most amiable of women. When I married my Maria, engaged to her by that esteem, which an acquaintance almost from infancy had produced, I knew not half her worth. The situation in which she was now placed, brought to my view many points of excellence, which before were undiscovered. Must I own to my shame, that the possession of this treasure diminished its value? Fool that I was! I knew not my own happiness till I had forever lost it. Six years were the short period of our union. Would to Heaven that term were yet to live again! I loved Maria. Severely as I am now disposed to review my past conduct, I cannot reproach myself with a failure in affection. But what human being could have been insensible to loveliness, to worth, to tenderness like hers! Poor was that affection, which often preferred the most trivial selfish gratification to her wishes or requests; and of small value was that regard, which a sudden gust of passion could at times, entirely obliterate.

It was my character, Sir, as that of many, to see the path of duty and propriety, but to have the weakness to be forever deviating from it. Educated in a respectable sphere of life, but possessing a narrow income,

which with strict economy was barely sufficient to maintain with decency that station which we occupied, it was the care of my Maria to superintend herself the minutest article of our domestic concerns, and thus to retrench a variety of the ordinary expenses of a family, from her own perfect skill in every useful accomplishment of her sex. Though fond of society, and formed to shine in it; though not insensible to admiration; (and what woman with her graces of person, could have been insensible to it?) though possessing the becoming pride of appearing among her equals with equal advantages of dress and ornament; she sparingly indulged in gratifications, which ill accorded with our limited fortune. She weighed with admirable discretion the greater against the less duties of life, and made no scruple to sacrifice the one, when they interfered ever so little with the performances of the other.

Shall I own, that to me, thoughtless, extravagant and vain, the conduct of this excellent woman appeared oftener to merit blame than approbation! Regardless of consequences, and careless of the future whilst I enjoyed the present, I censured that moderation which was a continual reproach to my own profuseness. Incapable of imitating her example, I denied that it was meritorious; and what in her was real magnanimity, I, with equal weakness and ingratitude, attributed to poorness of spirit. How shall I describe to you, Sir, her mild and gentle demeanor, the patience with which she bore the most unmerited reproofs, the tender solicitude and endearing efforts which she used, to wean me from those ruinous indulgences, to which vanity or appetite was continually prompting me! Too often were these efforts repaid by me with splenetic indifference, or checked at once by sarcasm or by anger.

It is but a poor alleviation of the anguish I feel from these reflections, to remember, that, even whilst my Maria lived, the esteem which I sincerely felt for her virtues, the affection which I really bore her, and the sense I had of her tenderness, wrung my heart at times

with the deepest remorse, and prompted me to atone for my injustice by the warmest expressions of kindness and regard. Many a time, Sir, in those tranquil moments, when no wayward inclination or peevish humor overpowered my better feelings, have I firmly resolved, that my future conduct should make ample reparation for the offences of the past. Nor were these resolutions altogether fruitless; for whilst under the influence of this salutary conviction of my errors, I have so far amended them as to feel for a time a genuine relish for calm and domestic happiness. But how short the dawning of amendment! A new temptation presented itself, and my weak resolution yielded to the force of returning passion. With my former errors I resumed the despicable pride of justifying them, and every deviation from duty was aggravated by harshness and ill humor.

Ever offending, and ever purposing to atone for my offences, I have now irretrievably lost the opportunity. That best of women is now no more. I have received her latest breath, and heard her last supplication, which was a prayer to Heaven to pour its blessings on the most unworthy of men.

Here let me end this letter. No words can express the feelings which these reflections convey to the breast of LUCILIUS.

No. XXXVI.

ON ECONOMICS AS A SCIENCE.

That logic, ethics, physics, and metaphysics, should be exalted to the dignity of arts or sciences, excites no surprise; but that the art of managing a house and family should be placed on a level with them, appears rather wonderful. Yet it is certain that Economics were taught as a scholastic science by the ancient philosophers; and there still remains a very curious book, in which Xenophon has recorded the doctrines of Socrates on the subject of economy. At first sight one is apt to imagine, that philosophy has departed from her province, when she enters on domestic management; and that it would be ridiculous to send a housekeeper to Socrates for the improvement of good housewifery; yet it must be confessed, that there is in the work of Xenophon nothing of impertinence, but a great deal of good sense most elegantly expressed.

Notwithstanding the air of superiority which is assumed by logic, physics, and metaphysics, yet, considering the influence on human happiness, the greatest value should be placed on economics; for the others, as they are treated in the schools, are little more than speculations, and have but a very limited influence on the regulation or enjoyment of life. But the true *pater familias*, or master of a family, is one of the most respectable characters in society; and the science which directs his conduct, or reforms his mistakes, is entitled to peculiar esteem.

Much of the misery which prevails in the world, is justly to be imputed to the want of economy. But the word economy is usually misunderstood. It is confined in its meaning to parsimony, though it undoubtedly comprehends every thing which relates to the conduct of a family. Frugality is indeed a very considera-

ble part of it; but not the whole. It is the judicious government of a little community inhabiting one house, and usually allied by all the soft bands of affinity and consanguinity. The person who executes such a government, should be eminently furnished with prudence and benevolence.

The rage for fashionable levities, which has pervaded even the lower ranks, is singularly adverse to the knowledge and the virtues which domestic life demands. Dress occupies the greater part both of the time and attention of many; and the consequence is, too often, ruin in polite life, bankruptcy in the commercial, and misery and disgrace to all.

It might be attended with great advantage to the community, and to the happiness of particular persons, if some part of the time and attention bestowed on the ornamental parts of education, were transferred to those arts, which teach the prudent management of domestic concerns. The care of children in the age of infancy requires considerable skill as well as tenderness; and how should she know how to enter upon it, whose whole time has been spent in learning the polite accomplishments, which, though they add much to gracefulness, make no pretensions to utility? She must be guided entirely by servants, nurses, and medical practitioners; but surely it would be safer and pleasanter to possess such a skill, as should prevent her from lying entirely at the mercy of ignorance, vanity, officiousness, and presumption.

As to music, which some ladies spend so much time in learning, it is well known that they seldom practise it, when they have entered into the married state. Many other feminine accomplishments there are, which cease to attract attention, when once their possessors are engaged in the care of a family. It is therefore probable, that the time consumed in the acquisition of things which are confessedly of no use to them, might be employed in acquiring such knowledge as would enable them to contribute greatly to the happiness of the man,

to whom they should give their hands and hearts, and of the children which might be the pledges of their conjugal love.

I by no means refer them to Xenophon or Socrates for instruction in domestic management. Their own parents should communicate the result of their experience and observation on the subject. Above all, they should inspire them with a love of home, and the pleasures and virtues of an affectionate family association. Some men, who appear to be insensible to female charms, allege in excuse for their not soliciting some lady in marriage, that such are the expensive manners, dress, and amusements of the fashionable part of the sex, so little their skill in conducting a family, and such their ignorance of economy, that to be married is often to be ruined even in the midst of affluence. Few are willing to incur the danger of dissipating their fortunes in supporting a woman, who can contribute nothing to the alleviation of their cares by domestic prudence and discreet economy.

In every view it appears most clearly, that nothing would contribute more to the happiness of females, and indeed of men and families in general, than a cultivation of that unostentatious knowledge, which is in hourly request, and without which there can be little permanent security in the most exalted rank, and most abundant affluence. Socrates judged wisely, therefore, in ranking economics among the most useful and honorable of the arts and sciences.

No. XXXVII.

A LETTER TO A VERY GOOD NATURED LADY, WHO WAS MARRIED TO A VERY ILL NATURED MAN.

—In the marriage state the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known. CIBBER.

I HAVE now and then observed my dearest cousin, (through all your cares and endeavors to conceal it) that there are some few rufflings that happen between you and your husband; and which, I fear, must make some moments pass with more uneasiness to you, than a woman of so much goodness deserves. The friendship that has subsisted so long between our families, and the great affection I have for you, makes this give me more pain than it may perhaps give even to yourself; for I know the steadiness of your mind, and the prudence you have in alleviating every thing that would disturb a less settled temper; and make some wives fly out into violences, that would render them ridiculous as well as wretched. But as an indifferent stander-by may see more than the best gamester, when engaged deep in a difficult party, I shall venture to give you some of my sentiments, in hopes that they may still more awaken your own, or at least be improved by your reflections upon them.

It were to be wished, that all married people would lay this down for their first and great principle; that they can never be happy in themselves, unless they are well with their partners. Their connections, views, and interests are naturally so united, that the one cannot be happy, if the other is miserable. In so strict an union, if you are not well with one another, what can you do to avoid being miserable? You must either be perpetually hunting after reasons to fly from your own house;

or else you must sit jarring together, like a couple of bad instruments that are almost always out of tune.

The most necessary thing then for a married woman, to make herself happy, is, to endeavor to please her husband; and one comfort is, that the very endeavoring to please, goes a great way towards obtaining its end. Complacency as naturally begets kindness, as a disobliging behavior does aversion.

'Tis not enough to avoid doing or saying any thing that you know would be disagreeable to your husband; but one should be inclined to do or say every thing that is likely to be agreeable to him. A woman that thoroughly considers this, and puts it in practice, can scarcely ever fail of making both her husband and herself happy.

One considerable help and advantage that you have towards this, is the being so thoroughly acquainted with one another's tempers and inclinations. There is a good deal of opportunity for this (if your match was not huddled up with that haste which some people are in, for settling the most important step in their whole lives,) during the time of courtship; and usually much more after: these two lights are so very different, that between them you may see into the whole character of a man, how far he is ready to submit, and how far to domineer. With a proper observation, you may come in time to discover every bent of his temper, and to open all the more hidden folds of his heart. Now, when one is well aware of every thing that may displease, it is easy to avoid it; and when one knows what is pleasing, scarcely any thing can be wanting but the will to please.

I would particularly desire you to look on nothing, that may displease, as a trifle. However unimportant the thing may be in itself, the displeasing and disagreeing is a serious evil; and married people differ much oftener about trifles than about things of weight. Let either husbands or wives recollect a little, and I fear they will find what I say to be more true than they might at first imagine it to have been.

The best way for a married woman to carry her point often, is to yield sometimes. Yielding in a married woman, is as useful as flying is to an unmarried one; for both of these methods most naturally obtain what they seem to avoid. And if a woman has any vanity, (as every human creature has more or less of it in their composition) I think that passion might be gratified this way, as well as any other; for to get the better of one's self is, at least, as glorious as to get the better of any other person whatever; and you would, besides, have the inward satisfaction of considering, that, in all such cases, you do not yield out of cowardice, but prudence; and that you enjoyed the superiority of knowing what you ought to do, much better than the obstinate man, who seems outwardly to have carried his point, when in reality you have carried yours.

I do not mean by this, to set you on a life of artifice and dissimulation. I rather think that such methods as these, and such a scheme of pleasing, would in time grow pleasing to yourself; and that it would be the most likely of any, either to introduce or increase a real mutual love and good-will between you and your husband. But how, my dear cousin, have I thus forgotten myself, for a page or two together! and whilst I am writing to you, have really written a letter for the world. For you, I dare say, have no occasion for my rules; and have thought over every thing that I have said long before I set pen to paper. You will, however, forgive one who wishes you as well as he does himself; and who would most extremely rejoice to see that serenity of mind, which all the world thinks to be in you, and all those virtues and excellencies which I know to be in you, unruffled by any disturbances, and cleared even from every little cloud that may hang over them. I need not tell you how much and how truly I am

Your affectionate kinsman
and humble servant.

No. XXXVIII.

ON MATRIMONIAL QUARRELS.

Felices ter, et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

HOR. Ode 13, Lib. 1.

Happy, thrice happy they, whose friendships prove
One constant scene of unmolested love;
Whose hearts, right-tempered, feel no various turns,
No coolness chills them and no madness burns;
But, free from anger, doubts, and jealous fear,
Die as they live, united and sincere. ORRERY.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tenderness, for which woman was originally intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to make the following observations: for these may be useful to society, as, by holding up the mirror of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and *Violetta* have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficient for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment of the pleasures of life. For some time after the celebration of their nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But

their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the less attractive to his heart; and his conversation grew less engaging, the more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his Bacchanalian acquaintance, she found more pleasure in discharging her visits than her domestic offices: in fine, both became disintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular, their conversation little; till at last, their affection seemed to be dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonious complaisance.

Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting from the formality of reserve: trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other; which were productive of such disputes as often terminated in a shyness for two or three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, yet their disagreement frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a reconciliation which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; though still they were continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes ill-natured, whilst she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy; if he spoke warm, she reddened with the glow of anger; if he was desirous of tranquility, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree and the ostentation of fortune were often bandied backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she railed, and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their passion abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified, and after innumerable caresses, re-com-

posed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness; they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenzo and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never endeavored to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate sallies, and were at last so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passion before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintances.

As I have a regard for Lorenzo, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him upon his scandalous indiscretion; he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behavior, esteems her husband, and wears the throne of chastity on her brow. They are equally conscious of their fault, are equally sorry for it, and seem equally desirous of correcting it; but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this! That two persons, once united by the silken band of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humor, is most astonishing! that two persons, who could so easily enjoy the beatitudes of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! but their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim, "That reason is the best gift of nature;" for without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

No. XXXIX.

ON THE CHOICE AND QUALITIES OF A WIFE.

———'Tis a fault
That men, not guided by the track of reason,
But heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
To seal such weighty covenants.

SHIRLEY'S *Constant Maid.*

As the attainment of happiness is the grand spring of human action, I have been often surprised at that inattention, so apparent in the generality of mankind, to the most important concern in their lives, the choice of a wife; a choice, on which not only their present welfare, but event their everlasting felicity may depend. Indeed, if we may judge from the slight regard paid to an object of so much moment, we may suppose it commonly understood to be a trivial point, in which little or no reflection is requisite; or that fortune and beauty were in themselves whatever was essential to the happiness of the conjugal state. But let those, who, in the ardor of unreflecting youth, form such gay visions of splendid enjoyments, and everlasting passion, consider,—that there are requisites of a nobler kind; without which, when it may be too late, they may find themselves involved in irretrievable ruin.

What melancholy histories have been recorded, where manly virtue has been united to a fortune and to misery; blooming loveliness sacrificed at the shrine of avarice; or unthinking youth, smitten by exterior charms alone, instead of the attracting graces of modesty, sentiment, and discretion, has become a voluntary victim to insipid, if not to meretricious beauty! I would not be understood, however, as though I apprehended, that beauty and fortune are of no estimation. The former, when united to piety, virtue, and good sense, can be slighted by those only who are devoid of any ideas of

whatever is lovely and excellent in nature; and fortune, or at least a competence, is absolutely necessary, since without it the highest degree of virtue, and the most enchanting graces, will be insufficient to insure happiness in the conjugal union:

"Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied.
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flatt'ring dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief;
Whilst both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."

LYTTLETON.

Certainly no prudent person ought to engage in the married state without a sufficiency of means for a comfortable subsistence. That lover cannot regard his mistress with virtuous passion, who would involve her in all the possible consequences of reciprocal poverty. True love never forgets the happiness of its object; for when this ceases to be regarded, it is not the generous tenderness of love, but the unthinking wildness of passion.

These observations, however, cannot obviate the just complaints which may be made against those matches, in which beauty or fortune only are regarded. "Beauty," says Lord Kaimes, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband perhaps more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in

one respect, that the fiercer it burns, the sooner it is extinguished."

It is unquestionably true, that happiness in the married state depends not on riches, nor on beauty, but on virtue, good sense, and sweetness of temper. A young man who has himself a sufficient fortune, should not always look for an equivalent of that kind in the object of his love. "Who can find a virtuous woman," says Solomon, "for her price is far above rubies?" The important object of his inquiry is, not whether she has riches, but whether she possesses those qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife and the exemplary mother? In like manner, would a parent conduct his daughter to a wise and judicious choice of a husband, he will not so much recommend the necessity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct, good temper, discretion, regularity and industry. With these, a husband, if he be of a reputable profession, may improve the fortune of his wife, and render it of much greater advantage to each other, than the most ample equivalent in money, with the reverse of these qualities.

On the contrary, where interest pervades the bosom, and is the sole motive to union, what can more naturally be expected than unhappy matches? Without a certain congeniality of sentiment, independent of the adventitious circumstances of beauty or fortune, the connubial state is the very opposite of a heaven. Home becomes disagreeable, where there is a diversity of taste, temper, and wishes; or where those mental resources are wanting which invite to conversation, and render it delightful and endearing. The scenes of wretchedness inseparable from such a state, must be obvious to every mind.

We turn with pleasure to the exquisite happiness, which is the result of a virtuous choice. Home is then delightful, and every moment is replete with satisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming theme, permit me to ask, Who would sacrifice the enjoyment

of such felicity, for wealth?—What weakness of mind does it betray, to forfeit "the matchless joys of virtuous love," for the ideal pleasures of affluence!

No. XL.

CONJUGAL LOVE; A MORAL STORY.

Of all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love. Our great poet Milton, after he has described the nuptial bower of Adam and Eve in Paradise, thus calls upon that blissful state:

> Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
> Of human offspring, sole propriety
> In Paradise, of all things common else.
> By thee adulterous lust was driven from men,
> Among the beastial herds to range: by thee
> (Founded in reason, loyal, just and pure)
> Relations dear, and all the charities
> Of father, son and brother first were known.
> ———Perpetual fountain of domestic bliss!———
> Here love his golden shafts employs; here lights
> His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings.

In this scene the looser passions of youth are consolidated into a settled affection: for the lawful object of love unites every care in itself; and makes even those thoughts that were painful before, become delightful. When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal sincerity, each alternately receives and communicates a transport, that is inconceivable to all but those that are in this situation: from hence arises that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare, that tender sympathy that alleviates affliction, and that participated pleasure which heightens prosperity and joy itself. This is a full completion of the blessings of humanity! for if reason and society are the characteristics which distinguish us from other animals, an excellence in these two great privileges of man, which centres in wedlock, must raise us in happiness above

the rest of our species. It is here that the noblest passions, of which the human soul is susceptible, join together, virtuous love and friendship; the one supplying it with a constant rapture, and the other regulating it by the rules of reason. I would not be understood to be speaking here of those unnatural and disproportionable matches that are daily made upon worldly views, where interest or lust are the only motives; I mean that such only enjoy the blessing, who are conducted by HYMEN through his own realms of innocence and sincerity.

A gentleman who is very happy in a beautiful friend, and is a kind of enthusiast for the married state, told me the following story of an Italian pair, who were famous for their unalterable constancy and affection. There lived at Genoa a young nobleman named MARINI, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venitian senator, named MONIMIA, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all who knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage to Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to stand firm in the defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for a while from Monimia, who, being then in a feeble state of health, was unable to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of separation was come, they embraced with the utmost grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this afflicting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours. The

success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbor where the ships of burthen lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife, then absent from the republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation, when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia. At these words his surprise and affliction were so great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his servants lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa by the captain of a Venitian vessel, that a gentleman named Marini had been surprised near Bastia by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress; they immediately took shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know; the one for Corsica, the other for Genoa. They were both sailed, when a violent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean. Marini's ship landed first, where, whilst the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered with one servant only into a little wood that was near the sea-shore, to give a loose to his immoderate grief. Soon after the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia with one of her maids to the wood where her husband was, lamenting his unfortunate condition.—They had not been long there, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer mutually to see, if there was any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of

both, when they met in a little path and saw each other! the immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after. Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

No. XLI.

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN; A VISION.

A FEW days ago I had an account of the marriage of a friend. When occurrences of this nature make an impression upon the mind, it is insensibly betrayed into little animadversions upon them. This was my case in an extraordinary manner: for having mused some time on this incident, I fell into an easy slumber, when fancy reassumed the subject, and sallied out in the following excursion.

Methought I was in an instant placed on the boundaries of a spacious plain; in the centre of which was presented to the eye a large temple consecrated to *Hymen*, the god of marriage. At a small distance from me I observed a giddy crowd of both sexes, who were making towards the building, in order to celebrate the ceremony of the god. There was shuffled in among them a demon, whose form was so peculiar, and whose sway with the multitude so universal, that I shall give my reader a particular description of him. It seems the name of this fury was *Lust;* in the upper part of his body he carried the likeness of a human figure, from the middle downwards he bore the resemblance of a goat, his eyes were turgid, sparkling and inflamed, his complexion was very irregular, attended with the most sudden transitions from a sanguine red to a livid paleness, and a tremor frequently seized every member. Close followed him *Distaste*, with a sickly countenance and supercilious eye; and *Remorse*, with his hat flapped over his face, and a worm gnawing his vitals. I was much shocked at these monstrous appearances, and the more so, to observe how readily my fellow creatures gave in to the impious suggestions of the demon. But my surprise was somewhat abated on a nearer approach; for I took notice that his breath was

of such a malignant nature, that all those who rashly advanced within its influence, were presently intoxicated and deprived of their reason.

I was in such a consternation at this discovery, that I hesitated for a while, whether I should enter into conversation with the blithe adventurers before mentioned. In the midst of my suspense there came towards us a grave old gentleman, of a steady and composed aspect, whose name was *Deliberation*. He was one of the principal agents belonging to the temple, and so high in the god's esteem, that *Hymen* was very rarely known to give his benediction at the conclusion of the ceremony to any couple, who were not ushered into his presence by this venerable officer. Upon his joining the company (to the majority of which I found he was a perfect stranger) there was expressed an universal uneasiness and discontent; and many of them industriously avoided all conversation with him. But it was very remarkable that all those who thus imprudently turned their backs on this valuable monitor, in their return from the temple, were seized by one or both of the melancholy attendants of the fury.

At my entrance into the building I observed the deity marching at a small distance towards it. The first in the procession was *Love*, in the form of a *Cupid*, who was continually practising a thousand little arts and graces, to draw upon him the smiles of the god; and by the tender regards which *Hymen* cast upon the child, I found he was a very great favorite.

The god followed next, holding in his hand a flaming torch, which shone the brighter, the longer it burned; he approached us, supported by *Virtue*, a lady of the most engaging form that I ever beheld. She was clothed in a white refulgent garment, and her head was encircled with glory.

The next attendant was *Beauty*, arrayed in the most gorgeous apparel, and full of herself, even to distraction. She was handed along by *Youth*, a gay stripling, wearing a chaplet of flowers on his head, and wings on his shoulders.

Then appeared *Wealth*, in the figure of an old man meanly attired: his eyes were the eyes of a hawk, and his fingers curved and pointed inwards, like the talons of a raven; he was noisy, impudent and presuming.

The retinue was closed by *Fancy*, ever varying her features and dress; and what was very extraordinary, methought she charmed in all.

The deity, immediately after his entrance into the temple, ascended his throne; and sat with his head gently reclined on *Virtue's* bosom. *Love* and *Beauty* took their station on the right hand: and on the left were disposed *Wealth* and *Fancy*.

The god quickly proceeded to the celebration of the nuptial rites; but there was such a confused sound of sighs and laughter, that I could not give the attention which was requisite, in order to present my reader with the several circumstances that occurred: only I took notice, that many of the matches were so very unequal, that the god yoked them with reluctance, and but half consented to his own institution.

After the ceremony was over, silence was proclaimed in court, for *Hymen* was determined to decide a contest, which had been of long standing, between the personages that attended the altar. Upon this declaration, the whole multitude divided, and according to the particular impulses of their passions, took the party of the several competitors. The young had ranged themselves on the right hand of the throne, whilst others of more advanced years had posted themselves behind the disputants on the left.

Love began with entering his complaint against *Wealth*, setting forth that his antagonist had seduced large numbers to his sentiments; that, as to himself, his interest very visibly declined every day, to the great prejudice of that state, in which the gods had designed him the pre-eminence. While he was pursuing his arguments with great warmth, *Poverty* stepped forth from amidst the crowd, and stared the young plaintiff full in the face, who was so frightened at his

sorrowful countenance, that he fluttered his pinions in order to flight: when *Wealth*, rising up, addressed the judge with shewing the necessity of his presence to make the married state replete with happiness, as it was originally intended by its institutor; together with many other arguments, which, if they had been delivered with the same modesty as force, could not have failed of creating a number of converts to his side. This his speech was followed with a thunder of applause from the company behind. Upon which incident the old man began to triumph, and to reinforce his discourse; when through the violence of his emotions, his garment flew open, and betrayed to view *Cares*, in the form of vultures, hanging at his breast. Hereupon *Love* stood up, and would fain have reassumed his cause. But *Hymen*, who well knew that the presence of both was of the utmost importance in the performance of his institution; and impartially weighing what was urged by each of them, put an end to the contention, by proposing the union of their families, which was immediately acceded to. No sooner were their hands joined, as the signal of their consenting to the god's proposal, but *Love* immediately lighted up new smiles in his face, and appeared infinitely more charming than before. But the most surprising change was wrought in the old man; his talons fell off in scales from his fingers, his eyes lost all their former fierceness, and the harsh lineaments of his countenance were at once softened into all the sweetness of humanity. *Love* approached him, and gently stroking his bosom, stilled the hissing of the serpents, and assuaged the severity of his pain. This dispute being amicably adjusted, *Beauty* next advanced, and, after playing over many airs of affection, put on a languishing look, and lisped out a mournful accusation also against *Wealth*, intimating his usurpation over her, and the like. Scarcely had she uttered three sentences, before there made up to her a grisly wight, whose hair was covered with a hoary frost, his face plowed with furrows, and down his

cheeks distilled a scalding rheum. When the young lady thus saw *Age* limping towards her, she appeared in all the agonies of thought; the roses fell from her cheeks, and she sunk down into a swoon. *Hymen* understanding the temper of the girl, that she was proud and imperious, fond of government, and yet incapable of directing, divested her of a large share of power, by disposing of her frontier towns to *Fancy*, who now acts with unlimited authority; nor admits any to pay their addresses to the gay virgin, without a prior interview with herself.

The remainder of my dream being a confused number of ideas, without order or arrangement, I shall forbear to insert, in mercy to my reader.

No. XLII.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER GOING TO BE MARRIED TO A RICH OLD MAN.

You tell me, Cleora, that you are like to be teazed by your friends into a match with Avarus, who has been hitherto your aversion. Consider, all your happiness is at stake upon this important point. Will you then be influenced by persuasion, or the false glare of outward show, to sacrifice all the substantial enjoyments of life? Romantic notions of love are what you and I have disclaimed: yet there should be a sufficient stock of the belle passion to balance all those little anxieties which naturally arise in that state: your good sense will never suffer your affections to run counter to your judgment: virtue and honor, and all the manly qualifications only will attract your heart. Suppose Avarus divested of all his riches, would you debate a moment whether you would accept of him for an husband? It is plain then, that from his wealth you propose your happiness; but can a gay equipage or splendid apartments compensate the want of good sense or good nature? O, Cleora! you are not to be told, that inward peace of mind is the true and only source of happiness: the good things of this world may improve and extend it, but are too weak to lay the foundation of it. This is supposing Avarus would make you mistress of all his fortune; but a man of his turn, and in the decline of life, will be afraid of furnishing you with arms against himself.

Let us consider this affair in another light, and see whether it is not a sort of prostitution to marry the man you disapprove for the sake of his fortune? I know you startle at the word; but how is she, who, to support herself in pressing want, gives up her person to the first that will pay for it, more criminal than she, who

with an easy fortune, gives herself up to the man she secretly detests, for the sake of enjoying more than she wants? You will not find it the least of your uneasiness to quit the diversions of life for the company of one so disproportionate to you in age and temper, who neither knows nor can relish half your merit. Further, Avarus will carry you to his house as his purchase; for he must be sensible he can have no property in you but what he has paid for.

Study well your man. Where there is love, the duties of a wife are easy; where interest is the only motive, they are little better than slavery. The infirmities of old age increase with years: tenderness, obedience and observancy are especially required of an old man's wife, and frequently attended with jealousy.

Arm yourself then against all persuasions to a match that has nothing to recommend it, but that in point of fortune it is more than you could expect. Never doubt but you will live to be happy in a man, who shall have good sense to know your worth, generosity to reward it, and a fortune and inclination to make you perfectly easy.

The woman who has a competency of her own, makes but an ill compliment to herself, when she changes her condition for superfluities, if she has not superior or stronger motives. It is neither just nor honest to marry where there can be no love.

I am your faithful friend,

ESTIPHANIA.

No. XLIII.

MARRIAGE OF HYMENÆUS AND TRANQUILLA.

Candida perpetuo reside concordia lecto,
Tamque pari semper sit Venus æqua jugo
Diligat ipsa senem quondam, sed et ipsa marito
Tum quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART.

Their nuptial bed may smiling concord dress,
And Venus still the happy union bless!
Wrinkled with age, may mutual love and truth
To their dim eyes recall the bloom of youth.

F. LEWIS.

WHEN you read of the marriage of your correspondents HYMENÆUS and TRANQUILLA, we trust you will join your wishes to those of their other friends, for the happy event of an union in which caprice and selfishness had so little part.

There is at least this reason why we should be less deceived in our connubial hopes than many others who enter into the same state, that we have allowed ourselves to form no unreasonable expectations, nor vitiated our fancies in the soft hours of courtship, with visions of felicity which human power cannot bestow, or of perfection which human virtue cannot attain. That impartiality with which we always endeavored to inspect the manners of those with whom we conversed, has not been so much overpowered by our passion, but that we have discovered some faults and weaknesses in each other; and joined our hands in conviction, that as there are some advantages to be enjoyed in marriage, there are some inconveniences likewise to be endured, and that, together with confederate intellects and auxiliary virtues, we must find different opinions and opposite inclinations.

We did not pass the weeks of courtship like those

who consider themselves as taking the last draught of pleasure, and therefore resolve not to quit the bowl without a surfeit; or who know themselves about to set happiness to hazard, and endeavor to lose their sense of danger in the ebriety of perpetual amusement, and whirl round the gulph before they sink.

We rejoice in the reflection, that we have stores of novelty yet unexhausted, which may be opened when repletion shall call for change; and gratifications yet untasted, by which life, when it shall become vapid or bitter, may be restored to its former sweetness and sprightliness, and again irritate the appetite, and again sparkle in the cup.

Our life will, perhaps, be less tasteless than that of those whom the despotic authority or avarice of parents unites almost without their consent in their early years, when they have accumulated no fund of reflection, nor collected any materials for mutual entertainment. Such we have often seen rising in the morning to cards, and retiring in the afternoon to dose; whose happiness was celebrated by their neighbors, because they happened to grow rich by avarice, and to be kept quiet by insensibility.

We have both mingled with the world, and are therefore no strangers to the faults and virtues, the designs and competitions, the hopes and fears of our cotemporaries. We have both amused our leisure with books, and can therefore recount the events of former times, or cite the dictates of ancient wisdom. Every occurrence furnishes us with some hint which one or the other can improve; and if it should happen that both memory and imagination fail us, we can retire to no idle or unimproving solitude.

Though our characters, beheld at a distance, exhibit this general resemblance, yet a nearer inspection discovers such a dissimilitude of our habitudes and sentiments, as leaves each some peculiar advantages, and affords that "concordia discors," that suitable disagreement, which is always necessary to intellectual harmo-

ny. There may be a total diversity of ideas which admits no participation of the same delight; and there may likewise be such a conformity of notions, as leaves neither any thing to add to the decisions of the other. With such contrariety there can be no peace, with such similarity there can be no pleasure. Our reasonings, though often formed upon different views, terminate generally in the same conclusion. Our thoughts, like rivulets issuing from distant springs, each impregnated in its course with various mixtures, and tinged by infusions unknown to the other, yet at last easily unite into one stream, and purify themselves by the gentle effervescence of contrary qualities.

These benefits we receive in a greater degree as we converse without reserve, because we have nothing to conceal. We have no debts to be paid by imperceptible deductions from our avowed expenses, no habits to be indulged by the private connivance of a favored servant, no private interviews with needy relations, no intelligence with spies placed upon each other. We considered marriage as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be banished forever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

The impetuous vivacity of youth, and that ardor of desire which the first sight of pleasure naturally produces, has long ceased to hurry us into irregularity and vehemence, and experience has shown us that gratifications are too valuable to be sacrificed to complaisance. We have long thought it convenient to rest from the fatigue of pleasure, and now only continue that course of life into which we had before entered, confirmed in our choice by mutual encouragement, and assisted in our efforts by mutual exhortation.

Such, Sir, is our prospect of life; a prospect which, as it is beheld with more attention, seems to open more extensive happiness, and spreads by degrees into the boundless regions of eternity. But if all our prudence has been vain, if we are doomed to give another in-

stance of the uncertainty of human discernment, we shall comfort ourselves amidst our disappointments, that we were not betrayed but by such delusions as caution could not escape, since we sought happiness only in the arms of virtue.

We are, Sir,
Your humble servants,
HYMENÆUS,
TRANQUILLA.

No. XLIV.

MARRIAGE A BLESSING OR A CURSE, AS IT IS WRONGLY OR RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD.

Marriage, or wrong or rightly understood,
Is the worst evil or the greatest good. ANON.

WHEN a marriage is completed, that takes rise from good sense, inclination, and equality of age, dignity and fortune, the joy is diffused through every branch of the family. The parents, the relations, the friends, taste the sweet effects of the happy union, and the whole scene is a representation of heaven as near as the state of mortality can come up to it; but when we turn our eyes towards the other side of matrimony, towards the black, the melancholy, and the tempestuous part of it, the objects are too hideous to be looked at, and the subject too dismal to be delineated.

Those who lay aside the vain desire of wealth, equipage and honors, and make virtue the main article in their treaty of marriage, take the most proper methods to secure mutual felicity, and are generally blessed with unenvied and unprecarious joys. Too few indeed are the instances of domestic happiness; and many persons of fashion think they answer all the purposes of matrimony, if they can be well bred enough to keep conjugal discord within the cold decencies of a malicious civility.

I am perfectly convinced that nothing hinders the constant agreement of persons in the conjugal state but vanity, a secret inclination to insist upon what they think their dignity of merit, and an inward expectation of such an over measure of deference and regard, as answers to their extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because nobody but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts.

It cannot be conceived by those who are involved in libertine pursuits, the sweet satisfactions that must arise from the union of two persons, who have left all the world, to procure delight for each other by all the methods which reason, urged by duty, forwarded by passion, can intimate to the heart. Such a pair give charms to virtue, and make pleasant the ways of innocence. A deviation from the rules of such a commerce would be courting pain; for such a life is as much to be preferred to any thing that can be communicated by criminal satisfaction, to speak of it in the mildest terms, as sobriety and elegant conversation are to intemperance and rioting.

He is a very unhappy man who does not reserve the most pure and kind affections of his heart for the marriage state; he will otherwise be reduced to this melancholy circumstance, that he gave his mistress that kind of affection which was proper for his wife, and has not for his wife the usual tenderness which men bestow upon their mistresses.

Married persons are both more warm in their love, and more hearty in their hatred, than any others whatsoever. Mutual favors and obligations, which may be supposed to be greater here than in any other state, naturally beget an intense affection in generous minds. As, on the contrary, persons who have bestowed such favors have a particular bitterness in their resentments, when they think themselves ill treated by those of whom they have deserved so much.

If married people received every token of regard, and all those offices which are necessary to mutual happiness, as favors, not as duties, and appeared grateful instead of silently contented, it would preserve the desire of obliging, and give a spirit to every duty.

It perhaps requires more virtues to make a good husband or wife, than to finish the most shining character whatever.

Discretion seems absolutely necessary; and accordingly we find that the best husbands have been most

famous for their wisdom. Homer, who has drawn a perfect pattern of a prudent man, to render it the more complete, has celebrated him for the just returns of fidelity and truth to his *Penelope;* insomuch that he refused the caresses of a goddess for her sake; and to use the expression of a pagan author, "Vetulam suam prætulit immortalitati," his old woman was dearer to him than immortality.

Virtue is the next necessary qualification for this domestic character, as it naturally produces constancy and mutual esteem. Thus *Brutus* and *Portia* were more remarkable for virtue and affection than any others of the age in which they lived.

Good nature is a third necessary ingredient in a marriage state, without which it would inevitably sour on many occasions. When greatness of mind is joined with this amiable quality, it attracts the admiration and esteem of all who behold it. Thus *Cæsar,* not more remarkable for his fortune and valor than for his humanity, stole into the hearts of the Roman people, when breaking through the custom, he pronounced an oration at the funeral of his first wife.

Good nature is insufficient, unless it be steady and uniform, and accompanied with an evenness of temper, which is above all things to be preserved in this friendship contracted for life. A man must be easy within himself, before he can be so to others. *Socrates* and *Marcus Aurelius* are instances of men, who by the strength of philosophy having entirely composed their minds and regulated their passions, are celebrated for good husbands, notwithstanding the first was yoked with *Xantippe,* and the other with *Faustinia.*

If the wedded pair would but habituate themselves for the first year to bear with one another's faults, the difficulty would be pretty well conquered. This mutual sweetness of temper and complacency was finely recommended in the nuptial ceremonies among the heathens, who when they sacrificed to *Juno* at that solemnity, always tore out the gall from the entrails of the victim, and cast it behind the altar.

No. XLV.

VIRTUE, CHEERFULNESS, AND CONSTANCY, ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO MAKE THE MARRIED STATE HAPPY.

If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the band which ties it fast. ROWE.

THOSE who would live happily in the marriage state, should never enter into it without loving and being beloved, and should render this love genuine and durable by founding it on virtue. If it has no object but beauty, a graceful air, or the bloom of youth, it will be as frail as these fleeting advantages, and like them too will soon vanish; but if it is fixed by the perfections of the mind, it will then stand the test of time.

A marriage contracted without tenderness, is a kind of violence; for to possess, when the mind does not consent, is to violate the law of nature. The gifts of *Hymen* ought only to be dispensed by the hands of *Love;* and whoever receives them from another is no better than an usurper.

Vicious habits, capricious humors, and opposite opinions, disturb the best established love. Thus a niggardly avaricious husband will conceive a disgust for that wife, who thinking more nobly, imagines she ought to regulate her expenses by their joint income. On the contrary, a prodigal will despise his wife merely for being a good economist.

Marriage is the highest state of friendship: if happy, it lessens our cares by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our satisfactions by mutual participation. It is a state which ought not to be entered into with indifference on either side.

In unequal marriages, those frequently incur censure who more happily yoked might be entitled to praise.

Husbands and wives, who live together in a good un-

derstanding, give to strangers an almost unerring proof of the goodness of their hearts.

When we choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humor to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves, can stand an examination and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to the knowledge of their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensably necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they came together; the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery.

Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good nature that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions, that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such

a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion.

In order to acquire the right of demanding love, endeavor to deserve it: after an union of twenty years, be as attentive to please, and as careful to avoid offence, as if you were now endeavoring to inspire that passion: for there is as great an advantage in keeping a heart, as in first conquering it. I dare answer for the happiness of that union, where love, honor, and a mutual condescension perpetually reign; but the tie will be greatly weakened by the want of any of these three requisites; and if the first be wanting, it will be totally destroyed.

Agathocles and *Calista* are completely happy, because they are both the friends of virtue. They love each other on this account; their love therefore will last as long as their virtue, and the continuance of that is secured by their union; for nothing can secure our perseverance in the paths of wisdom so effectually, as having a beloved and loving example before us. Their felicity can never be disturbed but by those disasters and misfortunes, from which their mutual tenderness cannot shelter them. But supposing that these should fall to their share, they would then only partake of the common lot of mankind. Those who have never tasted the delights of love are equally exposed to disappointment, and the lover is at least a gainer with respect to those pleasures, which are of great account in the estimation of the value of life. Add to this, that love tends to diminish the sense of their misfortunes; it has the peculiar virtue of rendering the sufferings of two well-paired hearts less acute, and their delights more exquisite. It would seem as if by communicating their distresses, each felt but half their weight, whilst, on the contrary, their satisfactions are increased by participation. As a squadron of horse is conquered with more difficulty in proportion to its closeness, so the happy pair resist the attacks of trouble and adversity with so much more strength, as they are more firmly united.

No. XLVI.

ON THE BRUTALITY OF HUSBANDS.

As women owe a duty, so do men;
Men must be like the branch and bark of trees,
Which both defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloath them in winter, tender them in age;
Or as ewes' love unto their eanlings lives,
So should be husbands' custom to their wives.
WILKINS' *Miseries of enforced Marriage.*

How monstrous is the brutal figure some husbands make, who, when lovers, were the poorest and most abject of slaves! When they should be defenders, they are tyrants; and when it is reasonable for them to be provoked, they are stupidly submissive. How contemptible is their unmanly weakness! a morose and restless peevishness makes up the behavior they expect to charm by. They contract a surly sour habit from the disappointments they meet with in life; and instead of softening the edge of affliction towards the woman who is bound to share their sufferings, they double them on their head, from whom, in honor and conscience they ought to ward off sorrow by a noble sweetness and endearing tenderness in their whole behavior.

Particular circumstances, and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasiness in the marriage state (for some there are, unquestionably, whose very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal friendship:) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to teaze and torment another, for no reason but being nearly allied to him; and can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a man so much below his own distinguishing characteristic reason, than returning evil for good in so open a manner, as that of treating a helpless creature with unkindness, who has so good an opinion of him, as to believe what

he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindness, for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honor is engaged for the performing his promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterwards false to his word, and be alone the occasion of miseries to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

There is one cause of this usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men, and that is the desire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, without those trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this, they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may seem masters. Because an uncontrolable command of their actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they won't so much as recede from the government even in one muscle of their faces. A kind look, they believe, would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this we must attribute an austerity they betray in every action: what but this can put a man out of humor in his wife's company, though he is so distinguishedly pleasant every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frowns to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate, that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too submissive, is at the bottom of this (as I am willing to call it) affected moroseness: but if it be such, put on only to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain and worse than the present evil; his seeming indifference will by degrees grow into real contempt, and if it doth not whol-

ly alienate the affections of his wife forever from him, make both him and her more miserable than if it really did so.

However inconsistent it may appear, to be thought a well bred person has no small share in this clownish behavior: but if this sort of husbands would be convinced, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentleman; nor that even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any softness of effeminacy that the most masculine disposition need be ashamed of; would they be satisfied of the generosity of voluntary civility, and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; the married condition would be a far more easy and comfortable one than it generally is. The husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own house, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband. A desire of being agreeable in the lover, would be increased in the husband; and the mistress would be more amiable by becoming the wife. In short, men in general would be much better humored than they are, did they not so frequently exercise the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best.

It is wonderful to observe how easily men get into a habit of being least agreeable where they are most obliged to be so. Some men are so unmerciful as to move jealousy in their wives, and not care whether they are so or not; they are ever out of humor in their company, but the pleasantest men in the world every where else; the greatest slovens at home, but the most exactly dressed in all other places. I would recommend to such men a more regular behavior than to give the most exquisite torments to those who love them: nay, whose torment would be abated if they did not love them.

Amabilis is one who practices all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of a husband: when he was a bachelor, much business made him negligent in his habit, but now there is no young lover so nice in the care of

his person. One who asked him why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered, "Because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent on me to make her inclination go along with her duty."

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together; or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an alliance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself, till she is as good as an angel, only to preserve a fidelity to a brute and a satyr.

Tom Whiffle married a wife by the command of his father, because the match was on some particular accounts convenient to the family affairs. The lady was then very young, and as her choice was not in the least consulted, she did not think much about it. She knew that her new husband was not the object of her love, but did not immediately know how much he deserved to be hated. As her education had been carefully virtuous and her principles untainted, she considered assiduously the merits of her spouse, and endeavored to find something amiable in a man, to whom virtue did not permit her to be any longer indifferent. She mistook, so great was her simplicity and inexperience, the transports of the first enjoyment for the pledges of mutual tenderness and future happiness. He begins very soon to consider her as an incumbrance, and is easily disgusted at her person, which novelty at first only recommended; and from thence begins to quarrel with her fondness and esteem for him, because they take from him all pretence of hating her. She is frightened and alarmed at so strange and unreasonable a sourness of temper; she is loth to believe or understand it; but his inhumanity grows too plain to be mistaken any longer. She contents herself, however, in the midst of her distresses, with the consciousness of her own virtue; a sublime and noble satisfaction' She is grieved

for her husband, but does not hate him; she is less seen abroad and less visited at home; applies herself to the concerns of her family, and a stricter guard over her actions; still meets her husband even with a smile, and suffers herself to be hourly insulted by the follies which he brings home with him, without breaking out into the justest rage and reproaches. With what words can I sufficiently applaud such charming discretion, or how exclaim against the ill-discerning world, who are silent in her praise, whilst they extol the husband as the mirror of modern gallantry and the perfect model of a fine gentleman?

I doubt not but the frequent reflections upon marriage and innocent love, with which the theatre has long abounded, have been the great cause of corrupt sentiments in this respect. It is not every youth that can behold the fine gentleman of the comedy represented with a peculiar good grace, leading a loose and profligate life, and condemning virtuous affection as insipid, and not be secretly emulous of what appears so amiable to a whole audience. These gay pictures make lasting impressions on the imaginations of youth; and are hardly to be erased in riper years, unless a commerce between virtuous and innocent lovers be painted with the same advantage, and in as lively colors, by the most masterly hands.

No. XLVII.

THE DUTIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul entire, by whom she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Her's is the bliss in just return to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love:
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change. LYTTLETON.

A WOMAN'S first care ought to be to win the heart of her husband, and the second to preserve it. She should study his character, taste, and defects, and conform to his will in all reasonable things. If she should be under a necessity of thinking and acting different from him, let her not too violently oppose his inclination, but seem at first to fall in with his sentiments, and then mildly demonstrate to him, that his resolutions are liable to some inconveniences, giving at the same time a few hints of other means to satisfy them: in short, let her, if possible, make him fix on those very means, that he may think he follows his own will, whilst he is directed by hers.

This conduct seldom fails of being attended with success, and yet most women neglect it: for being accustomed to the assiduity and complaisance of a man during his courtship, they persuade themselves, that the quality of a husband will lessen nothing of that attention so flattering to their self-love. They affect, in the very beginning of their union, to observe no other rule for their actions, but their whims and caprices, of which they would make their husbands the slaves, in order to preserve a sovereignty, which they have too often pushed even to despotism.

A good wife is the greatest blessing and the most val-

uable possession that Heaven in this life, can bestow: she makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures: she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

The principal views of a good wife in adorning her person, should be to preserve her husband's affection, and to do credit to his choice.

A married woman should not be desirous of attracting the eyes of any man, but those of her husband.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example herself. Whilst the wife gives the least room to suspect that she despises her husband, she will find that she subjects herself to double contempt, if he resents it not; and if he does, how can she be happy? If they differ, she will be apt to make by-standers judges over her. They perhaps may remember when she is willing to forget, and her fame will be the sport of those beneath her, as well in understanding as in degree.

There is scarce a family in this busy talking town, whose most secret affairs are not perfectly known; nay, though it be ever so improper that they should be so. The wife is too often at the bottom; she entrusts some bosom friend, not remembering that the breach of confidence is as much in that, as if she had revealed it to a thousand: and 'tis from this dear friend a thousand know it. A prudent woman will be upon her guard in the strictest manner against these confidences, remembering that the most important of all concerns, the esteem and good opinion of her husband, depend upon her silence; and that nothing of all this is upon her whom she is entrusting, nothing more than an insignificant promise to an indifferent person.

To a full mind there is no relief like the having a bosom friend, to whom it may in safety unload its inmost

weight. Where is the husband to look for this friend, if not in his wife? And why should she rob him of the advantage? Why will she give him an occasion, for this may be the event, to seek friendship and fidelity in some other breast? These little points the moralists have disregarded, as trivial and below their consideration; yet trivial as they are, it is on them that all the color of our lives depends. Those who despise trifles, find themselves often undone by them.

A good wife will not content herself that her conduct is unblameable, she will endeavor to make it meritorious; and will lay a claim to the gratitude as well as the acknowledgments of the husband's heart, and to the applause as well as the approbation of her own.

It is common for the dread of one extreme to drive people of weak minds upon the opposite. There is not any part of the conduct of a wife so essential as this. The point to be aimed at by her is the middle state between neglect and impertinence; the one is not more mischievous than the other is tiresome.

Happy is the man who meets a wife that is not stupidly silent, nor always prattling nonsense; whose mind is enriched with all useful knowledge, and who has a taste for polite literature. A woman thus accomplished will be always drawing sentences and maxims of virtue from the most judicious authors. She will be mistress of herself in all changes of fortune, neither blown up in prosperity, nor broken with adversity. She will be a cheerful and good-humored friend, and an agreeable companion for life. Whatever company he is engaged in, he will long to be at home, and retire with delight from the society of men into the bosom of one who is dear, so knowing, and so amiable: he will waste with pleasure whole days and nights in her company, and be ever finding out new beauties in her conversation: she will keep his mind in perpetual serenity, restrain its mirth from being dissolute, and prevent its melancholy from being painful.

No. XLVIII.

THE DUTIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft the careless find it to their cost,
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might alone his heart allure,
They and the virtues meeting must secure.
Let ev'n your prudence wear the pleasing dress
Of care for him and anxious tenderness.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still shall charm him in the wife.

LYTTLETON'S *Advice to a Lady.*

AMONG the duties between the husband and the wife, the first is affection. The preserving this is the most essential of all concerns; for this being the band of all the union, on this depends the happiness that shall attend it; and that will not only be lost by the neglect of it, but will be more and more complete in proportion as the attention to this concern is more and more inviolable.

The love which marriage authorizes, and which it should inspire, is not a flight of idle fancy, wild, irregular, and uncertain: it must be firm, perfect, and inviolable; it must be the fruit of consideration as well as of imagination; and it must be known as a virtue as well as a compliance.

The writers on morality have said among their cautions against disquiet in the married life, that the husband and wife should never be both angry together, that when one is out of temper the other should be silent: but this is talking in the general; it is right, it is wise, and it was perhaps as much as a recluse locked up in his study could arrive to know; but those who

live among the world are acquainted with a thousand delicacies unknown to those remote observers. There is a manner in doing things in which almost as much virtue consists as in the doing them; and it is not sufficient that people are told what they are to do, unless they are informed in what way they are to do it.

It is impossible that a man can love the person whom he does not esteem; at least that love which a wife is to expect from the husband cannot subsist without it. The first testimony he usually gives of his esteem is the confiding in her, and revealing to her all his secrets. This is done in confidence, and the trust ought never to be violated; although he says nothing, he means it should be so; and he may pardon, but never can forget the violation of it.

Those who love truly have but one heart between them; their thoughts, their cares, their concerns are in common; confidence is the natural offspring of affection, and he who loves tenderly can keep no secret.

It would be hard to say, perhaps, whether more families have had their peace disturbed by the unaffectionate reserve in the husband, or by the idle talking of the wife; whether more have been sacrifices to the not intruding of a secret, or to the divulging of it; but this is certain, that the offence on the one part is less than on the other, and that the one may be with reason pardoned and respected afterwards, but the other cannot.

There is no occasion of so much reputation to a woman, be her quality what it will, so great, as the saying that her family is regular and well governed: and let me add, that there is no fortune so moderate that will not serve to make an appearance, nor is there any so great as to support a just appearance long without it. The peculiar instructions on such a head as this, can only be suited to the peculiar circumstances of the persons to whom they are addressed: nay, and the caution is more strict only to those peculiarities of temper and disposition, under which both are to enjoy those circumstances.

Those who are not easy at home, will never taste enjoyment any where else. To be easy is to be regular; let a good wife set out with a principle of never neglecting any thing at the time when it is proper to consider it, and she will never be perplexed and prevented with the multiplicity of concerns. These things offer singly, and they are easily dispatched; it is the neglecting them that accumulates them; and while she looks on a confused number, without knowing which to begin with, she lets alone all.

Nothing is so common as for people to be plundered by their servants. Of all things that are easy to be gone through at first, accounts of this kind are the easiest; of all others, when they are neglected, they become the most confused, displeasing, and impracticable. You recollect the circumstances when a thing is recent, but you forget them after the time is elapsed. You expect the expense of a few days in articles that you remember; you are astonished at the sum when you have forgotten the things it concerns: but this is not all; your servants will soon perceive whether you inspect their accounts, and whether you do it regularly; they will know all the profit that may be made of your forgetfulness, and will not part with any portion of the advantage. I do not pretend to say that all the care in the world can prevent them from imposing on you, but you cannot suffer much while you take the caution of examining them often; whereas, if they see you remiss, they will undoubtedly succeed in their attempts to defraud you.

What makes a remissness in this article the more unpardonable, is that there is nothing so easy. Parts and talents are required in many scenes of life, but this is in the power of every one, and yet almost all neglect it. Method and order will render things, even disagreeable in their nature, easy and pleasant. Employment not only gives pleasure to the moments devoted to it, but gives a relish for those which succeed.

No. XLIX.

MATRIMONY THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP A MAN CAN TAKE IN PRIVATE LIFE.

The point to which our sweetest passions move,
Is to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend to our health, and author of our rest;
This bids each gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.

LYTTLETON.

MATRIMONY ought to be considered as the most important step a man can take in private life, as it is that upon which his fortune, his credit, and his peace must depend. A happy marriage is the source of every kind of felicity, and on the other hand an unhappy marriage is of all others the greatest misfortune. A man who lives cheerfully in his family, who loves and is beloved by his wife, who sees his children with the fondness of a parent, and conducts his domestic affairs with the wisdom of a legislator, beholds a well regulated state in his own house, of which himself is the head. But where discord and dissension reign, where economy is wanting, and union is no more, the husband and the wife are alike unhappy; their private follies soon become public, their errors are the prattle of the day, and their miscarriages the topic of every conversation. An evil more grievous than this neither is in the power of chance, or can be feigned by imagination.

In the choice of a wife, a man ought to consult his reason always, and never his passions; not that I mean to exclude love, or more properly affection, without which it is impossible that any marriage should be happy; but I would have this tenderness arise from reflection, and not from accident; for beauty, that commonly gives rise to hasty inclination, is a very small ingredi-

ent among the numerous qualities that enter into the composition of a good wife. Among these I reckon modesty in countenance and carriage, a great fund of good sense, a sweetness of temper, equally removed from giddiness and langor, a sincere disposition to make the happiness of her husband her principal study, the management of her family her constant business, and the education of her children her constant delight.

A young woman of a good family, commonly speaking, appears what she ought to be; and therefore to know what she really is, is an affair that requires time and attention; every thing is to be considered, her looks, her constitution, her dress, in a word the most trivial of her actions are to be scanned, in order to form a right idea of her mind. To facilitate this discovery, two points are to be observed; the first is, the character of the parents, and the next, the lady's education. Example of every kind is a powerful thing, but that of parents is much more so: if a father or mother are full of pride, vanity, or fondness for pleasure, if they are remarkable for inconstancy of mind or corruption of manners, it must be an admirable genius indeed, that can enable a young woman to escape the infection. Education is also a thing of very great consequence, and what cannot be looked after with too much caution. To read, to write, to sing, to dance, and to work a little with the needle, is the common road of female education. What wonder then that a person thus brought up, should be so unfit for the conversation of a man of sense, for the partner of his joys and cares, or to share with him in the government of his family?

But these remarks are to be made in time: to enter into such inquiries, and to make a right use of them, with regard to her inclinations, a great deal of reason and good sense are requisite: yet after all, perfection is not to be expected; she has the most of it who has the fewest faults. These two are to be inquired after before marriage, that they may be borne with patience af-

terwards. In respect of these, a man must judge for himself, according to the qualities of his own mind, and that degree of command which he has over his own passions. Instead of this delay, this caution, most people rush hastily into the state, and discover none of its inconveniences, till they are forced to it by experience: then they grow uneasy, fretful, impatient, and give a loose to their resentment; they are perpetually reproving, chiding, and giving marks of their displeasure. Such methods seldom are, indeed hardly can be, attended with success; they forget that mildness, indulgence, and complaisance, though they are virtues that make no great show, are virtues nevertheless, and peculiarly necessary to the marriage state, which is seldom happier than where both parties strictly adhere to decency and decorum.

There are however a number of unhappy marriages in which the parties have no share, but are mere victims to the folly of their parents. The bargain perhaps was struck before they saw each other. What an indignity is this to human nature! The first consideration in such cases, is the fortune, and in this a few thousands, more or less, bring people together or keep them asunder. Whilst parents love money so much, they ought not to wonder if after marriage their children love one another so little. But so it is that luxury has obtained an universal empire, and money is thought necessary to maintain it. Yet this too is a mistake, for luxury is a gulph that will swallow the riches of Peru. But suppose it was not so, is not a middle state, with honor, credit, and peace, better than immense riches with disorder, discord, and disquiet? Will money cure the maladies either of body or mind, or is it possible to enjoy riches if peace be wanting? Let a woman bring ever so great a fortune, if she bring ill humors too, she will make a man miserable; and if she is extravagant she will make him poor. These are things we see every day, but we never find a day to consider them.

It is this luxury, this vanity, this divinity which all

the world adores, that exacts from a new married couple the most senseless offerings. To keep up a foolish custom, people are made unhappy for their lives. This divinity is ingenious in seducing; she bestows upon these offerings the specious names of decency, generosity, marks of love and respect for the fair bride: but I, who make no secret of my impiety towards this goddess, say plainly, that they are highly extravagant. The superfluous expenses, and luxury in general, frequently hinder persons of both sexes from entering into a state which nature inspires, reason demands, and religion authorizes.

No. L.

THE AFFECTING AND INSTRUCTIVE STORY OF CONSTANTIA.

Sir,

That distress finds some consolation from revealing its misfortunes, is a trite observation, which perhaps is in no instance more strongly felt, than where we have ourselves to blame for our calamities. There is something in making a confession, though but on paper, (even if it should never be communicated to any one,) which unloads the mind of a weight, that bears it down in secret; and though it cannot pluck the thorn from memory, has certainly the effect of blunting its poignancy. Suffer me then, Sir, to tell you, or to write as if I were telling you, how unhappy I am, and by what means I have become so.

I was left by my father at the age of thirteen, the eldest of two daughters, under the charge of one of the best and most indulgent of mothers. Our circumstances were affluent, our society respectable, and our education, from its very commencement, had been attended to with care, and provided for with the utmost liberality. No instruction was neglected, no accomplishment unattended to. In attaining these, my sister was not quite so fortunate as I. Born, as I have often been told, with uncommon quickness of parts, I found no difficulty of mastering the studies that were taught me, or of acquiring the embellishments it was wished I should acquire. My sister was often deficient in the one, and awkward at the other. She possessed, however, a sound, plain understanding, and an excellent temper. My superiority never excited envy in her, and I think never vanity in me. We loved each other most sincerely; and after some years had blunted the grief which my mother felt for her husband's death, there were, I believe, few happier families than ours.

Though our affections were cordial, however, our dispositions were very different. My sister was content to think as other people thought, and to feel as other people felt; she rarely ventured to speculate in opinion, or to soar in fancy. I was often tempted to reject, if not to despise, the common opinions of mankind, and to create to myself a warm, and, I am afraid, a visionary picture of happiness, arising from a highly refined sensibility. My mother was at pains to combat these enthusiastic ideas, and to represent the danger of indulging in them. From a desire, perhaps, of overcoming that tendency towards them which she perceived in me, her discourse, when we were alone, almost constantly turned on this subject. As she always allowed us the liberty of argument with her, I stood up in those conversations the warm defender of my own maxims, in contradiction to those prudent ones which she recommended. Hers, I am persuaded, admitted of better reasoning; but my cause gave greater room for eloquence. All my little talents were exerted in the contest: and I have often since thought, that my mother had from nature a bent to my side of the question, which all her wisdom and experience had not been able to overcome; that though she constantly applauded the prudent system of my sister, she was in truth rather partial to mine, and vain of that ability with which I defended it. However that might be, I myself always rose from the dispute more and more convinced of the justness of my own opinions, and proud of that superiority which I thought they conferred on me.

We had not long attained a marriageable age, when we found ourselves surrounded with those whom the world terms admirers. Our mother's benevolence and sweetness of temper inclined her to society, and we were too innocent for prudery. We had therefore a number of visitors of the other sex, many of whom were so particular in their attentions, that women who wished to boast of conquests, would have called them lovers. With us they did not always assume that title;

my sister was too prudent, and I was too nice, easily to believe a man a lover.

Among those, however, were two gentlemen, whose attachment was declared to me in terms too strong to be misunderstood. *Florio's* person was universally allowed to be handsome; many, of whom I was one, thought it elegant. With external accomplishments his education had furnished him, his manner was easy and unembarrassed; some called it assuming, I thought it natural. His conversation was full of the language of sensibility; in my idea it spoke a mind replete with sensibility itself. Other people sometimes suspected him of shallowness and affectation; I praised him for avoiding the pedantry of knowledge, and the rusticity of men proud of its acquirements.

Alcander was the only son of a particular friend of my mother, and therefore on a very intimate footing in our family. My mother, with whom he was a favorite, discovered in him a great fund of good sense and of useful knowledge. I was struck with the inelegance of his appearance and address, and the want of refinement in his sentiments and conversation. His goodness and candor were often the topics of my mother's commendation; I remarked his want of discernment, and the coldness of his attachments and aversions. My mother often repeated her own eulogiums of Alcander, and the criticisms of the world on Florio; I always heard her with a determined opposition of sentiment, and therefore rose from the conversation more averse from the first, and more attached to the latter. Alcander, after persisting for some time under a very marked disinclination to him, gave up the pursuit; but as he still continued his visits to the family, particularly during any occasional absence of mine, he transferred by degrees his affections to my sister. When he had ceased to be my lover, I was willing to be very much his friend. My mother had always shewn her partiality in his favor; my sister was won by his virtues, and, after some time, became his wife.

Florio's suit to me was opposed by my mother with rather more vehemence than was natural to her. She often insisted on the infatuation, as she called it, of that deception I was under with regard to him; a deception, of which, she predicted, I should one day be convinced. Her opposition, however, though it overruled my conduct, never overcame my attachment. I would not be his without the consent of my mother; but my affection it was not in her power to shake. Her love for me overcame her resolution; and at last she gave, however unwillingly, my hand to Florio.

I was now the happiest of women. The scenes of conjugal tenderness and domestic happiness, which I had often pictured, I thought now realized in the possession of a man, who, I had taught myself to believe, was to love me forever, and was himself every thing I ought to love; and I often looked with a degree of pity on the situation of my sister, whose happiness (for she called it happiness) with Alcander was of a kind so inferior to mine.

How long this lasted I cannot exactly say. I fear I begun to be unhappy, long before I could allow myself to believe it. I have often wept alone at the coldness and neglect of Florio, when, on meeting him, a few words of seeming tenderness and affection made me again reproach my doubts of his love, and think my own situation the most enviable of any. Alas! he drove me from this last strong hold, in which my affection for him had entrenched itself. It is now three years since he has treated me in such a manner, as to leave me no apology for his treatment. During the last, my mother's death has deprived me of one of the few comforts I had left. From my mother I carefully concealed my distress; but I believe in vain. She lived to guess at my misery; and I fear her sense of it added to the pressure of that disease which brought her to her grave.

After the loss of my husband's love, it is little to talk of my disappointment in his talents and accomplish-

ments. It was long, however, before I allowed myself to see defects, which less penetration than I have been flattered with possessing, had long before discovered. My mother had often, before our marriage, expressed her surprise, that one of my abilities should be so deceived, as not to see his inferiority. I believe, that it is by these abilities that the deception is aided. They are able to form a picture, to which more ordinary minds are unequal; and in the weakness of their rash attachment, they find the likeness where they wish to find it.

I was interrupted by my sister. Why are her looks so serene? and why does she tell me how much mine are altered? I am too proud to allow a witness to my distresses; and from her, of all womankind, I would conceal them. This dissimulation is due to my pride, perhaps to my duty; yet if you knew, Sir, what it is to smile in public, to seem to be happy, with such feelings as mine; to act contentment all day long, and to retire at night to my lonely pillow, with the anguish my heart has treasured up all the while!——But the subject overpowers me.—Farewell. CONSTANTIA.

No. LI.

ON FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

To give society its highest taste,
Well-order'd home man's best delight to make,
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praise! THOMSON.

As women cannot be useful in the same way as the men are, by building, for instance, ploughing, gardening, and other manual arts, and by the employments of active and public life, there are services more adapted to their softer and more delicate constitutions.

These services are no other than a discreet economy within doors, elegant conversation, tender friendship, decent behavior, education of children and the like.

Therefore to execute these well, must be the business and duty of woman; and what is her duty, must be her ornament and happiness.

A moderate skill in arithmetic has saved many estates; and it is the proper business of the woman to be prudent and careful in laying out what the men acquire by industry and study, or their painful employments in public life: and this cannot be done without keeping regular accounts.

As it is the business and particular interest of women to excel in conversation, and in the amiable decencies of life, and to delight and polish the men by their softness and delicacy in speaking as well as acting, they can hardly show those talents to such advantage, except they have a taste for the beauty as well as propriety of their mother tongue.

Speaking gracefully is of more consequence to the women than they are aware: since the better and most

sensible part of our sex are apter to be caught by the ear than by the eyes; and since speech is one of the best instruments of female power, by which they calm the storms of passion, and charm our rude natures into a softer kind of humanity.

Dignity and gravity are the peculiar excellencies of the men, and befitting their character, as they are formed for public life, and a sphere of action which requires greatness of mind, strength and firmness of resolution, a cooler strain of passion, and more intense application of thought; whereas decency is the proper characteristic and charm of a woman, as suited to that softer economy and more private life for which she was destined. This consists in a certain elegant propriety and delicacy of manner, so well suited to the character of her in whom it prevails, and so discreetly adapted to persons, times and places, as to reflect a full image of female softness and modesty. Some of its principal features are a mildness of nature, which is prone to please and yield to others, and arrogates to itself nothing that is not due to it; a modest reserve, which guards against an affected shyness on the one hand, and indecent liberties on the other; an elegant tenderness which is disposed to compassion and is sensible to friendship, yet is guided by judgment in its measure and the choice of its objects; an high sense of decorum, which teaches her in every circumstance what to grant and what to refuse, when to speak and when to be silent, to maintain the respect due to the sex without pride or disdain, and court the esteem of others without artifice or ostentation; not feigning passions she has not, nor indiscreetly discovering or artfully disguising those she has, much less boasting an insensibility to which she is a stranger; and above all, a quick feeling of every thing that is fair, honorable, humane, and faithful, with an irreconcileable aversion from whatever is unbecoming the honor and dignity of woman. Such are the charms of decency.

How shocking it appears to see women forward in

conversation, vain and arrogant, rough and boisterous in their behavior, or else artificial and full of disguise! but whenever we discover a levity and wantonness, then we look upon them in the very worst light, as stript of that natural armor which at once protects and adorns them.

Sphronilla is a medley of noise and nonsense, light as air, and as subject to storms too; a perfect virago in her gait and behavior, always in a flutter, eternally prattling, soon fond, yet soon disgusted, and plays the tyrant every where with all the insolence of beauty, heightened by a fortune which she thinks places her above censure; covetous of praise, yet indifferent who bestows it; often a slattern in dress; regardless in company of the distinctions of persons and things; and can sacrifice any decency of life to her pleasure or pique.

But what a different creature, and how lovely is the modest *Clorinda!* Tenderly sensible of her own dignity and character, yet always willing to attend and to do justice to the merit of others; frank without being forward, and cautious rather than reserved; apt to distrust her own opinion, but most ready to listen to that of others; better pleased to hear than speak, but when she opens her mouth, calm and gentle as the breath of evening; susceptible of the most tender sentiments, yet sedate and steady in governing them; insinuating, but without the least artifice; a strict observer of the minutest decorums of life, that have the least connexion with virtue and female delicacy, joining the discretion of the matron to the modesty of the virgin.

What a different figure do these ladies make in the opinion of the world, and how differently are they received! The one draws the eyes and observation of all upon her, but it is in order to censure and expose her the more effectually. Most people are afraid of her, and shun her as they would do a hurricane or a viper. Those who do not dread, despise and laugh at her. Her noise and fortune make her heard, where her

sentiments would gain neither attention nor respect: none esteem her; those who profess it do it only to herself, or for some private views. The men hate a creature who affects to be so like themselves; and the women despise her because she is so unlike what a woman ought to be. How different is the treatment of the other! The most sensible of both sexes flock around her, and eagerly court her acquaintance; wherever she makes her appearance, she spreads joy and good humor; whenever she opens her mouth she is heard with the most profound attention; the beau monde want to establish their own character by keeping her company, and their reputation for sense by being of the same opinion with her; for her taste is esteemed a standard, and her manners a model to the rest of her sex. Therefore they are forced to admire those qualities they cannot imitate, and willingly confess that superiority which is tempered with so much modesty and mildness.

A strict modesty and decorum of behavior is the distinguishing charm of female virtue, a quality so essential to the sex, that we always expect to find it; and which, where it is wanting, can be compensated by no charms of nature or art; it is equally admired by the loose and the sober part of our sex; it extenuates many failings, and places every good quality in the most alluring light. And though our passion may, yet our esteem never can be captivated, much less secured without it.

No. LII.

CONNECTION OF THE TWO SEXES: THE GROUNDS OF IT: THE MORAL ENDS AND DUTIES OF MARRIAGE.

O! source of every social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies
While thousand grateful thoughts arise,
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns!
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love. POPE.

WHEN man arrives to a certain age, he becomes sensible of a peculiar sympathy and tenderness towards the other sex; the charms of beauty engage his attention, and call forth new and softer dispositions than he has yet felt. The many amiable qualities exhibited by a fair outside, or by the mild allurement of female manners, or which the prejudiced spectator without much reason supposes those to include, with several other circumstances both natural and accidental, point his view and affection to a particular object, and of course contract that general rambling regard, which was lost and uselesss among the undistinguished crowd, into a peculiar and permanent attachment to one woman, which ordinarily terminates in the most important, venerable, and delightful connexion in life.

The state of the brute creation is very different from that of human creatures: the former are clothed and generally armed by their structure, easily find what is necessary to their subsistence, and soon attain their vigor and maturity; so that they need the care and aid of their parents but a short while: and therefore we see

that nature has assigned to them vagrant and transient amours. The connexion being purely natural, and formed merely for propagating and rearing their offspring, no sooner is that end answered than the connexion dissolves of course. But the human race are of a more tender and defenceless constitution: their infancy and non-age continue longer; they advance slowly to strength of body, and maturity of reason; they need constant attention, and a long series of cares and labors, to train them up to decency, virtue, and the various arts of life. Nature has therefore provided them with the most affectionate and anxious tutors, to aid their weakness, to supply their wants, and to accomplish them in those necessary arts; even their own parents, on whom she has devolved this mighty charge, rendered agreeable by the most alluring and powerful of all ties, parental affection. But unless both concur in this grateful task, and continue their joint labors, till they have reared up and planted out their young colony, it must become a prey to every rude invader, and the purpose of nature, in the original union of the human pair, must be defeated. Therefore our structure as well as condition, is an evident indication that the human sexes are destined for a more intimate, for a moral and lasting union. It appears likewise, that the principal end of marriage is not to propagate and nurse up an offspring, but to educate and form minds for the great duties and extensive destinations of life. Society must be supplied from this original nursery with useful members, and its fairest ornaments and supports. But how shall the young plants be guarded against the inclemencies of the air and seasons, cultivated and raised to maturity, if men, like brutes indulge to vagrant and promiscuous amours?

The mind is apt to be dissipated in its views, and its acts of friendship and humanity; unless the former be directed to a particular object, and the latter employed in a particular province. When men once give way to this dissipation, there is no stopping their career; they

grow insensible to moral attractions, and by obstructing or impairing the decent and regular exercise of the tender and generous feelings of the human heart, they in time become unqualified for, or averse from, the forming a moral union of souls, which is the cement of society and the source of the purest domestic joys: whereas a rational, undepraved *Love*, and its fair companion, *Marriage*, collect a man's views, guide his heart to its proper object, and by confining his affection to that object, do really enlarge its influence and use. Besides, it is but too evident from the conduct of mankind, that the common ties of humanity are too feeble to engage and interest the passions of the generality, in the affairs of society. The connexions of neighborhood, acquaintance, and general intercourse, are too wide a field of action for many; and those of a public or community are so for more; and in which they "either care not or know not how to exert themselves." Therefore nature, ever wise and benevolent, by implanting that strong sympathy, which reigns between the individuals of each sex, and by urging them to form a particular moral connexion, the spring of many domestic endearments, has measured out to each pair a particular sphere of action, proportioned to their views, and adapted to their respective capacities. Besides, by interesting them deeply in the concerns of their own little circle, she has connected them more closely with society, which is composed of particular families, and bound them down to their good behavior, in that particular community to which they belong. This moral connexion is marriage, and this sphere of action is a family.

The minds of both sexes are as much formed one for the other, by a temperament peculiar to each, as their persons. The strength, firmness, courage, gravity and dignity of the man, tally to the softness, delicacy, tenderness of passion, elegance of taste, and decency of conversation, of the woman. The male mind is formed to defend, deliberate, foresee, contrive and advise;

the female one to confide, imagine, apprehend, comply and execute: therefore the proper temperament of these different sexes of minds, makes a fine moral union; and the well-proportioned opposition of different or contrary qualities, like a due mixture of discords in a composition of music, swells the harmony of society more than if they were all unisons to each other. And this union of moral sexes, if we may express it so, is evidently more conducive to the improvement of each, than if they lived apart: for the man not only protects and advises, but communicates vigor and resolution to the woman. She in her turn softens, refines and polishes him: in her society he finds repose from action and care; in her friendship, the ferment into which his passions were wrought by the hurry and distraction of public life, subsides and settles into a calm; and a thousand nameless graces and decencies, that flow from her words and actions, form him for a more mild and elegant deportment. His conversation and example, on the other hand, enlarge her views, raise her sentiments, sustain her resolutions, and free her from a thousand fears and inquietudes, to which her more feeble constitution subjects her.

Of the conjugal alliance the following are the natural laws. First, Mutual fidelity to the marriage bed. Disloyalty defeats the very end of marriage, dissolves the natural cement of the relation, weakens the moral tie, the chief strength of which lies in the reciprocation of affection, and, by making the offspring uncertain, diminishes the care and attachment necessary to their education.

2. A conspiration of counsels and endeavors to promote the common interest of the family, and to educate their common offspring. In order to observe these laws, it is necessary to cultivate, both before and during the marriage state, the strictest decency and chastity of manners, and a just sense of what becomes their respective characters.

3. The union must be inviolable and for life. The

nature of friendship, and particularly of this species of it, the education of their offspring, and the order of society and of successions, which would otherwise be extremely perplexed, do all seem to require it. To preserve this union, and render the matrimonial state more harmonious and comfortable, a mutual esteem and tenderness, a mutual deference and forbearance, a communication of advice, assistance and authority, are absolutely necessary. *If either party keep within their proper departments, there need be no disputes about power or superiority, and there will be none: they have no opposite, no separate interests, and therefore there can be no just ground for opposition of conduct.*

No. LIII.

CONNECTION OF PARENTS WITH THEIR CHILDREN—THE AUTHORITY FOUNDED ON THAT CONNECTION—DUTIES OF PARENTS.

> Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
> To teach the fair idea how to shoot;
> To breathe th' enliv'ning spirit, and to fix
> The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
>
> THOMSON.

THE connection of parents with their children is a natural consequence of the matrimonial connection; and the duties which they owe them, result as naturally from that connection. The feeble state of children, subject to so many wants and dangers, requires their incessant care and attention; their ignorant and uncultivated minds demand their continual instruction and culture. Had human creatures come into the world with the full strength of men, and the weakness of reason and vehemence of passions which prevail in children, they would have been too strong or too stubborn to have submitted to the government and instruction of their parents. But, as they were designed for a progression in knowledge and virtue, it was proper that the growth of their bodies should keep pace with that of their minds, lest the purposes of that progression should have been defeated. Among other admirable purposes which this gradual expansion of their outward as well as inward structure serves, this is one, that it affords ample scope to the exercise of many tender and generous affections, which fill up the domestic life with a beautiful variety of duties and enjoyments: and are of course a noble discipline of the heart, and a hardy kind of education for the more honorable and important duties of public life.

The above mentioned weak and ignorant state of

children, seems plainly to invest their parents with such authority and power as is necessary to their support, protection and education; but that authority and power can be construed to extend no farther than is necessary to answer those ends, and to last no longer than that weakness and ignorance continue: therefore the foundation or reason of the authority and power ceassing, they cease of course. Whatever power or authority then it may be necessary or lawful for parents to exercise, during the non-age of their children; to assume or usurp the same when they have attained the maturity or full exercise of their strength and reason, would be tyrannical and unjust. From hence it is evident, that parents have no right to punish the persons of their children more severely than the nature of their wardship requires; much less to invade their lives, to encroach upon their liberty, or transfer them as their property to any master whatsoever. But if any parent should be so unjust and inhuman, as to consider and treat them like his other goods and chattels, surely, whenever they dare, they may resist; and whenever they can, shake off that inhuman and unnatural yoke, and be free with that liberty with which God and nature invested them.

The first class of duties which parents owe their children respect their natural life, and these comprehend protection, nurture, provision, introducing them into the world in a manner suitable to their rank and fortune, and the like.

The second order of duties regards the intellectual and moral life of their children, or their education in such arts and accomplishments as are necessary to qualify them for performing the duties they owe to themselves, and to others. As this was found to be the principal design of the matrimonial alliance, so the fulfilling that design is the most important and dignified of all the parental duties. In order therefore to fit the child for acting his part wisely and worthily as a man, as a citzen, and a creature of God, both parents ought to com-

bine their joint wisdom, authority and power, and each apart to employ those talents which are the peculiar excellency and ornament of their respective sex. The father ought to lay out and superintend their education, the mother to execute and manage the detail of which she is capable. The former should direct the manly exertion of the intellectual and moral powers of his child: his imagination and the manner of those exertions are the peculiar province of the latter. The former should advise, protect, command; and by his experience, masculine vigor, and that superior authority which is commonly ascribed to his sex, brace and strengthen his pupil for active life, for gravity, integrity, and firmness in suffering: the business of the latter is to bend and soften her male pupil by the charms of her conversation, and the softness and decency of her manners, for social life, for politeness of taste, and the elegant decorums and enjoyments of humanity; and to improve and refine the tenderness and modesty of her female pupil, and form her to all those mild domestic virtues, which are the peculiar characteristics and ornaments of her sex.

To conduct the opening minds of their sweet charge through the several periods of their progress, to assist them in each period in throwing out the latent seeds of reason and ingenuity, and in gaining fresh accessions of light and virtue; and at length, with all these advantages, to produce the young adventurers upon the great theater of human life, to act their several parts in the sight of their friends, of society, and mankind! How gloriously does Heaven reward the task, when the parents behold those dear images and representatives of themselves, inheriting their virtues as well as fortunes, sustaining their respective characters gracefully and worthily, and giving them the agreeable prospect of transmitting their name, with growing honor and advantage to a race yet unborn!*

* With pleasure I annex in a note a few lines, written by a much valued friend, and addressed during absence, *To one of the*

most amiable of her sex. As they are the spontaneous effusions of the finer affectionate feelings attending tho conjugal and parental relations, they are offered as naturally connected with the important and pleasing subjects of the two last numbers.

"Ye flying winds, go, tell the Nymph most dear
To my fond heart, ye saw the rising tear,
Whilst her lov'd image press'd on Fancy's eye,
And her sweet prattling babes were smiling by:
Dencea and George, with all their opening charms,
And playful Mira, circled in her arms.
Angels, who watch o'er human bliss, draw near,
Make her and her dear babes your constant care!
Ye skies, whose favors nourish every clime,
Strew thick your flowers o'er all their path in time!
And He whose gifts in streams eternal run,
Bless their whole life with one unclouded sun!
Give to each day, each night, each hour to roll,
With every joy that charms the human soul,
Inspir'd with blissful Hope—that never dies:
Bright Hope forever pointing to the skies."

No. LIV.

CONJUGAL PRECEPTS.

[Translated from Plutarch.]

Be these wise laws your study and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night.

THE ancients always placed together the statues of *Venus* and *Mercury*, to signify that the pleasures of matrimony consisted chiefly in sweetness of conversation: they joined also the *Graces* and *Sedula*, the goddess of eloquence, to intimate that the married couple were to act only by persuasion, and to forbear the impetuosities of tyranny and contention.

It very much behoves those who are newly married, to avoid the first occasions of discord and dissensions: they should consider, that vessels when just made, are liable to be bruised and thrown out of shape by slight accidents; but when once settled and hardened by time, they will endure the severest shocks.

Those who rather choose to be the mistresses of senseless cuckolds, than the obedient wives of discreet and sober husbands, resemble those persons who choose rather to follow the directions of a purblind and ignorant guide, than of one that sees clearly and knows every step of the way. They will not believe that *Paisphae*, the consort of a prince, could ever be enamored of a bull; and yet they abandon the society of their own husbands, men of wisdom, temperance and gravity, and fly to the embraces of riot and debauchery.

Some men, when they are about to ride, being unable through infirmity, or unwilling through laziness, to mount into their saddles, teach their horses to fall upon their knees, and receive their riders in that posture. In like manner, there are some men, who, having married young ladies, not less considerable for their birth than

their fortune, take little care to improve the advantages of such a splendid conjunction, but endeavor to degrade their wives to the condition of slaves, and glory in domestic tyranny. But it is more becoming a man to use the reins of government with the same regard to the quality and dignity of the woman, as to the stature of the horse.

A woman ought to display the charms of her virtue, and the sweetness of her disposition, in her husband's presence; but to retire in his absence, to silence and reservedness at home.

If kissing and caressing in the sight of others be so unseemly, (as it really is,) how much more indecent is it to rail and scold at each other in the company of strangers? If lawful familiariry between man and wife is not to be allowed but in their retirements, can the bitter interchanges of inconsiderate passion be thought an entertainment proper for an audience no way concerned in them?

Helen was covetous, *Paris* luxurious; on the contrary, *Ulysses* was prudent, *Penelope* chaste: happy, therefore, were the nuptials of the latter, but those of the former brought a series of miseries both upon the Trojans and the Greeks.

King *Philip* was so passionately fond of a fair Thessalian lady, that his queen *Olympias* suspected she used some private arts of fascination; and therefore endeavored to get the supposed sorceress into her power. But when she had viewed her well, examined her beauty, beheld the graces of her deportment, and found by her discourse that she was a person of noble descent and education; hence vain suspicions, hence vainer calumnies, said she to her, for I find the charms you make use of are in your own power: certainly therefore a lawful wife surpasses the common qualifications for obtaining happiness, when without the advantages of her wealth, her person, or her birth, she makes it her whole study to win her husband's affections by her virtue and sweetness of disposition.

That is ornament which adorns; and that adorns a woman which renders her most deserving: an honor conferred upon her, not by the luster of gold or emeralds or diamonds, but by the real embellishments of gravity, discretion, humility and modesty.

Women who honor and submit to their husbands, procure honor and respect to themselves; but when they strive to get the mastery, they become a reproach not only to themselves, but to those who are so ignominiously hen-pecked. However, it behoves a husband to control his wife, not as a master does his vassal, but as the soul governs the body, with the gentle hand of mutual friendship and reciprocal affection. For as the soul commands the body, without being subject to its pleasures and inordinate desires, in like manner a man should so exercise his authority over his wife, as to soften it with complaisance and kind requital for her affectionate submission.

Prudent wives, when their husbands rant and foam in the heat of passion, should not exasperate them by opposition, but check their own loquacity: if indeed they grumble out their discontents in a sulky humor, they may then try by soothing language and persuasive arguments to calm their passions, and rectify their errors.

Sallies of passionate anger and keen reproaches should be banished from the household of the nuptial dwelling. Though a certain kind of austerity becomes the mistress of a family, yet it should be like the sharpness of wine, profitable and delightful; not like that of aloes, biting and ungrateful to the palate.

As the husband ought to sympathize in the joys and sorrows of the wife, so it is equally the duty of the wife to be sensible of the pleasures and anxieties of the husband; for, as knots are fastened by knitting the bows of a thread together, so the ligaments of conjugal society may be strengthened by the mutual interchange of kindness and affection. Community of possessions is chiefly requisite among married couples, who should endeavor to mix and incorporate

their purchases and disbursements into one substance, neither of them pretending to claim a right to particular expenses, but counting all inseparably peculiar to both.

As a looking-glass, though set in a frame of gold, enriched with the most sparkling gems, is entirely useless, if it does not give back the exact similitude of the image it receives; so a wealthy portion ceases to be profitable, if the conditions, the temper, the humor of the wife, are not conformable to the natural disposition of the husband, and if he does not see the virtues of his own mind represented in hers.

Plato, when he observed the moroseness of *Xenocrates*, who was otherwise a person of great virtue and integrity, admonished him to sacrifice to the graces. In like manner, I am of opinion, that it behoves a woman of moderation to implore the assistance of the graces in her behavior towards her husband, in order to make their society reciprocally harmonious, and to preserve her from being waspishly proud from an extravagant opinion of her fidelity and virtue.

It becomes not a frugal woman, to be negligent of a decent neatness; nor out of awful respect to her husband, to refrain from complacency in conversation. As the rigid disposition renders her honesty irksome, so her housewifery becomes unpleasing by sluttishness.

Phidias made the statue of *Venus* at Elis with one foot upon a tortoise, to signify two great duties of a virtuous woman, viz. to stay at home, and be silent.

The orator *Gorgias* in a full assembly of the Grecians, who resorted from all parts to the Olympic games, exhorted them to live in peace, unity and concord with each other; *Melanthias* cried out, This man, who pretends to give us advice, and preaches in public nothing but the love of union, is not able in his own family to keep his wife and his maid from being together perpetually by the ears, and yet there are only three persons in the house. Gorgias, it seems had a kindness for his

servant which made her mistress jealous. It therefore behoves that man to keep his family in exquisite order, who will undertake to regulate the conduct of his friends or the public.

No. LV.

ON COMPULSORY LAWS RESPECTING MARRIAGE; WITH THE STORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE SEPARATION AT ROME.

Wealth and power, what are you worth,
To pleasure if you give not birth? COBB.

HEAVEN bestowed upon man the finer feelings of the soul, with a view to augment his happiness, and to render his situation in life the more pleasant; yet, in consequence of those erroneous notions which refinements in society engender, these very feelings are the cause of the greatest distresses, to which human nature is subjected. To such a weak and fallible creature as man, the sympathetic endearments arising from reciprocal affections are necessary, before his mind can experience the highest degree of gratification of which it is susceptible. In times of distress, he seeks for some sympathetic bosom, that shall take pleasure in administering the balm of comfort; and when the heart exults with joy, it feels a dreary want, until it can find some one who will participate with him in that peculiar bliss. Every emotion of the heart proves that man was not made to be alone; and that, if ever he hopes to attain to happiness, it can never be found in solitude, far less in the company of those, whose dispositions, desires, and modes of thinking, are not of a nature congenial to his own.

These are truths that will readily be admitted by every one, who is young and unhackneyed in the ways of men; but as age approaches, these sympathetic affections seem to subside: the pleasures of social intercourse diminish; and the love of wealth and power acquire dominion in their stead. Aged persons in general, greedy of power, and callous to the impulses of kindness, imagine that wealth or grandeur alone are

sufficient to gratify every desire of the soul. Forgetting their own rule for judging whilst young, they wish to deprive others of the same privilege they valued once so highly themselves; and thus are led to dictate, with the most inflexible authority, to their children as to the choice of a companion for life; the most momentous transaction in which any man can ever be engaged.

Nor is this propensity confined to one country, or to one set of people on the globe; but it extends its influence, to a greater or less degree, to all nations that can assume to themselves the proud name of *civilized.* Among such people, laws have ever been contrived, which, by a stern inflexibility, overpower the voice of nature, and make man submit to her imperious decrees. The following affecting story evinces the truth of these remarks—would to Heaven it were in the regions of despotism alone, that such transactions were to be found!

"In this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five years since a young gentleman of the family of Amedei married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year, they had a daughter as the fruit of their love; but this tender union was, in a short time, cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his spouse, and conducted him a prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo. A process was immediately instituted for annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means possible, to prove that his marriage was valid, and to make it be ratified; his wife went also with her daughter in her arms, and threw herself at the feet of her judges; but in vain. A sentence was at last pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging the mother, that inconsola-

ble wife, to write to her husband with her own hand, the fatal news of their eternal separation. Oppressed with the most cruel despair, she thus wrote to him: 'I find myself under the cruel necessity of renouncing those sweet and sacred bands, which till now have held our hearts firmly united; but I resign myself with less repugnance, from the consideration, that it will be the means of terminating that long and severe captivity, which you have suffered for my sake. Live free, DEAR HUSBAND, (this, alas! is the last time that my lips will pronounce so sweet a name,) O live! and, if it be possible, live *happy*, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which she has given to you, and take care of her, when you know that I no longer exist; for the grief which this separation causes to me, is so bitter, so penetrating, and absorbs in such a manner the faculties of my soul, that I want strength to resist it. Very soon shall I cease to live; may my death satiate the inhumanity of our cruel persecutors! God bless you. Farewell! farewell!—for ever!

"Four days afterwards, that unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulsions; and her death set the gentleman at liberty, whose despair has not yet been calmed."

No. LVI.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAID'S HUSBAND.

SIR,

YOU must know, that with a tolerable person, a very good fortune, and lovers in abundance, I have a particular humor to live and die a maid. This way of thinking, I protest, does not arise from disappointed love; but, on the contrary, from my never having seen any one man, who has been possessed of those accomplishments, which I think necessary for an husband.

I proceed now to give you a description of one, whom, notwithstanding my present humor, I would willingly marry, and reward with a fortune of ten thousand pounds. To silence the pretensions of those, who may suppose, that I am easily to be carried off, here follows the description of the only man in the world that I will consent to marry; and whom I shall beg leave to entitle

The Maid's Husband.

He must have a person graceful and engaging. The features of his face must be regular; and, though regular, agreeable; which as yet I hardly remember to have seen, having generally observed, that where nature is most exact she is least engaging. His eyes must be lively, sparkling, and affecting; and over the whole face there must be a clear complexion, health, cheerfulness, and sensibility. His stature must be inclining to the tall; his motion easy and genteel, free from the short pert trip of the affected beau, or the haughty tragic step of the most solemn fop. His behavior serious, but natural; neither too open, nor too reserved. His look, his laugh, his speech, and his whole manner must be just without affectation, and free without levity.

Thus much for his person. I now come to the endowments of his mind; without which, grace, beauty, and agreeableness must avail him nothing. His genius must be fanciful; his knowledge extensive. Men, as well as books, must have been his study. Learning, freedom, and gallantry must be so blended in him, as to make him always the improving friend, the gay companion, and the entertaining lover. In conversation he must say nothing with study, nor yet any thing at random. His thoughts must flow from him naturally, yet not without that delicacy of expression, which is necessary to give them a genteel turn. To the talents of his mind let me add, (if I may be allowed the distinction,) the qualities of his soul. He must be generous without prodigality; humane without weakness; just without severity, and fond without folly. To his wife he must be endearing; to his children affectionate; to his friends warm; and to mankind benevolent. Nature and reason must join their powers, and to the openness of the heart add the virtue of economy: making him careful without avarice, and giving him a kind of unconcernedness without negligence. With love he must have respect; and by a continued compliance, always win upon the inclination. He must take care to retain his conquest by the means he gained it, and eternally look and speak with the same desires and affections, though with greater freedom.

It has been observed by experienced people, that the soul contracts a sort of blindness by loving; but the man I am speaking of must derive his sentiments from reason; and the passion, which in others is looked on as the mark of folly, be in him the true effect of judgment.

To these qualities I must add that charm, which is to be considered before all the rest, though hard to be met with in this libertine age, Religion. He must be devout without superstition, and pious without melancholy: far from that infirmity, which makes men uncharitable bigots, infusing into their hearts a morose con-

tempt of the world, and an antipathy even to its innocent pleasures. He must not be such a lover of society as to mix with the assemblies of knaves and blockheads, nor yet of an opinion that he ought to retire from mankind to seek God in the horror of solitude: on the contrary, he must think that the ALMIGHTY is to be found among men, where his goodness is most active, and his providence most employed. There it is that religion must enlighten, and reason regulate his conduct, both in the cares of salvation, and the duties of life.

With such a man, a woman must enjoy those pleasures in marriage, which none but fools would ridicule. Her husband would be always the same, and always pleasing. Other wives are glad, if they can now and then find with their husbands one agreeable hour; but with this a disagreeble minute will be impossible. On whatever occasions we should see or speak to each other, it must be with mutual pleasure and assured satisfaction.

Now, Sir, let your dressing, scribbling, handsome young fellows, whether of town or country, of the law, of trade, or of whatever honorable vocation, who would be glad of a woman of five and twenty, not disagreeable in her person, and with ten thousand pounds in her pocket, read this character; and if any of them will assert and prove it to belong to himself, my heart, hand and fortune are at his service. But I believe, Sir, that instead of a man, I have been describing a monster of the imagination; a thing that neither is, was, nor ever will be; I am therefore resigned to my condition; and can think, without repining, of dying a maid, (and I hope an old one) since I am not to expect a husband to the wishes of, Sir, your humble servant and correspondent, A. B.

No. LVII.

VIRTUE TRIED AND TRIUMPHANT, IN THE STORIES OF SCIPIO AND AMANDA.

> That love alone, which virtue's laws control,
> Deserves reception in the human soul. EURIPIDES.

THE two following relations (one of them of ancient, the other of modern date,) afford an instructive example in each sex, and in the opposite extremes of life, of virtue triumphing over strong temptation.—They powerfully recommend that purity of disposition, that superiority to vicious allurement, which commands universal respect; and without which the gay and inexperienced seek in vain for happiness from unhallowed gratifications.

The instance of the Roman General will shew young men, how great a conqueror appears in governing that little empire, man. And, whilst it tends to repress every wanton appetite, it may serve to inspire those chaste and respectful sentiments towards the female sex, which alone will insure the sweets of "friendship" with woman, "softened into love."

The story of *Amanda* will confirm my female readers in their resolution to guard their virtue with more than vestal constancy; and will exhibit poverty with an unstained soul, as infinitely preferable to the most splendid allurements of vice. It will discover the additional charms, reflected upon the person of the virtuous fair, even in the eye of the man of pleasure, whilst she rejects his solicitations. It may convince unprincipled men, of the baseness and cruelty of stabbing the peace of humble or depressed families, by alluring from the path of honor their hitherto innocent children; or may prove a stronger security to such against their golden snares.

1. Scipio the younger, when only twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman Republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. His wisdom and valor would have done honor to the most experienced general. Determined to strike an important blow, he formed a design of besieging Carthagena, then the capital of the Carthagenian empire in Spain. His measures were so judiciously concerted, and with so much courage and intrepidity pursued, both by sea and land, that notwithstanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by storm. The plunder was immense. Ten thousand freemen were made prisoners; and above three hundred more, of both sexes, were received as hostages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady of rank, the wife of Mandonius, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and throwing herself at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to those who had the ladies in their keeping, to have regard to their sex and birth.

Scipio, who did not understand her meaning at first, assured her, that he had given orders that they should not want for any thing. But the lady replied, "These conveniences are not what affect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented! I have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war; and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princesses which you see here before us; for as for me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect." She had with her the daughters of Indibilis, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother.

Scipio then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, "My own glory, (says he) and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering, that virtue, which ought always to be respected wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict in my care of it, in the virtuous so-

licitude you shew in thinking only of the preservation of your honor, in the midst of so many other objects of fear."

After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding, that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends.

It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired in his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise; and like one thunder-struck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments having rallied his straggling spirits, he inquired of the beautiful captive in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth and connections; and finding that she was contracted to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for.

The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than, even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with more liberty. Those who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness: and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement, and were not wholly engrossed with the affairs of my country, I should desire, that so honorable and legitimate a passion should find favor; I think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you this service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is

your wife: take her, and may the gods bless you with her. One thing, however, I would have you be fully assured of, that she has been amongst us, as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. *Far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the expense of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man.* No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift, is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people."

Allucius' heart was too full to make him any answer: but throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive fell into the same posture; and remained so, till the father burst out into the following words: "Oh! divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, whilst she prays to the gods for your prosperity, rapture above all the transports you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?" The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very considerable sum for her ransom: but, when they saw that she was restored to them in so generous and godlike a manner, they entreated the conqueror, with great earnestness, to accept that sum as a present; and declared, by his complying, that new favor would complete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to resist such warm and earnest solicitations, told them that he accepted the gift, and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then addressing himself to Allucius, "I add," says he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in-law, this sum; which I desire you to accept as a marriage-present."

If we consider that Scipio was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no restraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conquest he made of himself was far more glorious than that of the Carthagenian empire: and though his treatment of this cap-

tive prince was not more delicate and generous than what might justly be expected from a person endowed with reason and reflection; yet considering how few there are in his circumstances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propose him as a suitable example to future ages.

Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince, charmed with the liberality and politeness of Scipio, went into his country to publish the praises of so generous a victor. He cried out, in the transports of his gratitude, "That there was come into Spain a young hero like the gods; who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue and the greatness of his beneficence." Upon this report, all Celtiberia submitted to the Romans; and Allucius returned in a shout to Scipio, at the head of fourteen hundred chosen horse, to facilitate his future conquests. To render the marks of his gratitude still more durable, Allucius caused the action we have just related to be engraven on a silver shield, which he presented to Scipio; a present infinitely more estimable and glorious than all his treasures and triumphs. This buckler, which Scipio carried with him when he returned to Rome, was lost, in passing the Rhone, with part of the baggage. It continued in that river till the year 1665, when some fishermen found it. It was lately in the royal cabinet of France.

2. An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the shew of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of up-

braiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, whilst her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavored to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighborhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and, having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty, found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion, when she found his pretensions were not honorable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but, rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter:

SIR,

I have heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you, that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

I am, &c.

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother: she opened and read it with the greatest surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

DEAREST CHILD,

Your father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us into a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their want by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal, at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

I have been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was started by the noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could

raise to your poor father. Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present, besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee: no, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.

Thy affectionate Mother, ———

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavors to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon conditions that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention: her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

MADAM,

I am full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing, but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavor to make you amends. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it which is in the power of,

MADAM, Your most obedient,
humble servant, ———

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself, to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

No. LVIII.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES, ESPECIALLY YOUNG HEIRESSESS: OR, THE ILL EFFECTS OF FORMING IMPRUDENT CONNECTIONS, EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STORY OF HARRIET DARNLY.

Those awful words, "till death do part!"
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after thought when once a wife:
The die is cast, and cast for life:
Yet thousands venture every day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Though hardly enter'd on her teens,
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of a parent's rule,
She leaves her sire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And love is fled, to come no more.

DR. COTTON'S VISIONS.

OF all the ensnaring passions to which our hearts are apt to give way, the passion of Love is one of the most dangerous, and therefore ought to be carefully guarded against; as on the prudent choice we make depends the happiness or misery of our future lives. To form an engagement at a very early age, is to run a very great hazard of meeting a disappointment. To carry on a clandestine acquaintance with any one, however superior in birth or fortune, is to degrade our character, and to render our virtue suspected. If any man makes professions of love to a young woman, and endeavors to prevail upon her to conceal it from her parents, she may depend upon his professions not being sincere, and that he has some bad design, which he fears the eye of experience will discover, and by so doing defeat his dishonorable purpose. If the inclinations are mutual, and situations equal, secrecy cannot be necessary; if, on the

contrary, any impediments to an union appear, sufficient to prevent its being brought about with the mutual consent of friends, it can answer no other purpose than to entail misery on the youthful parties, by continuing a connection which must end in disappointment and wretchedness. Never then, my fair readers, listen to the secret tale: attend not to the delusive flatterer, who would by his insinuating address, prevail upon you to sacrifice your duty to the gratification of his love, vanity or designs: and be assured, the man who would wish you to be a disobedient daughter, has not the proper value for you which he pretends. And what reason has such an one to suppose that the woman, who would give up her first of moral duties, would not as easily be prevailed upon to depart from every other? At least he would have just reason to suspect, that an undutiful and ungrateful daughter would never make an obedient and faithful wife.

To see the ill effects of forming imprudent connections, we need not look far into the world: and it is not to be doubted, but many unhappy marriages owe their greatest miseries to the unguarded conduct of the parties, previous to their being united. For, however the lover may flatter, and pretend to admire the frankness and generosity of his mistress, for complying with any improper requests; however grateful he may appear, for her running the hazard of disobliging her parents or friends, she may depend on being afterwards reproached by the husband, for the very conduct which was praised by the lover. Too often the source of matrimonial discord originates from this cause. Then will their own hearts, in the utmost bitterness of anguish, more keenly feel these reproaches; because their conscience will inform them they are but too justly deserved.

Until you, my fair readers, know a little of the world, dare not to listen to the tongue of the flatterer. Be not desirous of being thought to have made captives, lest you yourselves become the slave; guard your heart

with caution against the delusive voice of Love; nor suffer your affections to be engaged, till you are convinced the object of your choice is worthy to possess the undivided heart of a prudent and virtuous young woman. If you should by chance meet with an agreeable youth, who you think will captivate your heart, in spite of your utmost endeavors to detain the unguarded fugitive; if you are not well convinced, by the honor of his conduct, you have been as arrant a thief as your lover, banish him forever from your misguided imagination. It is easy to conquer a disease in its beginning; but if we permit it to gain strength, before we attempt its cure, the best advice and most powerful remedies may fail to effect its removal.

It is an unfortunate and a mistaken notion, which many young people cherish, that if they marry the first object of their tender affection, they must be happy. Alas! happiness depends on so many concurrent circumstances, that, believe me, the utmost prudence will not at all times secure the prize. The passion of Love must be reciprocal, or it cannot produce happiness; and, even then, modesty, good sense, sensibility, and judgment, are requisite on both sides, to insure it for any length of time. Friends must give their unreluctant consent, and circumstances must be easy, to render the married life a scene of harmony and contentment: for, however the ridiculous and romantic notions, to be found in many of our modern novels, may serve to mislead the mind, and involve it in a labyrinth of error, be assured, love and poverty seldom agree; nor are scenes of fashionable dissipation more congenial to Love. A competence is as necessary to our happiness as virtue and prudence to our peace of mind, when we retire into ourselves, in order to examine our own hearts. How often have we known the fond lover, who fled with such eagerness to Gretna-Green, to secure the prize he pretended to adore, soon after his return, prove a careless, unkind, and inconstant husband; whilst his equally misguided and imprudent com-

panion has, in the strictest sense of the word, proved herself a modern wife!

Many sad tragedies has Love produced in the world, from many different and sad causes. The following story will more strikingly illustrate my present subject than any farther arguments which I could use. May it have its due weight, and the miseries occasioned b the errors of the parties, prevent any one from darii to follow their examples!

Harriet Darnly was the daughter of a reputable mer cer, who lived in London, and who had a numerou family. Unfortunately for Harriet, who was a very lovely, but a very vain and weak girl, she had two thousand pounds left her by an uncle, which was to be hers when she arrived at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Darnly had, at the time this legacy was left Harriet, an apprentice, of the name of Henley. This young man, who had every advantage of figure to captivate, was tired of the drudgery of the shop, and heartily weary of confinement. He had long wished to purchase a commission in the army. Harriet beheld Edward Henley, unknown to her parents, with tender partiality, and had given every encouragement to his hopes. The attentions which his vanity more than his affection, had led him to pay her, unhappily obtained her love. She would take every opportunity of sitting in the shop, and gave him every reason to suppose that an offer of his heart would not be unacceptable.

No sooner was it known that Harriet's uncle had left her so considerable a legacy, than he took the earliest opportunity of making a declaration of his passion. The unguarded fair one too easily discovered to her artful lover the progress he had already made in gaining her affections; and knowing that Mr. Darnly had with too much reason been offended with his careless inattention to business, prevailed upon the unhappy girl not to disclose to any one the conquest she had made, till, by the regularity and steadiness of his future con-

duct, he had effected a perfect reconciliation with her father, and persuaded his own to make proper proposals.

Engaged in a clandestine acquaintance with one equally gay as worthless, Harriet was led from one step of imprudence to another, and granted her lover such frequent interviews, that to marry was become absolutely necessary. To Gretna-Green they went: the lady wanted only a few weeks of being of age. As soon as she was so, her profligate husband demanded her fortune, bought a commission, and, when he had spent what remained, by his regiment being ordered abroad, left his wife and child, which, at his departure, was only two months old, to all the horrors of unprotected misery and threatening poverty.

Mr. Darnly, at the interposition of some friends, was, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to permit his once darling daughter to return to her paternal home, and to receive her with some degree of affection; but as neither he, nor her mother, could ever bring themselves entirely to forget the deceit she practised with them to her own undoing, and as her brothers and sisters now looked upon her with an eye of jealous envy, she is frequently obliged to bear reproaches, which her own heart, conscious of having but too well deserved them, knows not how to support. Whilst she sees her sisters easy, gay and happy, her brothers cheerful and content, she feels the misery of her own situation with redoubled anguish, and when she looks on her little girl, often trembles lest she, like herself, should fall a victim to her own imprudence.

The worthless cause of her having strayed from the paths of prudence, and disregarded the calls of duty, lives abroad, on the income of that fortune which was given to make her happy, and never had the humanity to send her a single line, or to make any inquiries after the poor victim of his baseness.

Be warned, fair daughters of innocence, by the wretched Harriet. Attempt not to deceive your pa-

rents. Let her example prevail upon you to believe, the most flattering appearances may conceal depravity, and that the protestations of a clandestine lover are seldom meant but to betray.

No. LIX.

ON THE SNARES OF PERSONAL BEAUTY, AND THE NECESSITY OF CULTIVATING MENTAL EXCELLENCE.

What whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow. GAY.

BEAUTY is a captivating, but fading flower, which often leads its youthful possessors into many dangers, many distresses. Happy is it for those who are distinguished for their outward charms, that they are sheltered under the parental roof! Happy for them that the watchful eye regards them with rigid circumspection. Few, in the early periods of life, are insensible to flattery, or deaf to the voice of adulation. Beware of the flatterer: be not deceived by fair speeches. Be assured, the man who wishes to render you vain of your outward charms, has a mean opinion of your sense and mental qualifications. Remember, too, that a young girl, vain of her beauty, and whose chief study and employment is the decoration of her person, is a most contemptible character; and that the more you are distinguished for the charms of your face and the graces of your form, the more you are exposed to censure and to danger. The rose is torn from its parent stem, in all its pride of beauty; the jessamine is scarcely permitted to blossom before it is plucked, and no sooner are their beauties faded, than the merciless hand which was eager to obtain them, throws them away with contempt; whilst the primrose, the humble violet,

the lily of the valley, and the snow-drop, less exposed to observation, escape unhurt, and uninjured by the spoiler's hand.

Learn, fair daughters of Beauty, from the lily to court the friendly shade; and from the primrose be convinced, that your best security may be found in retirement. If you wish to be admired, be seldom seen; and if you are desirous of having a sincere lover in your train, let virtue, modesty and sweetness be the only lures you make use of to ensnare. You may then, perhaps, by your good qualities, retain the heart which was at first a captive to your beauties; and when time has robbed you of the graces and the innocent cheerfulness of youth, secure a sincere and tender friend to console you in the hours of affliction, and watch over you when deprived of those charms that first made him solicitous to obtain your love.

Repine not, my young readers, though your virtues be concealed in a homely form. If you have secured the virtues of the mind, you need not envy others the beauties of the face. And ye, who are decorated with every outward grace, be not vain of such fading externals; but tremble, lest they should tempt the designing to lead you into error.

> Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care;
> Ladies are happiest moderately fair. ETHEREGE.

Neglect not, then, in the giddy hours of youth, to make your mind a fit companion for the most lovely form. Personal charms may please for a moment; but the more lasting beauties of an improved understanding and intelligent mind can never tire. We are soon weary of looking at a picture, though executed in the most masterly style: and the woman who has only beauty to recommend her, has but little chance of meeting a lover who will not grow indifferent to a mere portrait, particularly when its colors are faded by the subduing hand of time. Then it is that modesty and sweetness of temper are to be particularly observed;

and the loss of beauty will not be regretted even by the man they first made your captive.

See, lovely fair, yon blushing rose;
All hail the beauty as it blows.
Vain of her charms, she courts the sun,
And soon her gaudy race is run.
Observe, in yonder pensive dale,
The white-rob'd lily of the vale,
Pure emblem of the spotless maid,
Adorn'd with flowers that cannot fade.
Virtue, bright ornament of youth,
Sincerity, unblushing truth:
Through all life's seasons these will please,
In all life's storms secure heart's ease.

No. LX.

A VISION—IN WHICH VARIOUS CLASSES OF LOVERS PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE THE AUTHOR.

Cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, et mens sine pondere ludit
PETRARCH.

While sleep oppresses the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfined.

A LIVELY imagination is, if I may use Shakspeare's expression, great Nature's second course; for, not content to have enjoyed the intellectual pleasures immediately arising from the beauty of external objects, or the transient scenes of life, it frequently, when they have vanished and disappeared, makes fond excursions after them again; and even in our sleep it will occasionally recall the objects of our waking reflection, and from thence receive livelier sensations, than were perhaps occasioned by the first impression. Though there are many fantastic circumstances in these night-thoughts, if I may be allowed so to call our dreams, yet on these occasions, we sometimes find ourselves presented with agreeable visions, and amidst the wildest vagaries of fancy, we can often trace something like just reasoning, and a real picture of life. As I take this to have have been the case with me a few nights since, I shall make no apology for presenting my readers with my dream.

I found myself, on a sudden, near a large intricate wood, which I had the curiosity to enter. A whimsical band of hope and fear, joy and grief, pain and pleasure, hovered over our heads. Tender anguish, soft desire, pleasing agony, were all intermixed, and in their motley livery formed a many-colored group. Cupid made violent work with his darts and flames, and noth-

ing was to be heard but tinkling rills, falling fountains, and love-sick sighs, by which the aspen leaves were perpetually kept in rustling tremor. The god of love had by him a prodigious quantity of arrows, differently feathered, according to the various effects of which they were to be productive. This circumstance called to my mind a beautiful passage in a poem by Doctor Parnell.

> And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
> Which suits each proper turn of mind.
> From the tow'ring eagle's plume
> The gen'rous hearts accept their doom.
> Shot by the peacock's painted eye
> The vain and airy lovers die.
> For careful dames and frugal men
> The shafts are speckled by the hen.
> The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
> When prattling wings the panting hearts.
> When from the voice the passions spring,
> The warbling finch affords a wing:
> Together by the sparrow stung,
> Down fall the wanton and the young;
> And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
> When others love they know not why.

It was not unpleasant to observe the variety of impressions that were occasioned in both sexes by this strange flight of arrows. Men I perceived in close pursuit of blooming virgins, merely from the impulse of vanity; and I saw several nymphs running with the utmost precipitation, from their lovers; though by their manner of looking back, and the rustling they made in the trees, there was room for conjecture that they did not desire entirely to escape.

Pleasing as the sensations of love are, I could observe that very unhappy effects were often the consequence. Many there were whose mien spoke a dejection of spirits, and they were frequently driven to such extremes, that they laid violent hands on their own lives. As I traveled on, I saw several hanging on boughs of trees; and on the waters, which were swelled with tears, and ruffled with sighs, floated many a

pallid corpse; in their countenances I could plainly see the traces of that fickle luxury of thought which is so apt to settle into a fixed despair.

From this scene of distress, I turned away as soon as possible; and was relieved from my uneasiness, by the sight of a few, who seemed to be happy in their passion; whose hearts felt a mutual warmth, and whose eyes were brightened into gladness. They walked arm in arm down the flowery meads, interchanging mutual glances of affection; though ever and anon succeeded anger, suspicion, open war, and peace again. In the centre of the wood, stood a temple sacred to Virtue, where all, who were desirous of leading a life of happiness, were directed to bend their course, in order there to be united together in bands of chaste affection. I was sorry to find that some of the ladies had not resolution to persevere in this path: whether it was owing to loose desires of seducing temptation, I cannot decide; certain it is, they tired in their journey, and stepped aside with their paramours to sequestered bowers; whence they were afterwards discarded into the thorny parts of the wood, for the remainder of their days; but even of these, a few there were, who, after their digression, still found means to be introduced into the temple; whither they were however pursued by an old hag called Scandal, who never yet has been known to let them entirely efface the remembrance of their error.

The ladies who kept on a due course, never failed to lead the men in captivity after them to the temple, whence, after a short ceremony, they were dismissed in pairs, to commence the road of life. Three different paths were opened to their choice, and a guide stood at each entrance to receive them. The first was of a cold, dispassionate temper, who took every thing alike, and his name was Indifference. The second had eyes of a greenish cast, and he seemed to loathe the food, which he notwithstanding eagerly followed; this personage was called Jealousy. And the third, by an openness of countenance, a strong expression of quick

sensibility and cordial affection, was known to be Friendship. Too many gave themselves up to Indifference, and instantly an inattention to each other's wants succeeded in their breasts; the men betook themselves to midnight shouts and revelry, and the fair to parties of tea, and routes, by which means every spark of love was soon extinguished, and the gratification of their own separate inclinations was their only study.

The walks of Jealousy were craggy, dangerous, and steep, full of thorns, briars, and brambles. In the heart, where before gladness and joy revelled secure, arose anxiety, distrust, and perturbation of spirit. The distempered fancy started at scenes of its own creation, and, in a fit of madness, hurried many a tortured wretch down the precipice of fate, or let fall its vengeance on its neighbor. What was observable in this part was, that though sometimes there were the appearances, the real footsteps of guilt could no where be discovered.

The very small number under the guidance of Friendship, enjoyed a pure, heart-felt tranquility; and the fierce desire and impatient wish, which had formerly actuated their minds, having now subsided, a steady and uniform flame succeeded, not unlike the mild refreshing air of a placid evening, after the fervor of an hot summer's day. Glad suns rose over their heads, and kindly nights lulled them in each other's arms. A smiling race grew up around them, and the culture of their young and tender minds afforded a pleasing employment; they journeyed on through life, blessed with the sunshine of the soul, till, at length, the easy dissolution of nature put a period to all human felicity.

Here I could not help exclaiming with the poet—

> O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
> Who sprung from kings, shall know less joy than I.

The whole scene appeared so completely happy, that I began to feel some approaches towards envy; which so discomposed my spirits, that I was instantly awaked, and the ideal prospect vanished into air.

No. LXI.

CONJUGAL AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN LEANDER AND EUGENIO.

I WONDER, said Leander to Eugenio, why the matrimonial and domestic state, which is so necessary to the support of human beings, and to which the sexes are so naturally and so strongly inclined, should prove the source of so much dissatisfaction and unhappiness.—Why is it, my friend, that a union so endearing as that between husband and wife, and a circle so connected and interesting as that of a family, should nevertheless fail of producing its desirable and designed effects, and, with all its promising ingredients of happiness, should be able to make so few of those happy, who form and compose it?

The fault, said Eugenio, is not in the original institution, nor in the state itself, but in the parties who enter into it. This world, indeed, is not the residence of felicity; and man is too imperfect and depraved to find in any state a felicity that is uninterrupted and permanent. But some pleasures, rational and manly pleasures, there are in every condition of life, and in every relation. In the matrimonial and parental connection, provision is made by our benevolent Creator, for enjoyments more numerous and more refined, than in any other; and it is human folly and perverseness alone which blights and diminishes them.

Be so good then, said Leander, as to favor me with your directions and advice in this affair; to point out the errors to be shunned, and the steps to be taken, that whenever I rise to the conjugal and patriarchal dignity, I may not sink in perpetual gloom and wretchedness.

The grand secret of happiness in any state, we have the choice of, replied Eugenio, is to enter it with delib-

eration, with a wise selection of associates, with a resolution to perform the duties of it, to do our part to lighten the evils of it, and on the whole, to make the best of it. Was the nuptial and domestic state entered into with such precautions and intentions, it would be found as our Supreme Parent designed it, and as the state itself is fitted to be, a most desirable, dignified, and delightful state, productive of more rational and sentimental satisfactions than any other. To enter without judgment or forethought into the most important connection; to choose at random, or as fancy or passion shall dictate, a partner for life, a bosom friend and companion, is by no means setting out wisely, or laying a sure foundation for happiness. And should such as set out in this manner, drag their existence painfully along, and find the garland of matrimony so hastily gathered, entwined with nettles as well as roses, and even with serpents among the flowers, they will have no reason to condemn the state, but their own imprudence.

Where there is a necessary union of persons, of cares, and of interests, there a union of hearts and affections is indispensable. This shews that the exercise of judgment and deliberation is requisite to matrimonial and domestic happiness. For a congeniality of nature, a similarity of taste, and a cordiality of affection, which are all essential ingredients in the composition of nuptial felicity, are too delicate flowers to bloom on every bush, or to be gathered by an undistinguishing hand. As a serene satisfaction results from the steady performance of duty and the constant exercise of mutual tenderness, so negligence, coldness, and unfaithfulness, will inevitably incur blame, and produce uneasiness. Vain therefore is the hope of conjugal and domestic endearment, or tranquility, where there is the want of conjugal or domestic affection and duty.

That there is a necessary intermixture of troubles with joys in the domestic life, is readily acknowledged: And so there is in every condition. But it is the part

of manly wisdom to palliate the evils which cannot be cured; it is the part of patience to bear without complaining, the evils which cannot be palliated; and it is the part of religion to annihilate smaller evils, and to turn every evil into a good. With such dispositions, qualifications, and aids as these, husbands and wives, parents and children, will be happy in one another, and constitute a happy family. Let a man then, who is setting out in life, and wishes to lay a foundation for domestic peace and enjoyment, choose a partner who will be likely to harmonize with him in all the laudable pursuits of his station, and in all the joys and sorrows of which his honest and feeling heart may be sensible, and let him form the resolution which a renowned Israelitish general and statesman formed of old, and every one will allow that he makes a hopeful beginning.

For my part, I cannot figure to myself a scene more pleasing among human beings, than a family cemented by the endearing sympathies of nature, and united still more stongly by the tenderness of a cultivated affection and esteem, and all under the governing influence of prudence and religion. The happy pair who are the heads of such a family, experience the most delightful sensations in viewing the innocence and the improvements of their rising offspring, and in contemplating their future usefulness and prosperity. And the children of such a family, both loving and dutiful, enjoy the liveliest satisfaction in seeing and making one another, and their parents, happy.

True indeed, it is, that neither sympathy, nor union, nor innocence, nor virtue, nor religion, will shield a family from the inroads of misfortune, from the attacks of disease, or from the depredations of death. But a family, where harmony prevails, tenderness endears, and religion presides, is in the best preparation to receive, and in the best disposition to bear, the most painful allotments.

No. LXII.

LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN UPON HIS MARRIAGE.

My Dear Sir,

I received the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness, may excuse the liberty I take, in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and, reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless, amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected that no object, however sublime, no sounds, however charming, can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt,

though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating, to find amusement; nothing is so dangerous to wedded love, as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavor therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept in ignorance of your income, your expenses, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that, from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden.

With regard to expense, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction, is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age, when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common, to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones, they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation. This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may more safely, more cheaply, and more honorably aspire.

I said, that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that

it grows less so: that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed, no punishment, however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardor may abate, but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady, which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance, than he, who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion, that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements, *if they be not so expensive* as is sometimes imagined, tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense, than for gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford.

The bane of married happiness among many city men has been, that, finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out gallanting, while the good man was to regale with port wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the counting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since

commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom, for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her: tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: be above delighting in her pain, of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth, and uncommon regard, will excuse it. And now, farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you, by, dear Sir, &c.

No. LXIII.

PLEASING VIEWS OF MATRIMONY.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or tasting, long enjoy thee, too infirm,
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup!
Thou art the nurse of virtue! In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heav'n born, and destin'd to the skies again. COWPER.

DOMESTIC life, like all other external goods, is not necessarily and of itself, but only in particular combinations and certain circumstances, a real advantage and a source of actual felicity. Home is but too frequently rendered the seat of tiresomeness and disgust; the scene of low and ungoverned passions; the abode of vexation, of various dissensions, and of malicious petulance; not seldom an actual place of torment. This is always more or less the case, where wisdom and virtue are not admitted of the party, and do not animate its businesses and pleasures. Where wisdom and virtue dwell, where intelligent and good persons live together, there only dwells peace, satisfaction, and joy: these alone render either a cottage or a palace the receptacle of pleasure; by their means is any family, whether great or small, rendered capable of happiness. For only the intelligent and good can tell, what solid happiness implies; none but they have either the taste or sentiment proper for it. They alone estimate things by their real value, and know how to enjoy, above all things, what is real, and beautiful, and good; unesteemed and unknown as they may be in the great world, and among such as are not disposed to the more deli-

cate sensations. To them, a word that overflows from the fulness of the heart; a look that indicates the soul; an inconsiderable but harmless action; an unimportant kindness, but performed from real affection; a calm and silent sentiment of friendship; a free effusion of a person's reflections and feelings into the bosom of his own family; is of more worth than the reiterated protestations of civility and regard, than all the flattering encomiums and blandishments, than all the friendly miens and gestures, than all the splendid entertainments, in which the glory and happiness of the generality of large companies consist.

"Wherever domestic happiness is found, it shews us persons who are connected together by real, intrinsic love and friendship, who live entirely by each other, and who seek their happiness, their honor, and their force, in the mutual union of their hearts. Only to persons of this description can and must every thing be of importance which each has, says, does, and enjoys; how he is inclined; and whatever befals him. They alone know how to consider their mutual advantages with unerring complacency, and observe the infirmities and failings of each other without displeasure; to reprehend the deviations of a third with inoffensive gentleness; understand the looks of each; and to prevent the wants and wishes of all; mutually to comply with the designs of each other; to harmonize with the feelings of the rest; and to rejoice heartily in all the successes, even the most inconsiderable, that happen to each other. Wherever frigidity of temper, untractableness, jealousy, and envy prevail, there no real happiness is possible, in the narrow circle of daily intercourse.

"Domestic happiness gives scope to a taste for truth, for nature, for a noble simplicity, and serene repose; in opposition to error and art, to studied and forced pleasures, and the more ostentatious and poignant diversions. That pure and generous taste alone can give any value to the joys of domestic life; and, to such as understand and enjoy it, render all its concerns impor-

tant, and delightful as the sources of satisfaction and pleasure. For, in this case, they arise, not so much from the object, as from the eye that beholds them, and the heart that feeds them; not so much from the importance of the transactions and events themselves, as from the natural and spontaneous manner in which they arise, and the pleasing interest taken in them. To persons of a sound judgment and an uncorrupted heart, the cheerful countenance of the spouse, the lisping of the infants, the mirthful sports of the children, the sight of reason in its bud and in its blossom; to them the earnest curiosity of one, the innocent vivacity of another, the growth and improvement of a third, the contentedness of all is a scene far preferable, with all its privacy and simplicity, to any other, however intricately conducted, or splendidly performed. The silent and placid existence, in a society of open affection, of unrestrained and unobtrusive benevolence and love, is, to hearts that are able to melt, a kind of existence which they would not exchange, for any of those that are so much prized and envied by the multitude.

"What a happiness flows to such, more particularly from the superintendence of their tender offspring! The Deity hath provided, that when the first enchanting links of mutual affection and parental love have united us, we should be more endeared to each other, by every instance of care and affection in the education of our children. Nothing so effectually charms the mind into a settled esteem, as concurrence in an employment, so beneficent, so delightful, as the care or education of our own offspring. This is a work of so much importance, and requiring so much time, that it contributes more than any thing towards perpetuating our union. The necessary duties to one child are succeeded by the necessary duties to another; until we have transferred, as it were, our whole souls into our offspring; passionately love each other again in our several images or representatives; and live only to make ourselves happy, through the happiness of our children.

It is thus we may be said to be renewed; or to be made young again. We view the progress of an infant mind, the sources and growth of its affections, with more pleasure than is experienced by itself. We interest ourselves in those great passions which determine the events of life; we forget our infirmities, we imagine ourselves in love again, because our children are enamoured; and we become fathers and mothers a second time, when they assume those happy denominations. Compare, if you can, the events of what is called a life of pleasure, with such as these. And when nature is decomposing; when infirmities or disorders menace dissolution—you may see the man who has acted on the selfish and brutal principle of gratifying himself at the expense of truth, honor, and the happiness of others, cursing a world which detests or despises him; deserted by all, by the very instruments of his pleasures, because universally disesteemed; and sinking into the grave in ignominy or frantic wretchedness: whilst those men and women who have gone hand in hand in the pleasing duties of life, will not only have a firm support in honorable recollections; but will be led down its rugged declivity, by the tenderest care of an affectionate offspring; and will consign themselves to rest like useful laborers, a little weary, but satisfied with the work of the day."

No. LXIV.

A LETTER EXHIBITING THE GRAND BASIS OF A HAPPY UNION, AND AN ESTIMATE OF THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF MARRIAGE.

Sir,

Having lived long, traveled much, seen matrimony in all its forms and stages; observation and experience have stamped this truth with infallible certainty:—A CONSTANT DESIRE TO MAKE OUR COMPANION HAPPY, IS THE SOUL OF CONJUGAL FELICITY. This comprehends the essence of love, and applies to all ages, all times, all circumstances; it is every thing. This constitutes the balm, the flowers, all the sweets, and the sunshine of life. Where this is wanting, there is form without spirit, shadow without substance, "sounding brass, and tinkling cymbal."

If we blot ten thousand pages in giving rules and maxims, and reasoning about it, the quintessence of all is expressed in one line. This truth is confirmed by the adage, "Love begets love;" which is founded in the experience of ages, and sanctioned by the reason of all mankind.

Human nature is formed to feel, and to be influenced by its sensations. The most perverse are affected, in some degree, by the kind attentions of others. In this way only can the meek and innocent wife control the ferocious husband, or reduce him to the path of virtue. Thus only can the unprotected domestic reform or mollify the unruly passions of a tyrannical superior. Love, benevolence, is the *divine* instrument, by which the weak must govern the strong, the virtuous the wicked. Its charms influence all minds; and the person whom it does not soften or reclaim, is lost forever. In any event, the good shall not lose their reward: the conscious endeavor to make others wise, virtuous, and hap-

py, will instil its balm into the benevolent mind, and repay its labor by the secret charm of self-approbation. Such is the constitution of the human mind, by the beneficent appointment of Heaven.

With respect to the *advantages* and *disadvantages* of the married state, they merit our deliberate attention, ere we enter into it, to know where the balance will fall.

There is a dark and a bright side; or, in other words, some portion of shade to every thing in human life. That which is most luminous on the whole, claims our choice. In order to form a just estimate of the means of happiness, we must study the constitution of nature and of man; for no plan will succeed, which is opposed by this constitution. Taking this for the first principle, then observe the subsequent *diamond* maxim, which is more precious than rubies.

> "Let the best course of life your choice invite,
> And custom soon will turn it to delight."

What some call the dark side, or tax of matrimony, is, *the cares and expenses of a family—multiplying one's self into many marks for misfortune, sickness, and death—loss of liberty, by increasing one's ties—hazard of ill-temper, or want of excellence in the person with whom we form the indissoluble union; and the like risk in offspring.* All these certainly have their weight in the scale: therefore, to act rationally, they must be outweighed by prospects of happiness, before we make the experiment of the conjugal life.

As to *cares* and *expenses*, they increase the exertion of our faculties, and thus more often enlarge than diminish our pleasure. We were made for action, not for indolence; and from pursuits, which have for their object the interest of those we love, the most refined enjoyment results. This constitutes a sublime portion of human felicity, without which life would be a barren existence.

The second objection is unsupported by reason and

experience; because without such a multiplication of friends, we cannot increase our dearest delights. No one objects to riches, because they add to his cares, and his chances for loss. The absence of evil will not satisfy any one: all want positive good; and for the enjoyment of it, we cheerfully take the risk of losing it.

As to *loss of liberty, by increasing one's ties*—we always intend, and very frequently gain by the loss. It is only an exchange, as in a pure republic, we give part of our rights to the control of others, for the same power over their rights. We cannot exist in society without an exchange of rights in some degree: it is a mean of promoting individual and general happiness.

With respect to the fourth objection, it is to be remembered, that we cannot take one step in life, which promises good, free from the possibility of evil. If the chances be in favor of a pursuit, it is deemed wise. In this, as in every other case, we reason, and follow where happiness seems to lie. When persons arrive at the period of life for important action, and look around the world for happiness, hazard and uncertainty attend every object, and darkness rests on all things future. Their nature powerfully inclines them to pursuit. Taking, then, reason and virtue for their guides, they should select those objects, which afford the fairest probability of success. Hope, the cordial of existence, animates the various pursuits through the whole journey of life, and often strews with flowers the untrodden path. Marriage enlarges the field of hope; it seems to insure a kind of immortality. In offspring our morning-star arises, before our evening sun declines. This prevents a total eclipse, and enlightens our whole existence.

In fact, all the wants and wishes, the passions and sensibilities of humanity, which constitute delight, find their object in the matrimonial circle.

When too we contemplate the brevity of life, and look forward to that world, whence no traveler returns; we may anticipate the enlargement, even of eternal fe-

licity, in seeing our posterity from age to age ascend, to people the realms of light, and embrace us with seraphic love. This idea is natural, and there is nothing in reason or revelation against the pleasing conclusion.

To imitate the Parent of the Universe, by communicating felicity, gives back the most divine pleasure, which the human mind can feel; and to communicate it to those we love, is the sublime of existence. The mind rises in bliss, whilst it dwells on the idea. The heart palpitates in an energy of rapture.

Happy, thrice happy, are the citizens of this republic! whose free government and fertile regions invite to marriage, and promise the full reward of love. Here the corrupt maxims of the old world are little known. Here love is the loan for love; and the pure principles of personal esteem forms the union between the sexes. Here mutual affection rises superior to fortune, and gives domestic felicity, unknown where avarice, ambition, or vicious pleasure rule the heart.

Here industry, crowned by the blessing of benignant Heaven, supplies the wants of all; and the blooming youth are seen in every dwelling, smiling around their parents, like blossoms on a fruitful tree. Health glows on the cheek, innocence and contentment sparkle in the eye, and the voice of nature tells the traveler, "HAPPINESS DWELLS HERE."

No. LXV.

TESTIMONY OF A DISTINGUISHED DIVINE TO THE EXCELLENCE OF THE MARRIAGE UNION; IN A LETTER TO A YOUNG LADY.

My dear Miss,

I am at a loss how to write, not having a letter to answer. It is true, your mama gave me some hint of a subject, but I have nothing very interesting to offer upon that head at present. My best wishes and prayers attend you, that the Lord may guide, shine upon, and bless you in every relation and circumstance of life that may be before you. I have reason to speak well of the married state; and it always gives me pleasure when, in the way of my office, I am called to tie the marriage knot, when I have reason to believe the prospect is warranted by prudence, the parties united by affection. and that they come together in the fear and in the name of the Lord. I think I may take it for granted, from your mama's letter, that these requisites concur in your concern, and therefore I heartily bid you God speed. And I congratulate your lover, whoever he be, believing that if the Lord bestows you upon him, and gives him a heart to value you aright. you will prove a treasure and a blessing to him. However, let me remind you, upon this occasion, that vanity is deeply engraven upon all below the skies; and that the more happy we are in creature-comforts, so much the more are we exposed to snares and crosses. O, how happy it is to know the Lord, the fountain of living waters; for every other acquisition without him will prove a broken cistern. But as he has taught your heart to choose and rest in himself supremely as your portion, you have a warrant from his gracious promises to hope, that he will bless you in all your connections and concerns.

How different, for the most part, is the appearance

between a wedding-day and a dying-day; yet, however long the interval may be between them, the latter must come, and then the space, which in prospect might seem long, will affect us no more than the remembrance of a morning dream. Could I have been told when I married, that Mrs. N——— and I should live together more than twenty-three years; that our affection should increase as we went on; that the Lord would favor us with a path remarkably smooth, and exempt us from nine trials out of ten which are ordinarily found in wedded life; how would my poor vain heart have been elated! Well, all this and more has happened. For almost twenty-four years past, I have never seen a single day or hour in which I wished to change my situation with any person upon earth; and we are still spared to each other. But now, shall I tell you what I see when I take a review of past times. Forgetful as I am, I can recollect innumerable instances of the Lord's mercy. We set out in life like two strangers who had a wilderness before them, and knew not a single step of the way; but, oh! how wonderfully has he led us! I can recount, likewise, innumerable evills, snares, sins, trials, and inquietudes, which, if put together, would make a large abatement of what, if viewed in the lump, might seem a uniform course of happiness and satisfaction. And as to all the rest, it is gone beyond recall; the shadows of the evening are beginning to advance over us, and how miserable should we now be if our hope was only in this life! May the Lord write upon your heart, while you are young, a conviction, that communion with him, and grace to glorify him and serve him in the world, are the only things which make life, in its best estate, valuable or desirable.

Believe me to be,

Sincerely yours.

No. LXVI.

DANGER OF A LADY'S FIXING HER CHOICE IN LOVE.

The attachments of the heart, on which almost all the happiness or misery of life depends, are most interesting objects of our consideration. I shall give my dear niece the observations which experience has enabled me to draw from real life, and not from what others have said or written, however great their authority.

The first attachment of young hearts is *friendship*—the noblest and happiest of affections, when real and built on a solid foundation; but oftener pernicious than useful to very young people, because the connection itself is ill understood, and the subjects of it frequently ill chosen.

It is a melancholy consideration that the judgment can only be formed by experience, which generally comes too late for our own use, and is seldom accepted for that of others. I fear it is in vain for me to tell you what dangerous mistakes I made in the early choice of friends; how incapable I then was of finding out such as were fit for me, and how little I was acquainted with the true nature of friendship, when I thought myself most fervently engaged in it! I am sensible all this will hardly persuade you to choose by the eyes of others, or even to suspect that your own may be deceived.

If there is danger in making an improper choice of friends, how much more fatal would it be to mistake in a stronger kind of attachment, in that which leads to an irrevocable engagement for life! yet so much more is the understanding blinded, when once the fancy is captivated, that it seems a desperate undertaking to convince a girl in love that she has mistaken the character of the man she prefers.

If the passions would wait for the decision of judg-

ment, and if a young woman could have the same opportunities of examining into the real character of her lover, as into that of a female candidate for her friendship, the same rules might direct you in the choice of both; for, marriage being the highest state of friendship, the qualities requisite in a friend are still more important in a husband. But young women know so little of the world, especially of the other sex, and such pains are usually taken to deceive them, that they are every way unqualified to choose for themselves, upon their own judgment. Many a heart-ache shall I feel for you, my sweet girl, if I live a few years longer! Since not only all your happiness in this world, but your advancement in religion and virtue, or your apostacy from every good principle you have been taught, will probably depend on the companion you fix to for life. Happy will it be for you if you are wise and modest enough to withdraw from temptation, and preserve your heart free and open to receive the just recommendation of your parents: farther than a recommendation, I dare say, they will never go, in an affair which, though it should be begun by them, ought never to be proceeded in without your free concurrence.

Whatever romantic notions you may hear, or read of, depend upon it, those matches are the happiest which are made on rational grounds, on suitableness of character, degree, and fortune, on mutual esteem, and the prospect of a real and permanent friendship. Far be it from me to advise you to marry where you do not love; a mercenary marriage is a detestable prostitution: but, on the other hand, an union formed upon mere personal liking, without the requisite foundation of esteem, without the sanction of parental approbation, and consequently without the blessing of God, can be productive of nothing but misery and shame. The passion to which every consideration of duty and prudence is sacrificed, instead of supplying the loss of all other advantages, will soon itself be changed into mutual distrust, repentance, reproaches, and finally, per-

haps, into hatred. The distresses it brings will be void of every consolation: you will have disgusted the friends who should be your support; debased yourself in the eyes of the world; and, what is much worse, in your own eyes; and even in those of your husband: above all, you will have offended that God who alone can shield you from calamity.

From an act like this, I trust, your duty and gratitude to your parents, the first of duties next to that we owe to God, and inseparably connected with it, will effectually preserve you. But most young people think they have fulfilled their duty, if they refrain from actually marrying against prohibition. They suffer their affections, and even perhaps their word of honor to be engaged, without consulting their parents: yet satisfy themselves with resolving not to marry without their consent: not considering that, besides the wretched, useless, uncomfortable state they plunge *themselves* into, when they contract a hopeless engagement, they must likewise involve a *parent* in the miserable dilemma of either giving a forced consent against his judgment, or of seeing his beloved child pine away her prime of life in fruitless anxiety, seeing her accuse him of tyranny because he restrains her from certain ruin, seeing her affections alienated from her family, and all her thoughts engrossed by one object, to the destruction of her health and spirits, and of all her improvements and occupations. What a cruel alternative for parents whose happiness is bound up with that of their child! The time to consult them is before you have given a lover the least encouragement; nor ought you to listen a moment to the man who would wish you to keep his addresses secret; since he thereby shows himself conscious that they are not fit to be encouraged.

But perhaps I have said enough on this subject at present; though, if ever advice on such a topic can be of use, it must be before passion has got possession of the heart and silenced both reason and principle. Fix, therefore, in your mind, as deeply as possible, those rules

of duty and prudence which now seem reasonable to you, that they may be at hand in the hour of trial, and save you from the miseries in which strong affections, unguided by discretion, involve so many of our sex.

If you love virtue sincerely, you will be incapable of loving an openly vicious character. But, alas! your innocent heart may be easily ensnared by an artful one; and from this danger nothing can secure you but the experience of those to whose guidance God has entrusted you: may you be wise enough to make use of it! So will you have the fairest chance of attaining the best blessings this world can afford, in a faithful and virtuous union with a worthy man, who may direct your steps in safety and honor through this life, and partake with you the rewards of virtue in that which is to come.

How earnestly I wish you this happiness you can never know unless you could read the heart of

Your truly affectionate.

No. LXVII.

HAVING A REGARD TO MONEY IN LOOKING OUT FOR A WIFE.

Dear Sir,

It would be wrong to make you wait long for an answer to the point you propose in your last. It is an important one. I am not a casuist by profession, but I will do my best. Suppose I imitate your laconic manner of stating the question and circumstances.

I doubt not but it is very lawful at your age to think of marriage, and in the situation you describe, to think of money likewise. I am glad you have no person, as you say, *fixedly in view;* in that case, advice comes a post or two too late. But your expression seems to intimate that there is one *transiently in view.* If it be so, since you have no settlement, if she has no money, I cannot but wish she may pass on till she is out of sight and out of mind. I see this will not do; I must get into my own grave way about this grave business. I take it for granted, that my friend is free from the love of filthy lucre; and that money will never be the turning point with you in the choice of a wife. Methinks I hear you say, if I wanted money, I would either dig or beg for it; but to preach or marry for money, that be far from me. I commend you. However, though the love of money be a great evil, money itself, obtained in a fair and honorable way, is desirable upon many accounts, though not for its own sake. Meat, clothes, fire, and books, cannot easily be had without it: therefore, if these be necessary, money which procures them must be necessary likewise If things were otherwise than you represent them, if you were able to provide for a wife yourself, then I would say, find a gracious girl, (if she be not found already,) whose person you like, whose temper you think will suit; and then, with

your father and mother's consent, (without which I think you would be unwilling to move,) thank the Lord for her, marry her, and account her a valuable portion, though she should not have a shilling. But while you are without income or settlement, if you have thoughts of marriage, I hope they will be regulated by a due regard to consequences. They who set the least value upon money, have, in some respects the most need of it. A generous mind will feel a thousand pangs in strait circumstances, which some unfeeling hearts would not be sensible of. You could, perhaps, endure hardships alone, yet it might pinch you to the very bone to see the person you love exposed to them. Besides, you might have a John, a Thomas, and a William, and half a dozen more to feed, (for they must all eat;) and how this could be done without a competency on one side or the other, or so much on both sides as will make a competency when united, I see not. Besides, you would be grieved not to find an occasional shilling in your pocket to bestow upon one or other of the Lord's poor, though you should be able to make some sort of a shift for those of your own house.

But is it not written, 'The Lord will provide?' It is; but it is written again, 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.' Hastily to plunge ourselves into difficulties, upon a persuasion that he will find some way to extricate us, seems to me a species of tempting him.

Therefore, I judge, *it is so far lawful for you to have a regard to money in looking out for a wife*, that it would be wrong, that is, in other words, *unlawful* for you to omit it, supposing you have a purpose of marrying in your present situation.. I am, &c.

No. LXVIII.

HOW TO UNITE DOMESTIC ECONOMY, LIBERALITY AND EASE, IN A LETTER FROM A LADY TO HER NIECE.

My Dear Niece,

Economy is so important a part of a woman's character, so necessary to her own happiness, and so essential to her performing properly the duties of a wife and of a mother, that it ought to have the precedence of all other accomplishments, and take its rank next to the first duties of life. It is, moreover, an *art* as well as a *virtue;* and many well-meaning persons, from ignorance or from inconsideration, are strangely deficient in it. Indeed, it is too often wholly neglected in a young woman's education; and she is sent from her father's house to govern a family, without the least degree of that knowledge which should qualify her for it: this is the source of much inconvenience; for though experience and attention may supply, by degrees, the want of instruction, yet this requires time; the family, in the mean time, may get into habits which are very difficult to alter; and, what is worse, the husband's opinion of his wife's incapacity may be fixed too strongly to suffer him ever to think justly of her gradual improvements.

Economy consists of so many branches, some of which descend to such minutenesses, that it is impossible for me in writing to give you particular directions. The rude outlines may perhaps be described, and I shall be happy if I can furnish you with any hint that may hereafter be usefully applied.

The first and greatest point is to lay out your general plan of living in a just proportion to your fortune and rank: if these two will not coincide, the last must certainly give way; for, if you have right principles, you cannot fail of being wretched under the sense of the injustice as well as danger of spending beyond your in-

come, and your distress will be continually increasing. No mortifications, which you can suffer from retrenching in your appearance, can be comparable to this unhappiness.

Perhaps it may be said, that the settling the general scheme of expenses is seldom the wife's province, and that many men do not choose even to acquaint her with the real state of their affairs. Where this is the case, a woman can be answerable for no more than is entrusted to her. But, I think it a very ill sign, for one or both of the parties, where there is such a want of openness, in what equally concerns them. As I trust you will deserve the confidence of your husband, so I hope you will be allowed free consultation with him on your mutual interests; and I believe there are few men who would not hearken to reason on their own affairs, when they saw a wife ready and desirous to give up her share of vanities and indulgences, and only earnest to promote the common good of the family.

In order to settle your plan, it will be necessary to make a pretty exact calculation: and if, from this time you accustom yourself to calculations in all the little expenses entrusted to you, you will grow expert and ready at them, and be able to guess very nearly, where certainty cannot be attained. Many articles of expense are regular and fixed; these may be valued exactly; and, by consulting with experienced persons, you may calculate nearly the amount of others: any material article of consumption, in a family of any given number and circumstances, may be estimated pretty nearly. Your own expenses of clothes and pocket-money should be settled and circumscribed, that you may be sure not to exceed the just proportion. I think it an admirable method to appropriate such a portion of your income, as you judge proper to bestow in charity, to be sacredly kept for that purpose, and no longer considered as your own. By which means, you will avoid the temptation of giving less than you ought, through selfishness, or more than you ought, through good-nature or

weakness. If your circumstances allow of it, you might set apart another fund for acts of liberality or friendship, which do not come under the head of charity. The having such funds ready at hand, makes it easy and pleasant to give; and, when acts of bounty are performed without effect, they are generally done more kindly and effectually. If you are obliged in conscience to lay up for a family, the same method of an appropriated fund for saving will be of excellent use, as it will prevent that continual and often ineffectual anxiety, which a general desire of saving, without having fixed the limits, is sure to create.

I am sensible, my dear child, that very little more can be gathered from what I have said on economy, than the general importance of it, which cannot be too much impressed on your mind, since the natural turn of young people is to neglect and even despise it; not distinguishing it from parsimony and narrowness of spirit. But, be assured, my dear, there can be no true generosity without it; and that the most enlarged and liberal mind will find itself not debased but ennobled by it. Nothing is more common than to see the same person whose want of economy is ruining his family, consumed with regret and vexation at the effect of his profusion; and, by endeavoring to save in such trifles as will not amount to twenty pounds in a year, that which he wastes by hundreds, incur the character and suffer the anxieties of a miser, together with the misfortunes of a prodigal. A rational plan of expense will save you from all these corroding cares, and will give you the full and liberal enjoyment of what you spend. An air of ease, of hospitality and frankness will reign in your house, which will make it pleasant to your friends and to yourself. "Better is a morsel of bread" where this is found, than the most elaborate entertainment, with that air of constraint and anxiety, which often betrays the grudging heart through all the disguises of civility.

That you, my dear, may unite in yourself the admirable virtues of generosity and economy, which will be the grace and crown of all your attainments, is the earnest wish of Your ever affectionate.

No. LXIX.

GOOD NATURE AND GOOD SENSE COMPARED IN THEIR RELATION TO MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

It is not by far of so much consequence, what are the talents, temper, turn of mind, character, or circumstances of both or either of the parties, as that there be a certain suitableness or correspondence of those of the one to those of the other.

Those essay writers, who have taken human nature and life as their great general subject, have many remarks on the causes of infelicity in the marriage union, as well as many beautiful and striking pictures of what would be just, generous, prudent, and dutiful conduct, or their contraries, in particular circumstances. Great pains have been taken also to point out what ought to be the motives of choice to both parties, if they expect happiness. Without entering into a full detail of what has been said upon this subject, I think the two chief competitors for preference have generally been—good nature and good sense. The advocates for the first say, that as the happiness of married people must arise from a continual interchange of kind offices, and from a number of small circumstances, that occur every hour, a gentle and easy disposition—a temper that is happy in itself—must be the cause of happiness to another. The advocates for good sense say, that the sweetness of good nature is only for the honey-moon; that it will either change its nature, and become sour by long standing, or become wholly insipid; so that if it do not generate hatred, it will at least incur indifference or contempt; whereas good sense is a sterling quality, which cannot fail to produce and preserve esteem, the true foundation of rational love.

If I may, as I believe most people do, take the prevailing sentiments within the compass of my own read-

ing and conversation, for the general opinion, I think it is in favor of good sense. And if we must determine between these two, and decide which of them is of the most importance when separated from the other, I have very little to say against the public judgment. But in this, as in many other cases, it is only imperfect and general, and often ill understood and falsely applied. There is hardly a more noted saying than that a man of sense will never use a woman ill, which is true or false according to the meaning that is put upon the phrase, *using a woman ill.* If it be meant, that he will not so probably beat his wife as a fool; that he will not scold or curse her, or treat her with ill manners before company, or indeed that he will not so probably keep a continual wrangling, either in public or private, I admit that it is true. Good sense is the best security against indecorums of every kind. But if it be meant, that a man will not make his wife in any case truly miserable, I utterly deny it. On the contrary, there are many instances in which men make use of their sense itself, their judgment, penetration, and knowledge of human life, to make their wives more exquisitely unhappy. What shall we say of those, who can sting them with reflections so artfully guarded that it is impossible not to feel them, and yet almost as impossible with propriety to complain of them?

It is not the fine qualities of both or either party that will insure happiness, but that the one be suitable to the other. By their being suitable is not to be understood their being both of the same turn; but that the defects of the one be supplied or submitted to by some correspondent quality of the other. I think I have seen many instances, in which gravity, severity, and even moroseness in a husband, where there has been virtue at bottom, has been so tempered with meekness, gentleness and compliance in the wife, as has produced real and lasting comfort to both. I have also seen some instances, in which sourness, and want of female softness in a woman, has been so happily compensated by easi-

ness and good humor in a husband, that no appearance of wrangling or hatred was to be seen in a whole life. I have seen multitudes of instances, in which vulgarity, and even liberal freedom, not far from brutality in a husband, has been borne with perfect patience and serenity by a wife, who, by long custom, had become, as it were, insensible of the impropriety, and yet never inattentive to her own behavior.

Certainly, therefore, this should be an object particularly attended to in courtships, or while marriage is on the *tapis*, as politicians say.

If I look out for a wife, I ought to consider, not whether a lady has fine qualities for which she ought to be esteemed or admired, or whether she has such a deportment as I will take particular delight in, and such a taste as gives reason to think she will take delight in me; I may pitch too high, as well as too low, and the issue may be equally unfortunate. Perhaps I shall be told there lies the great difficulty. How shall we make this discovery? In time of youth and courtship, there is so much studied attention to please, from interested views, and so much restraint from fashion and the observation of others, that it is hard to judge how they will turn out afterwards.

This I confess to be a considerable difficulty, and at the same time greatest upon the man's side, The man being generally the eldest, his character, temper and habits may be more certainly known. Whereas there are sometimes great disappointments on the other side, and that happily both ways. I am able just now to recollect one or two instances of giddy and foolish, nay, of idle, lazy, drowsy girls, who, after marriage, felt themselves interested, and became as spirited and as active heads of families, as any whatever; and also some of the most elegant and exemplary, who, after marriage, fell into a languid stupidity, and contracted habits of the most odious and disgustful kind. These instances, however, are rare, and those who will take the pains to examine, may in general find satisfaction. It is also prop-

er to observe, that if a man finds it difficult to judge of the temper and character of a woman, he has a great advantage on his side, that the right of selection belongs to him.

On the whole, I think that the calamities of the married state are generally to be imputed to the persons themselves in the following proportion:—Three fourths to the man, for want of care and judgment in the choice, and one fourth to the woman on the same score. Suppose a man had bought a farm, and after a year or two should, in conversation with his neighbor, make heavy complaints how much he had been disappointed, I imagine his friend might say to him, Did you not see this land before you bought it? O yes, I saw it often. Do you not understand soils? I think I do tolerably. Did you not examine it with care? Not so much so as I should have done; standing at a certain place, it looked admirably well; the fences too were new, and looked exceedingly neat; the house had been just painted a stone color, with pannelling; the windows were large and elegant; but I neglected entirely to examine the sufficiency of the materials, or the disposition of the apartments. There were in the month of April two beautiful springs, but since I have lived here they have been dry every year before the middle of June. Did you not inquire of those who had lived on the place of the permanency of the springs? No, indeed, I omitted it. Had you the full measure you were promised? Yes, every acre. Was the right complete and valid? Yes, yes, perfectly good: no man in America can take it from me. Were you obliged to take it up in part of a bad debt? No, nothing like it. I took such a fancy for it all at once, that I pestered the man from week to week to let me have it. Why really then, says his friend, I think you had better keep your complaints to yourself. Cursing and fretfulness will never turn stones into earth, or sand into loam; but I can assure you, that frugality, industry, and good culture will make a bad farm very tolerable, and an indifferent one truly good.

No. LXX.

NECESSITY OF EQUALITY IN RANK AND AGE IN THE MATRIMONIAL UNION.

It is by far the safest and most promising way to marry with a person nearly equal in rank, and perhaps in age. This maxim has been in substance advanced by many writers, and therefore little will need to be said upon it. I must, however, explain its meaning, which is not always clearly comprehended. By equality in rank must be understood, equality, not in fortune, but in education, taste and habits of life. I do not call it inequality, when a gentleman of estate marries a lady who has been from the beginning brought up in the same class of society with himself, and is in every respect as elegant in her sentiments and manners, but by some incidents, that perhaps have lately happened, is unequal to him in point of fortune. I know that from the corrupt and selfish views which prevail so generally in the world, a marriage of this kind is often considered as unequal, and an act of great condescension on the part of the man; but the sentiment is illiberal and unjust. In the same manner, when a lady marries a gentleman of character and capacity, and is in every respect suitable to her, but that his estate is not equal to what she might expect, I do not call it unequal. It is true, parents too frequently prefer circumstances to character, and the female friends of a lady at her own disposal, may say in such a case, that she has made a poor bargain. But taking it still for granted that the fortune only is unequal, I affirm there is nothing in this circumstance that forebodes future dissension but rather the contrary. An act of generosity never produced a fretful disposition in the person who did it, nor is it reasonable to suppose it will often have that effect on the one who receives it.

The importance, therefore, of equality, arises singly from this circumstance—that there is a great probability, that the turn, taste, employments, amusements, and general carriage of the persons so intimately joined, and so frequently together, will be mutually agreeable.

The occasion or motive of first entering into the marriage contract, is not of so much consequence to the felicity of the parties, as what they find after they are fairly engaged, and cannot return back. When I visit a new country, my judgment of it may be influenced a little, but neither much nor long, by flattering hopes or hideous apprehensions, entertained before actual trial. It has often been said, that dissensions between married people generally take their rise from very inconsiderable circumstances: to which I will add, that this is most commonly the case among persons of some station, sense, and breeding. This may seem odd, but the difficulty is easily solved. Persons of this character have a delicacy on the subject of so close an union, and expect a sweetness and compliance in matters that would not be minded by the vulgar; so that the smallness of the circumstance appears in their eye an aggravation of the offence. I have known a gentleman of rank and his lady part for life, by a difference arising from a thing said at supper, that was not so much as observed to be an impropriety by three fourths of the company.

This, then, is what I apprehend occasions the importance of equality in rank. Without this equality, they do not understand one another sufficiently for continual intercourse. Many causes of difference will arise, not only sudden and unexpected, but impossible to be foreseen, and therefore not provided against. I must also observe, that an explication or expostulation, in the cases here in view, is more tedious and difficult than any other—perhaps more dangerous and uncertain in the issue. How shall the one attempt to convince the other of an incongruity of behaviour, in what all their former ideas have taught them to believe as innocent or decent, sometimes even laudable? The attempt is often consid-

ered as an insult on their former station, and instead of producing concord, lays the foundation of continual solicitude, or increasing aversion. A man may be guilty of speaking very unadvisedly through intemperate rage, or may perhaps come home flustered with liquor, and his wife, if prudent, may find a season for mentioning them, when the admonition will be received with calmness, and followed by reformation; but if she discovers her displeasure at rusticity of carriage, or meanness of sentiment, I think there is little hope that it will have any effect that is good. The habit cannot be mended: yet he may have sagacity enough to see that the wife of his bosom has despised him in her heart.

I am going to put a case. Suppose a gentleman of rank, literature, and taste, has married a tradesman's daughter for the sake of fortune, or from desire, which he calls love, kindled by an accidental glance of a fresh-colored young woman: Suppose her never to have had the opportunity of being in what the world calls good company, and in consequence to be wholly ignorant of the modes that prevail there: Suppose, at the same time, that her understanding has never been enlarged by reading or conversation. In such a case, how soon must passion be sated, and what innumerable causes of shame and mortification must every day produce? I am not certain whether the difficulty will be greater, if she continues the manners of her former, or attempts to put on those of her present station. If any man thinks that he can easily preserve the esteem and attention due to a wife in such circumstances, he will probably be mistaken, and no less so if he expects to communicate refinement by a few lessons, or prevent misbehavior by fretfulness, or peevish and satirical remarks.

No. LXXI.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

But let me come to another part of the maxim, which I do not remember to have ever met with in any author—that there is a much greater risk when a man marries below his rank, than when a woman marries below her's. As to the matter of fact, it depends entirely on the justness and accuracy of my observations, of which every reader must be left to judge for himself. I must, however, take notice, that when I speak of a woman marrying below her station, I have no view at all to include what there have been some examples of—a gentleman's daughter running away with her father's footman, or a lady of quality with a player. This is, in every instance, an act of pure lasciviousness, and is, without any exception that ever I heard of, followed by immediate shame and future beggary. It has not, however, any more connection with marriage, than transactions of a brothel, or the memoirs of a kept mistress. The truth is, elopements in general are things of an eccentric nature: And when I hear of one, I seldom make any further inquiry after the felicity of the parties.

Supposing, therefore, the fact to be as now stated, what remains for me is, to investigate a little the causes of it, and point out those circumstances in human tempers and characters, or in the state of society, which give us reason to expect, that it will, in most cases turn out so.

1. It is much easier, in most cases, for a man to improve or rise after marriage to a more elegant taste in life, than a woman. I do not attribute this in the least to superior natural talents, but to the more frequent opportunities he has of seeing the world, and conversing with persons of different ranks. There is no instance in which the sphere of business and conversation is not

more extensive to the husband than the wife; and therefore if a man is married to one of taste superior to his own, he may draw gradually nearer to her, though she descend very little. I think I can recollect more instances than one of a man in business married at first to his equal, and on a second marriage, to one of higher breeding, when not only the house and family, but the man himself was speedily in a very different style. I can also recollect instances in which married persons rose together to an opulent estate from almost nothing, and the man improved considerably in politeness, or fitness for public life, but the woman not at all. The old gossips and the old conversation continued to the very last. It is not even without example, that a plain woman, raised by the success of her husband, becomes impatient of the society forced upon her, takes refuge in the kitchen, and spends most of her agreeable hours with her servants, from whom, indeed, she differs nothing but in name. A certain person in a trading city in Great Britain, from being merely a mechanic, turned dealer, and in a course of years acquired an immense fortune. He had a strong desire that his family should make a figure, and spared no expense in purchasing velvets, silks, laces, &c. but at last he found that it was lost labor, and said very truly, that all the money in Great Britain would not make his wife and his daughters *ladies*.

2. When a woman marries below her rank, I think it is, generally speaking, upon better motives than when a man marries below his, and therefore no wonder that it should be attended with greater comfort. I find it asserted in several papers of the Spectator, and I think it must be admitted by every impartial observer, that women are not half so much governed, in their love attachments, by beauty or outward form, as men. A man of a very mean figure, if he has any talents, joined to a tolerable power of speech, will often make himself acceptable to a very lovely woman. It is also generally thought that a woman rates a man pretty much ac

cording to the esteem he is held in by his own sex: if this is the case, it is to be presumed that when a man succeeds in his addresses to a lady of higher breeding than his own, he is not altogether void of merit, and therefore will not in the issue disgrace her choice. This will be confirmed by reflecting that many such marriages must be with persons of the learned professions—it is past a doubt that literature refines as well as enlarges the mind, and generally renders a man capable of appearing with tolerable dignity, whatever have been the place or circumstances of his birth. It is easy to see that the reverse of all this must happen upon the other supposition: When a man marries below his rank, the very best motive to which it can be attributed, is an admiration of her beauty. Good sense, and other more valuable qualities are not easily seen under the disguise of low breeding, and when they are seen, have seldom justice done them. Now as beauty is much more fading than life, and fades sooner in a husband's eye than any other, in a little time nothing will remain but what tends to create uneasiness and disgust.

3. The possession of the graces, or taste and elegance of manners, is a much more important part of a female than a male character. Nature has given a much greater degree of beauty and sweetness to the outward form of women than of men, and has by that means pointed out wherein their several excellencies should consist. From this, in conjunction with the former observation, it is manifest, that the man who finds in his wife a remarkable defect in point of politeness, or the art of pleasing, will be much more disappointed than the woman who finds a like defect in her husband. Many do not form any expectation of refinement in their husbands, even before marriage: a few, if I am not much mistaken, are rather pleased than otherwise, to think that any one who enters the house, perceives the difference between the elegance of the wife, and the plainness, not to say the awkwardness of the husband. I have observed this, even down to the lowest rank.

A tradesman or country farmer's wife will sometimes abuse and scold her husband for want of order or cleanliness, and there is no mark of inward malice or ill-humor in that scolding, because she is sensible it is her proper province to be accurate in that matter. I think also, that the husband in such cases is often gratified instead of being offended, because it pleases him to think that he has a wife that does just as she ought to do. But take the thing the other way, and there is no rank of life, from the prince to the peasant, in which the husband can take pleasure in a wife more awkward or more slovenly than himself.

To sum up the whole, if some conformity or similarity of manners is of the utmost consequence to matrimonial comfort—if taste and elegance are of more consequence to the wife than the husband, according to their station:—and, if it is more difficult for her to acquire it after marriage, if she does not possess it before—I humbly conceive I have fully supported my proposition, that there is a much greater risk in a man's marrying below his station, than a woman's descending from her's.

No. LXXII.

THE CULTIVATION OF GOOD TEMPER IN LADIES.

My Dear Niece,

I know not whether that strange caprice, that inequality of taste and behavior, so commonly attributed to our sex, may be properly called a fault of temper; as it seems not to be connected with, or arising from our animal frame, but to be rather the fruit of our own self-indulgence, degenerating by degrees into such a wantonness of will as knows not how to please itself. When, instead of regulating our actions by reason and principle, we suffer ourselves to be guided by every slight and momentary impulse of inclination, we shall, doubtless, appear so variable and inconstant, that nobody can guess, by our behavior to-day, what may be expected from us to-morrow; nor can we ourselves tell whether what we delighted in, a week ago, will now afford us the least degree of pleasure. It is in vain for others to attempt to please us; we cannot please ourselves, though all we could wish for waits our choice: and thus does a capricious woman become sick of herself through very selfishness; and when this is the case, it is easy to judge how sick others must be of her, and how contemptible and disgusting she must appear. This wretched state is the usual consequence of power and flattery. May my dear child never meet with the temptation of that excessive and ill-judged indulgence from a husband, which she has happily escaped from her parents, and which seldom fails to reduce a woman to the miserable condition of a humored child, always unhappy from having nobody's will to study but its own. The insolence of such demands for yourself, and such disregard to the choice and inclinations of others, can seldom fail to make you as many enemies as there are persons obliged to bear with your humors, whilst a com-

pliant, reasonable and contented disposition would render you happy in yourself, and beloved by all your companions, particularly by those who lived constantly with you; and of what consequence this is to your happiness, a moment's reflection will convince you. Family friendships are the friendships made for us, if I may so speak, by God himself. With the kindest intentions he has knit the bands of family love by indispensable duties; and wretched are they who have burst them asunder by violence and ill-will, or worn them out by constant little disobligations, and by the want of that attention to please which the presence of a stranger always inspires, but which is so often shamefully neglected towards those whom it is most our duty and interest to please. May you, my dear, be wise enough to see that every faculty of entertainment, every engaging qualification which you possess, is exerted to the best advantage for those whose love is of most importance to you; for those who live under the same roof, and with whom you are connected for life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligations of a voluntary engagement.

To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required than barely to be exempt from ill-temper and troublesome humors. The sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love must adorn your countenance. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate your behavior, and endear your most common actions. Politeness must accompany your greatest familiarities, and restrain you from every thing that is really offensive, or which can give a moment's unnecessary pain. Conversation, which is so apt to grow dull and insipid in families; nay, in some to be almost wholly laid aside, must be cultivated with the frankness and openness of friendship, and by the mutual communication of whatever may conduce to the improvement or innocent entertainment of each other.

Reading, whether apart or in common, will furnish

useful and pleasing subjects; and the sprightliness of youth will naturally inspire harmless mirth and native humor, if encouraged by a mutual desire of diverting each other, and making the hours pass agreeably in your own house: every amusement that offers will be heightened by the participation of these dear companions, and by talking over every incident together, and every object of pleasure. If you have any acquired talent of entertainment, such as music, painting, or the like, your own family are those before whom you should most wish to excel, and for whom you should always be ready to exert yourself: not suffering the accomplishments which you have gained, perhaps by their means, and at their expense, to lie dormant, till the arrival of a stranger gives you spirit in the performance. Where this last is the case, you may be sure vanity is the only motive of the exertion. A stranger will praise you more: but how little sensibility has that heart, which is not more gratified by the silent pleasure painted on the countenance of a partial parent, or of an affectionate brother, than by the empty compliments of a visiter, who is perhaps inwardly more disposed to criticise and ridicule than to admire you?

Watch, therefore, my dear child, the symptoms of ill-temper, as they rise, with a firm resolution to conquer them before they are even perceived by any other person. In every such inward conflict, call upon your Maker to assist the feeble nature he hath given you; and sacrifice to *Him* every feeling that would tempt you to disobedience: so will you at length attain that true Christian meekness which is blessed in the sight of God and man; "which has the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come." Then will you pity, in others, those infirmities which you have conquered in yourself; and will think yourself as much bound to assist, by your patience and gentleness, those who are so unhappy as to be under the dominion of evil passions, as you are to impart a share of your riches to the poor and miserable. Adieu, my dearest

No. LXXIII.

MARRIED AND SINGLE LIFE COMPARED, IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

My Dear L——,

If I was called upon to write the history of a woman's trials and sorrows, I would date it from the moment when nature has pronounced her marriageable, and she feels that innocent desire of associating with the other sex, which needs not a blush. If I had a girl of my own, at this critical age, I should be full of the keenest apprehensions for her safety; and like the great poet, when the tempter was bent on seducing our first parents from their innocence and happiness, I should invoke the assistance of some guardian angel, to conduct her through the slippery and dangerous paths.

You must remember the passage:

"O for that warning voice, which he who heard," &c.

Marriage is, doubtless, the most natural, innocent and useful state, if you can form it to any tolerable advantage. It bids fairest for that little portion of happiness which this life admits; and is, in some degree a duty which we owe to the world. If entered into from proper motives, it is a source of the greatest benefit to the community, as well as of private comfort to ourselves. What are the highest blessings, unsweetened by society? How poignant are many sorrows of life, without a friend to alleviate and divide them! How many are the moments, how many are the exigencies, in which we want sympathy, tenderness, attention! And what is a moping individual to the world, compared with the woman who acts in the tender character of a wife or parent, and, by a religious culture of an offspring, is training up inhabitants for the kingdom of heaven.

A *single* woman is particularly defenseless. She cannot move beyond the precints of her house without apprehensions. She cannot go with ease or safety, into public. She is surrounded with many real dangers, and fancy conjures up more specters of its own, to disturb her repose.

As she goes down the *hill* of life, her friends gradually drop away from her, like leaves in the autumn, and leave her a pining, solitary creature. Even brothers and sisters, when married themselves, lose their usual fondness for her, in the ardors of a newly acquired connection; and she wanders through a wide bustling world, uncomfortable in herself, uninteresting to others, frequently the sport of wanton ridicule, or a proverb of reproach.

Men are often too much engrossed with business, ambition, or criminal pursuits to think very seriously of this connection; but if they happen to remain single, their very efforts become their amusement, and keep them from experiencing that unquiet indolence, which, by enervating the mind, powerfully awakens imagination and the senses. A woman has abundant leisure to brood over her inquietude, and to nurse the vapors, till they terminate in disease. She has not so many methods for dissipating thought. Her element is her household, and the management of her children; and till she becomes a mother, she has not objects of consequence enough to occupy the mind, and preserve it from feeling unpleasant agitations.

I mean not however to insinuate, that there is any thing really reproachful in virginity, unless a woman chooses to render it such, by verifying the stigmas which have been fixed upon it, and substantiating in her own practice, the malevolence, envy, scandal, curiosity and spleen, which have, so often, sarcastically been imputed to the sisterhood. It may be, and sometimes is, the choice of very amiable women, who would not marry any, but the man of their affections, or with whom they had a rational prospect of happiness; who having been

by death or disappointment deprived of one, had a delicacy that never admitted the idea of a second attachment, or who were not so devoid of principle and taste, as to be connected with a dissolute, drunken, or abandoned person, whatever might be his fortune, or consequence or connections. Women who act from such principles, may be exposed to the indelicate scoffs of the licentious, but must have the unreserved esteem and veneration of all the sensible and the good.

It should not, however, be dissembled, (for it arises from natural principles,) that married women are generally more pleasing than such as never formed this connection. Their hearts are continually refined, softened and enlarged by the exercise of all the tender feelings to an offspring, whilst the weighty concerns of their particular families raise them above that frivolous insipidity, which, with whatever justice, is the proverbial stigma of a single state.

A married woman, likewise, has banished that shy reserve, which young ladies think themselves, and indeed in some degree, are obliged to practice, but which, necessary as it may be, conceals many of their loveliest graces. The society, moreover, of a sensible man, gives to a female a richer fund of ideas, a superior mode of thinking and acting, agreeably tempers her vivacity with seriousness, and introduces her to many improving acquaintance, and entertaining circles, from which the ceremonious coldness of a virgin state, must have kept her at an unapproachable distance.

Be not, however, disappointed, if all your merit and amiableness do not secure to you such a connection, as your principles and judgment can approve.

In proportion as the morals of men are depraved, marriage will, always, be unfashionable and rare: and there are thousands amongst us, who have neither knowledge, sense, or virtue enough to wish for all that delicacy of friendship, sprightliness of conversation, or ease of manners, which only an accomplished wo-

man can bestow, or for those innocent domestic enjoyments, which communicate the highest flavor to, and are the grand and ultimate end of an intercourse betwixt the sexes.

No. LXXIV.

MARKS OF AN HONORABLE LOVER—A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is, That love is not to begin on your part, but is entirely to be the consequence of our attachment to you. Now, supposing a woman to have sense and taste, she will not find many men to whom she can possibly be supposed to bear any considerable share of esteem. Among these few, it is a very great chance if any of them distinguishes her particularly. Love, at least with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reason says it should. But supposing one of them should become particularly attached to her, it is still extremely improbable that he should be the man in the world her heart most approved of.

As therefore, nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, she has wisely and benevolently assigned to you a greater flexibility of taste on this subject. Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to your common good liking and friendship. In the course of his acquaintance, he contracts an attachment to you. When you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude rises into a preference, and this preference perhaps at last advances to some degree of attachment, especially if it meets with crosses and difficulties; for these, and a state of suspense, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both sexes. If attachment was not excited in your sex in this manner, there is not one of a million of you that could ever marry with any degree of love.

A man of taste and delicacy marries a woman because he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taste and delicacy marries him because she es-

teems him, and because he gives her that preference. But if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whose heart is secretly pre-engaged, his attachment, instead of obtaining a suitable return, is particularly offensive; and if he persists to teaze her, he makes himself equally the object of her scorn and aversion.

The effects of love among men are diversified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them, so as easily to impose on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if she is not extremely on her guard. The finest parts in such a girl may not always prove sufficient for her security. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unsearchable, and inconceivable to an honorable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the most genuine effects of an honorable passion among the men, and the most difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his passion by his too great anxiety to conceal it, especially if he has little hopes of success. True love in all its stages, seeks concealment, and never expects success. It renders a man not only respectful, but timid to the highest degree, in his behavior to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he stands in of her, he may sometimes affect pleasantry, but it sits awkwardly on him, and he quickly relapses into seriousness, if not into dullness. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings, or converts them into beauties. Like a person conscious of guilt, he is jealous that every eye observes him; and to avoid this, he shuns all the little observances of common gallantry.

His heart and his character will be improved in every respect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his conversation more agreeable; but diffidence and embarrassment will always make him appear to disadvantage in the company of his mistress. If the fascination continue long, it will totally depress his spirit, and extinguish every active, vigorous, and

manly principle of his mind. You will find this subject beautifully and pathetically painted in Thomson's Spring.

When you observe in a gentleman's behavior these marks which I have described above, reflect seriously what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good sense, and delicacy shall direct you. If you love him, let me advise you never to discover to him the full extent of your love, no not although you marry him. That sufficiently shews your preference, which is all he is entitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will ask for no stronger proof of your affection, for your sake; if he has sense, he will not ask it for his own. This is an unpleasant truth, but it is my duty to let you know it. Violent love cannot subsist, at least cannot be expressed, for any time together on both sides; otherwise the certain consequence, however concealed, is satiety and disgust. Nature in this case has laid the reserve on you.

If you see evident proofs of a gentleman's attachment, and are determined to shut your heart against him, as you ever hope to be used with generosity by the person who shall engage your own heart, treat him honorably and humanely. Do not let him linger in a miserable suspense, but be anxious to let him know your sentiments with regard to him. At least, do not shun opportunities of letting him explain himself. If you do this, you act barbarously and unjustly. If he brings you to an explanation, give him a polite, but resolute and decisive answer. In whatever way you convey your sentiments to him, if he is a man of spirit and delicacy, he will give you no farther trouble, nor apply to your friends for their intercession. This last is a method of courtship which every man of spirit will disdain. He will never whine nor sue for your pity. That would mortify him almost as much as your scorn. In short, you may possibly break such a heart, but you can never bend it. Great pride always accompanies delica-

cy, however concealed under the appearance of the utmost gentleness and modesty, and is the passion of all others, the most difficult to conquer.

No. LXXV.

MALE AND FEMALE COQUETRY—A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

THERE is a case where a woman may coquette justifiably to the utmost verge which her conscience will allow. It is where a gentleman purposely declines to make his addresses, till such time as he thinks himself perfectly sure of her consent. This at bottom is intended to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her sex, the privilege of refusing; it is intended to force her to explain herself, in effect, before the gentleman deigns to do it, and by this means to oblige her to violate the modesty and delicacy of her sex, and to invert the clearest order of nature. All this sacrifice is proposed to be made, merely to gratify a most despicable vanity in a man who would degrade the very woman whom he wishes to make his wife.

It is of great importance to distinguish, whether a gentleman who has the appearance of being your lover, delays to speak explicitly, from the motive I have mentioned, or from a diffidence inseparable from true attachment. In the one case, you can scarcely use him too ill; in the other, you ought to use him with great kindness; and the greatest kindness you can shew him, if you are determined not to listen to his addresses, is to let him know it as soon as possible.

I know the many excuses with which women endeavor to justify themselves to the world, and to their own consciences, when they act otherwise. Sometimes they plead ignorance, or at least uncertainty, of the gentleman's real sentiments. That may sometimes be the case. Sometimes they plead the decorum of their sex, which enjoins an equal behavior to all men, and forbids them to consider any man as a lover till he has directly told them so. Perhaps few women carry their

ideas of female delicacy and decorum so far as I do. But I must say, you are not entitled to plead the obligation of these virtues in opposition to the superior ones of gratitude, justice, and humanity. The man is entitled to all these who prefers you to the rest of your sex, and perhaps whose greatest weakness is this very preference. The truth of the matter is, vanity, and the love of admiration, is so prevailing a passion among you, that you may be considered to make a very great sacrifice whenever you give up a lover, till every art of coquetry fails to keep him, or till he forces you to an explanation. You can be fond of the love, when you are indifferent to, or even when you despise the lover.

But the deepest and most artful coquetry is employed by women of superior taste and sense, to engage and fix the heart of a man whom the world, and whom they themselves esteem, although they are firmly determined never to marry him. But his conversation amuses them, and his attachment is the highest gratification to their vanity; nay, they can sometimes be gratified with the utter ruin of his fortune, fame, and happiness. God forbid I should ever think so of all your sex! I know many of them have principles, have generosity and dignity of soul, that elevates them above the worthless vanity I have been speaking of.

Such a woman, I am persuaded, may always convert a lover, if she cannot give him her affections, into a warm and steady friend, provided he is a man of sense, resolution and candor. If she explains herself to him with a generous openness and freedom, he must feel the stroke as a man; but he will likewise bear it as a man: what he suffers he will suffer in silence. Every sentiment of esteem will remain; but love, though it requires very little food, and is easily surfeited with too much, yet it requires some. He will view her in the light of a married woman; and though passion subsides, yet a man of a candid and generous heart always retains a tenderness for a woman he has once loved,

and who has used him well beyond what he feels for any other of her sex.

If he has not confided his own secret to any body, he has an undoubted title to ask you not to divulge it. If a woman chooses to trust any of her companions with her own unfortunate attachments, she may, as it is her own affair alone; but if she has any generosity or gratitude, she will not betray a secret which does not belong to her.

Male coquetry is much more inexcusable than female, as well as more pernicious; but it is rare in this country. Very few men will give themselves the trouble to gain or retain any woman's affections, unless they have views of them either of an honorable or dishonorable kind. Men employed in the pursuits of business, ambition, or pleasure, will not give themselves the trouble to engage a woman's affections, merely from the vanity of conquest, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent and defenceless girl. Besides, people never value much what is entirely in their power. A man of parts, sentiment, and address, if he lays aside all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the hearts of fifty women at the same time, and may likewise conduct his coquetry with so much art, as to put it out of the power of any of them to specify a single expression that could be said to be directly expressive of love.

This ambiguity of behavior, this art of keeping one in suspense, is the great secret of coquetry in both sexes. It is the more cruel in us, because we can carry it what length we please, and continue it as long as we please, without your being so much as at liberty to complain or expostulate; whereas we can break our chain, and force you to explain, whenever we become impatient of our situation.

No. LXXVI.

MATRIMONY TOO OFTEN RIDICULED—AND BEAUTY TOO HIGHLY EXTOLLED.

NOTHING can be more contrary to reason or public utility, than the conversation and writings of those who turn matrimony into ridicule; yet it is in many cases as weakly defended, as it is unjustly attacked.

Those who treat marriage with ridicule, act in direct and deliberate opposition to the order of providence, and to the constitution of the society of which they are members. The true reason why they are borne with so patiently, is, that the author of our nature has implanted in us instinctive propensities, which are by much too strong for their feeble attacks. But if we are to estimate the malignity of a man's conduct or sentiments, not from their effect, but from their native tendency, and his inward disposition, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal, than an attempt to bring marriage into disesteem. It is plainly an effort not only to destroy the happiness, but to prevent the existence of human nature. A man who continues through life in a single state, ought, in justice, to endeavor to satisfy the public that his case is singular, and that he has some insuperable obstacle to plead in his excuse. If, instead of this, he reasons in defense of his own conduct, and takes upon him to condemn that of others, it is at once incredible and absurd: that is to say, he can scarcely be believed to be sincere. And whether he be sincere or not, he deserves to be detested.

In support of the last part of my remark, let it be observed, that those who write in defense of marriage, usually give such sublime and exalted descriptions, as are not realized in one case of a thousand; and therefore cannot be a just motive to a considerate man. Instead of insisting on the absolute necessity of marriage

for the service of the state, and the solid advantages that arise from it, in ordinary cases; they give us a certain refined idea of felicity, which hardly exists any where but in the writer's imagination. Even the Spectator, than whom there is hardly in our language a more just and rational writer, after saying many excellent things in defense of marriage, scarcely ever fails to draw the character of a lady in such terms, that I may safely say not above one that answers the description is to be found in a parish, or perhaps a country. Now is it not much better to leave the matter to the force of nature, than to urge it by such arguments as these? Is the manner of thinking induced by such writings, likely to hasten or postpone a man's entering into the marriage state?

There is also a fault I think to be found in almost every writer who speaks in favor of the female sex, that they over-rate the charms of the outward form. This is the case in all romances—a class of writings to which the world is very little indebted. The same thing may be said of plays, where the heroine for certain, and often all the ladies that are introduced, are represented as inimitably beautiful. Even Mr. Addison himself in his admirable description of Martia, which he puts in the mouth of Juba, though it begins with,

'Tis not a set of features or complexion, &c.

yet could not help inserting

True she is fair; oh, how divinely fair!

Now, I apprehend this is directly contrary to what should be the design of every moral writer. Men are naturally too apt to be carried away with the admiration of a beautiful face. Must it not, therefore confirm them in this error, when beauty is made an essential part of every amiable character? The preference such writers pretend to give to the mental qualities, goes but a little way to remedy the evil. If they are never separated in the description, wherever men find the one, they will pre-

sume upon the other. But is this according to truth, or agreeable to experience? What vast numbers of the most valuable women are to be found, who are by no means "divinely fair?" Are these all to be neglected then? Or is it not certain, from experience, that there is not a single quality on which matrimonial happiness depends so little, as outward form? Every other quality that is good, will go a certain length to atone for what is bad; as, for example, if a woman is active and industrious in her family, it will make a husband bear with more patience a little anxiety of countenance, or fretfulness of temper, though in themselves disagreeable. But (always supposing the honey-moon to be over) I do not think that beauty atones in the least degree for any bad quality whatsoever; it is, on the contrary an aggravation of them, being considered as a breach of faith or deception, by holding out a false signal.

No. LXXVII.

THE HAPPINESS AND UNHAPPINESS OF THE MARRIED STATE OVERRATED.

In the married state in general, there is not so much happiness as young lovers dream of; nor is there by far so much unhappiness, as loose authors universally suppose.

The first part of this aphorism will probably be easily admitted. Before mentioning, however, the little I mean to say upon it, I beg leave to observe, that it would be quite wrong to blame the tenderness and fervency of affection, by which the sexes are drawn to one another, and that generous devotedness of hearts which is often to be seen on one, and sometimes on both sides. This is nature itself; and when under the restraint of reason, and government of prudence, may be greatly subservient to the future happiness of life. But there is certainly an extravagance of sentiment and language on this subject, that is at once ridiculous in itself, and the proper cause, in due time, of wretchedness and disappointment.

Let any man, who has outlived these sensations himself, and has leisure to be amused, dip a little into the love songs that have been composed and published from Anacreon to the present day, and what a fund of entertainment will he find provided for him! The heathen gods and goddesses are the standing and lawful means of celebrating the praises of a mistress before whom, no doubt, Venus for beauty, and Minerva for wisdom, must go for nothing. Every image in nature has been called up to heighten our idea of female charms—the paleness of the lily, the freshness of the rose, the blush of the violet, and the vermillion of the peach. This is even still nothing. One of the most approved topics of a love-sick writer is, that all nature

fades and mourns at the absence of his fair, and puts on a new bloom at her approach. All this, we know well, has place only in his imagination; for nature proceeds quietly in her course, without minding him and his charmer in the least. But we are not yet done. The glory of the heavenly orbs, the lustre of the sun himself, and even the joys of heaven are frequently and familiarly introduced, to express a lover's happiness or hopes. Flames, darts, arrows, and lightning from a female eye, have been expressions as old at least as the art of writing, and are still in full vogue. Some of these we can find no other fault with than that they a little *outre* as the French express it; but I confess I have sometimes been surprised at the choice of lightning, because it is capable of a double application, and may put us in mind that some wives have lightning in their eyes sufficient to terrify a husband, as well as the maids have to consume a lover.

Does not all this show, that young persons are apt to indulge themselves with romantic expectations of a delight, both extatic and permanent, such as never did and never can exist? And does it not at the same time expose matrimony to the scoffs of libertines, who, knowing that these raptures must soon come to an end, think it sufficient to disparage the state itself, that some inconsiderate persons have not met with in it, what it was never intended to bestow?

There is not by far so much unhappiness in the married state in general, as loose authors universally suppose. I choose to state the argument in this manner, because it is much more satisfying than drawing pictures of the extremes on either hand. It signifies very little, on the one hand, to describe the state of a few persons distinguished for understanding, successful in life, respected by the public, and dear to one another; or on the other, those hateful brawls which by and by produce an advertisement in the newspapers, "Whereas Sarah, the wife of the subscriber, has eloped from his bed and board," &c. If we would treat of this matter with propriety, we must consider how it stands

among the bulk of mankind. The proposition, then, I mean to establish, is, that there is much less unhappiness in the matrimonial state than is often apprehended, and indeed as much real comfort as there is any ground to expect.

To support this truth, I observe, that taking mankind throughout, we find much more satisfaction and cheerfulness in the married than in the single. In proportion to their numbers, I think of those that are grown up to maturer years, or past the meridian of life, there is a much greater degree of peevishness and discontent, whimsicalness and peculiarity, in the last than in the first. The prospect of continuing single to the end of life, narrows the mind and closes the heart. I knew an instance of a gentleman of good estate, who lived single till he was past forty, and he was esteemed by all his neighbors, not only frugal, but mean in some parts of his conduct. The same person afterwards marrying and having children, every body observed that he became liberal and open-hearted on the change, when one would have thought he had a stronger motive than before, to save and hoard up. On this a neighbor of his made a remark, as a philosopher, that every ultimate passion is stronger than an intermediate one; that a single person loves wealth immediately, and on its own account; whereas a parent can scarcely help preferring his children before it, and valuing it only for their sakes.

This leads me to observe, that marriage must be the source of happiness, as being the immediate cause of many other relations, the most interesting and delightful. I cannot easily figure to myself any man who does not look upon it as the first of earthly blessings, to have children, to be the objects of attachment and care when they are young, and to inherit his name and substance, when he himself must, in the course of nature, go off the stage. Does not this very circumstance give unspeakable dignity to each parent in the other's eye, and serve to increase and confirm that union, which youthful passion, and less durable motives, first

occasioned to take place? I rather choose to mention this argument, because neither exalted understanding, nor elegance of manners, are necessary to give it force. It is felt by the peasant as well as by the prince; and, if we believe some observers on human life, its influence is not less, but greater in the lower than in the higher ranks.

Before I proceed to any further remarks, I must say a few words, to prevent or remove a deception, which very probably leads many into error on this subject. It is no other than a man's supposing what would not give him happiness, cannot give it to another. Because, perhaps, there are few married women, whose persons, conversation, manners, and conduct, are altogether to his taste, he takes upon him to conclude, that the husbands, in these numerous instances, must lead a miserable life. Is it needful to say any thing to show the fallacy of this? The tastes and dispositions of men are as various as their faces; and therefore what is displeasing to one, may be, not barely tolerable, but agreeable to another. I have known a husband delighted with his wife's fluency and poignancy of speech in scolding her servants, and another who was not able to bear the least noise of the kind with patience.

Men may talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness, and a hundred other shining qualities; but after seven years union, not one of them is compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse. To this, however, I must apply the caution given above. Such a wife may not appear quite killing to a stranger on a visit. There are a few distinguished examples of women of the first rate understandings, who have all the elegance of court breeding in the parlor, and all the frugality and activity of a farmer's wife in the kitchen; but I have not found this to be the case in general. I learned from a certain author many years ago, that "a great care of household affairs generally spoils the free, careless air of a fine lady;" and I have seen no reason to disbelieve it since.

No. LXXVIII.

THE DUE REGULATION OF THE SOCIAL AND RELATIVE AFFECTIONS.

Alas! how difficult do we find it to observe a due medium between overvaluing and undervaluing our creature comforts; especially those of social and relative life. The mutual affection which does or should subsist between husband and wife, parents and children, and proportionably between other family connections, or our intimate and tried friends, constitute our chief temporal pleasures. These are almost the only pleasures this earth can afford, which are very interesting to an intelligent and serious mind. For these the voluptuary has little relish; sensuality has blunted his feelings, and his gratifications are scarcely superior to those of the brutes.

As we are creatures formed for society, and cannot live, with either safety or comfort, in a solitary state, it has pleased God, of his goodness, to make us susceptive of social affections, which sweeten our intercourse with each other, and combine duty with pleasure. Parents are certainly bound by the law of nature to take care of their own children, and to provide for them; especially in the helpless state of infancy, when they are utterly unable to take care of themselves. This would often be an irksome task, if they did not feel an instinctive tenderness for their infant offspring at first sight, which makes that delightful which might otherwise be troublesome.

It is likewise the appointment of God, that the successive generations of mankind should be perpetuated by marriage. As this is the nearest of all natural relations, so when the union is properly formed and conducted, it is the most interesting and endeared. This union, by the will of God, is in itself indissoluble, till

death makes a separation, except in the single case of unfaithfulness. But the marriage state, when entered into without a regard to God, to the rules of his word, and a dependence upon his blessing, is seldom productive of an abiding union of hearts; and if this be wanting, the case of either party may be compared to that of a dislocated limb, which is indeed still united to the body, but not being in its proper place and connection, is useless and painful itself, and the cause of pain and uneasiness to the whole body. Even the marriages of those who come together, and live together in the fear of the Lord, are subject to heavy taxes; doubled in wedlock, and frequently multiplied in children, they have a larger share of cares, duties, and anxieties, than those who live single; yet they are comparatively happy. And I think, all things considered, they have the most favored lot. They love the Lord, they seek his presence and blessing, and they do not seek in vain. They love each other, they have one faith, one aim, one hope. Their mutual affection, intimacy, and perfect confidence, greatly enhance the value and relish of the comforts in which they participate, and alleviate the weight of their burdens and trials. Love sweetens labor, and blunts the sting of sorrow. The vicissitudes of life give energy to prayer; and repeated supports and deliverances, in answer to prayer, afford new motives and causes for praise and thanksgiving.

The Lord, who knows our frame, and whereof we are made, is unspeakably merciful to our infirmities, but he will not admit a rival. The believer knows and acknowledges, that whatever he possesses, which is not held and improved in subordination and subserviency to the will and glory of him from whom he received it, is so far an idol; and the consciousness of his proneness to afford these intruders an undue share in his affections, often makes him confess to the Lord, with Job, "Behold I am vile," though his outward conduct in the sight of men may be unblameable and exemplary.

Yet, perhaps, some persons may be overburdened

with this apprehension. The Gospel is not designed to make us stoics: it allows full room for those social feelings which are so necessary and beneficial in our present state, though it teaches and enjoins their due regulations. It is the duty no less than the privilege of husbands, to love their wives, even as their own selves, yea, even as Christ loved the Church, who gave himself for it. These expressions are very strong; they imply great love, tenderness, and sympathy. When the Lord said to Abraham, "Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest," he did not reprove him for loving his child; and Abraham's prompt obedience, when commanded to offer up his beloved son, was a proof, that though his love to Isaac was strong, it was not inordinate. And the apostle declares, "that if any man provide not for those of his own house, (his kindred, his more distant relatives by blood or affinity,) he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." He is to provide for them, if in his power, in preference to others, which plainly intimates that they are preferably entitled to his love. Friendship, likewise, between those who are joint partakers of grace, is very consistent with true religion. Such was the friendship between David and Jonathan. And though our Lord loved all his disciples, one of them is honored with a peculiar distinction, as the disciple whom Jesus loved.

God formed us originally for himself, and endued the human mind with a capacity which he alone can fill. But when he dwells in the heart, there is still room for innumerable objects of complacence, in their proper subordinate order. When a woman marries, she may continue to love her own parents and relatives as formerly; she may extend her affection and regard to the parents and friends of her husband; in a course of years the number of those whom she loves and values may be greatly increased, without interfering with each other, or with what she owes to her husband; but there is a different and special regard due to him, which if she should transfer to another person, she would be

criminal. Thus we may love, and we ought to love, our husbands, wives, children, parents, and friends; and if we consider them as the Lord's gifts—if we seek his blessing in them and upon them—if we hold them at his disposal—if we employ all our influence with them, to engage them to seek and love him supremely—if, when they are removed from us, we are disposed to yield a cheerful submission to his holy will; and if, when things are brought into competition, we rather choose to venture displeasing our dearest friends, than to sin against the Lord—with these restrictions we cannot easily love them too much.

We are in the Lord's school—the school of the cross. His daily providential dispensations are suited to wean our attachment from every thing here, and to convince us that this cannot be our rest—it is polluted. Our roses grow on thorns, our honey wears a sting. Frequently our sharpest trials spring from our choicest comforts. Perhaps, while we are admiring our gourd, a worm is secretly preying at its root. As every bitter thing is sweetened to a believer, so there is some bitter things mingled with the sweet. This is wisely and mercifully ordered. It is necessary. And if things were not so bad with us as in the language of sense they sometimes are, they would probably be soon much worse. With such hearts as we have, and in such a world as we live in, much discipline is needful to keep us from sleeping upon the enchanted ground. But the time is short. It will not be thus always. We hope soon to be out of the reach of sin and temptation.—Happy hour, when sorrow and mourning, hitherto our inseparable companions, shall flee away, to return no more! when joy and gladness shall come forth to meet us, and conduct us home! Then those who have loved each other in the Lord upon earth, shall rejoice together before him, shall drink of the rivers of pleasure that are at his right hand, and their happiness shall be unspeakable, uninterrupted, without abatement, and without end.